WITHDRAWN FROM PLS

A PEDESTRIAN TOUR
THROUGH
NORTH WALES,

BY

G. J. BENNETT, ESQRE

OF THE THEATRE ROYAL COVENT GARDEN.

With 20 Plates by A. Clint.

Carnarvonshire, from Anglesea

London.

HENRY COLBURN, PUBLISHER, 13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.

1838.

THE

PEDESTRIAN'S GUIDE

THROUGH

NORTH WALES.

A TOUR

PERFORMED IN 1837.

BY

G. J. BENNETT, ESQ.

WITH TWENTY ETCHINGS,

BY A. CLINT.

LONDON:
HENRY COLBURN PUBLISHER,
13, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET.
1838.

LONDON:
SCHULZE AND CO., 13, POLAND STREET.

Llyfrgell Dyfed Library
Dosb. / Class
914.29BEN
Rhif / Acc. No.
40,108
Llyfrwerthwr / Supplier
Rhif Anf. / Inv. No.
WITHDRAWN FROM PLS

ILLUSTRATIONS, &c.

		Page
1	Caernarvonshire, from Anglesea.	Title
2	Chirk Castle.	68
3	Llangollen.	93
4	Font in the grounds of Plas Newydd.	99
5	Castle Dinas, Bran.	108
6	Valle Crucis Abbey.	121
7	Pillar of Eliseg.	128
8	Bala Lake.	155
9	Cader Idris, from the Bala Road.	171
10	Parliament House of Owen Glyndwr.	174
11	View from Carreg y Saeth.	209
12	Harlech Castle.	215
13	The Vale of Maentwrog.	219
14	The Raven Fall, near Maentwrog.	231
15	Pont Aber Glaslyn.	237
16	Snowdon, from the Pass of Llyn Gwynant.	251
17	Pass of Llanberis.	254
18	The Coffin of Leolinus Magnus.	319
19	Conway Castle.	325
20	Aber.	362

WELSH MELODIES, ETC.

21	Guide for the Pedestrian.	11
22	The Fairy's Serenade.	109
23	Battle Song.	131
24	Jenny Davies.	143
25	Mountain Mary	176
26	Dafydd ap Shenkin	305
27	Farewell to North Wales.	384

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER I.

Page

Preliminary observations—Preparations for a tour—Coach conversation—A breakfast and an American traveller—Route to Birmingham—A dinner—Road to Wolverhampton—Eccentric passengers—Lord Hill's monument—Shrewsbury. 11

CHAPTER II.

Walk to Montford Bridge—The Severn—An agreeable companion—Delights of a Tourist—Histrionic Ambition—Wittington—The Castle—The Church—Curious Epitaphs. 30

CHAPTER III.

Chirk—The Aqueduct—The Deserted, a legend.—Description of Chirk Castle—Sketch—The Park—Legend of the enchanted Stag—The Vale of Llangollen—Account of the Aqueduct called Pont-y-Cysylltau—Stanzas for music—Llangollen—The Hand in Hand—A view of the village. 57

CHAPTER IV.

Page

Waking prospect—Plas Newydd and the grounds—Lines written at the font—Castle Dinas, Bran—Legend of Mick Mallow—View of the Castle—Legend of the Minstrel Fay—Original Air—Festival. . . 96

CHAPTER V.

Valle Crucis—The Abbey—Lines written in the ruins—A loquacious porteress—A view of the Abbey—The pillar of Eliseg—A parting—Road to Corwen—Vale of the Dee—The musical pedestrian—War song—Over the hills and far away—An adventure—Corwen—The Church—College—Cross and Circle—Air Llwyn-own—Route to Llandrillo—An old soldier and his son—Village of Landrillo—A fair—Vale of Edeyrnion—Arrival at Bala. 121

CHAPTER VI.

Bala—The Lake—A Meeting of Magistrates—The Doctor—Rhewlas—Lines written at Rhewlas—Farewell to the Bull's Head—A Jolter—Llanthyn—Vale of Drwst-ynrnt—Legend of handsome Hugh and the Fairy—Cader Idris—Dolgelley—Song "Mountain Mary"—The Town Hall—Parliament House—St. Mary's Church—Inns—Angling Station, Doluwcheogryd—The Cataracts of Rhaiadr Du and Pistyll y Cain—Nannau Park—Anecdote of Owen Glyndwr and Howell Sele—Road to Barmouth—Arrival—Inns—A Walk on the sands. 154

CHAPTER VII.

Page

Description of Barmouth—Sketch of the Town—The Estuary—Friar's Island—Dinas Gortin—Earl of Richmond—Anecdote of the men of Ardudwy, and the men of Denbighshire—Mostyn Hall—A pic-nic party—Llyn Cwm Bychan—Carreg y Saeth—The Witch of Cwm Bychan—Legendary Tale—Bwlch Tyddiad—A mountain ride and a regretful farewell. 183

CHAPTER VIII.

Harlech—The Inn—The Castle—Anecdote of Dafydd ap Ivan ap Einion—Road to Maentwrog—View—A persevering Cobbler—The Oakley Arms—Pleasures of Fly fishing—New Companions—Angling Stations—An Adventure—Road to Tremadoc—Tan y Bwlch—Port Madoc Breakwater and Mountain Scenery described—Tremadoc—Tan yr Allt—Pont Aber Glas Llyn—Lines written at the Bridge—Beddgelert—The Inn—Story of a Pointer. 213

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Beddgelert—Vortigern's Hill—Snowdon—Llynn Gwynant—Lines written upon Lynn Gwynant—Gwrydd—Public House — Lake Fishing — A Night Adventure—Pass of Llanberis—Legend of the Giant's Night-Cap—The Lakes—The Castle of Dolbadarn and Legend—View of Lanberis. . 246

CHAPTER X.

Page

The church of Llanberis—Monumental inscriptions—Story of litle John Closs—The Pellings—Capel Curig—Moel Siabod—Castle of Dolwyddélan—Falls of Benclog—Llyn Ogwen—Llyn Idwal—Story of Idwal—Route to Llanrwst—Falls of Rhaiadr y Wennol—Bettws y Coed—The church—Monuments—Pont y Pair—Ogo ap Shenkin, a Legend—Glee, "Shenkin was a noble fellow!" 280

CHAPTER XI.

A Mistake—Road to Llanrwst—Gwydir Castle—Llanrwst Shaking Bridge—Inn—The Theatre—Town Hall—Free Schools—Alms Houses—Rhaiadr y Parc Mawr—Llyn Gierionydd—Taliesin—Trefriw—Slate Quarries—Conway—The Suspension Bridge—The Castle—Local Customs—A Phrenologist—Excursion to the Ormes' Head—The Smuggler—The Bump of *Order*. 306

CHAPTER XII.

Route to Aber—Penmaen Mawr—The pet Goat—Aber—Legend of Llywelyn and the Captive Knight—Road from Aber to Bangor—Penrhyn Castle—Bangor—Inns—The Cathedral—The Castle—Free Schools—The Menai Bridge—Song, Farewell to North Wales, air, Ar Hyd y Nos—Conclusion. 352

Appendix 375

PREFACE.

The Author's object in offering to the Public the following pages is, that all who have a desire to examine the beauties of Welsh scenery may also have an opportunity of seeing the most *interesting* portion of it in a tour which will not occupy more than a month. The route described in this volume presents a variety of pictures which can scarcely be equalled, and certainly not surpassed, in any quarter of the globe. It is true there are hills higher far than any in Snowdonia, and valleys more extensive; but, while we are astonished at a description of the enormous magnitude of the Asiatic and American mountains, and the noble rivers, and sea-like lakes of the latter, let us take into our consider-

ation which is the most desirable country to explore ; that in which nature's prodigies are so extensive that we can neither ascend the eminences, ford the rivers, nor view the opposite shores of the extensive lakes ; or *that* where mountains may be scaled with ease, from the summits of which, a series of glorious panoramas burst upon the eye,—wherein the valleys, glens and wild ravines present an endless variety of sublimity and beauty, and the loud torrent and the waterfall pour forth their melody of never tiring sweetness, to delight the ear ?

Seas must be crossed, and miles of dreary and uninteresting country traversed, in wandering from one grand object to another in the *former ;* while, in the route here represented to the Public, —within the reach of all—repose and admiration charm the heart by turns, in the rich fertile valleys, lofty and wood-clad hills, or heather-mantled mountains, of North Wales. The traveller is likewise insured the comfort of a good inn, where he may rest his wearied limbs, after a day's ramble in whatever part of the district he chooses to select for his excursion ; and the healthy and active should decidedly make *use* of their *limbs*, to bear them through this tour, in

preference to the more easy and luxurious vehicle, and even to the equestrian mode of conveyance. A good horsewoman may venture into the dark defiles, or climb the craggy heights upon the ponys, which are always in readiness at the inns for that purpose; but between a man and his steed there will most assuredly be a strong feeling of sympathy created by a conviction, that the one is a most unnecessary burthen to the other.

For the etchings which illustrate this little work, the Author is indebted to his friend Mr. Alfred Clint, who accompanied him in his second tour, and whose judicious selection of subjects has given a value to the volume, which, without his aid, would have been deficient in its principal ornaments. There is no composition in any of the illustrations; they are the scenes of nature reflected in the mirror of art. Not a mountain or valley, grey ruin or waterfall, but is represented as it really *is;* and for the best reason in the world, viz. that any attempt to improve upon the subjects, would destroy their real beauty.

The peasantry are simple, honest, and obliging; and, as they trudge along, a spirit of

freedom sparkles in their eyes, and seems to animate every action of their unfettered limbs. Though their fare is humble, they enjoy it with an appetite to which the bracing air of their hills, and their happy ignorance of luxuries, give an enviable zest. Drunkenness is a vice almost unknown among these primitive mountaineers: milk is their common beverage, oatmeal cakes, and potatoes, with a plentiful supply of trout from their native streams, form their chief summer food; while, in winter, dry salted beef and mutton serve to satisfy their utmost wishes.

"Though poor the peasant's hut, his feasts tho' small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all.
* * * * * *
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill which lifts him to the storms.
And, as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more."

DIRECTIONS

TO THOSE UNACQUAINTED WITH THE WELSH LANGUAGE.

A knowledge of the Welsh alphabet is indispensable to those who are desirous of correctly pronouncing the necessary questions and answers that transpire upon the road. The names of places must effectually puzzle any tourist, who is not acquainted with the peculiar sound of each letter, particularly where there are many consonants in a word. In order therefore to aid the traveller in Wales, I have selected the following rules.

In the Welsh alphabet there are no mutes; and all letters that are circumflex must be pronounced long, as Bôn like the English Bone. Bin, as Been. C, as Can, but never soft as in City.

Ch, is pronounced as the Greek x.

Dd, as the English Th in theme.

F, as V in English.
Ff, as F and double F in English.
G, as G in good, but never soft as in genial.
I, as I in king but never as in fire.
Ll, as L aspirated.
Th, as in thought.
U, as I in the English words bliss, kiss &c.
W, as double O in good, wood.
Y, as U in burn, but in the last syllable of a word; and in all monosyllables except Y, Ydd, Ym, Yn, Yr, Ys, Fy, Dy, Myn, it is like I in Sin.

By attending to these rules, the stranger will easily make himself understood by the peasantry, and on his tours, in enquiring for any place to which he may be journeying.

GLOSSARY.

Ap, or Ab, is prefixed to proper names, and signifies, the son of.
Aber, the fall of one water into another, a confluence.
Am, about, around.
Ar, upon, or bordering upon.

Avon, or Afon, a river.
Ban, high, lofty, tall.
Bach, little, small.
Bedd, a grave, a sepulchre.
Bettws, a station between hill and vale.
Blaen, a point or end.
Bôd, a residence.
Braich, a branch.
Bron, the breast or slope of a hill.
Bryn, a hill, a mount.
Bychan, little.
Bylch, a gap or pass.
Cader, a chair.
Caer, a city.
Capel, a chapel.
Carn, a heap.
Carnedd, a heap of stones.
Careg, a stone.
Castell, a castle, fortress.
Cil, (pronounced keel) a retreat, a recess.
Clawdd, a hedge, a dyke.
Clogwyn, a precipice.
Coed, a wood.
Cors, a bog, a fen.
Craig, a rock or craig.
Croes, a cross.

Cym, a valley or glen.
Dinas, a fort, a city, or a fortified place.
Dol, a meadow or dale in the bend of the river.
Drws, a doorway, a pass.
Dû, black.
Dwfr or Dwr, water.
Dyffryn, a valley.
Eglwys, a church.
Ffordd, away, a road a pssage.
Ffynnon, a well, a spring.
Garth, a hill bending round.
Glàn, a brink or shore.
Glâs, bluish or greyish green.
Glyn, a glen or valley through which a river runs.
Gwern, a watery meadow.
Gwydd, a wood.
Gwyn, white, fair.
Llan, a church, a smooth area, an inclosure
Llwyn, a grove.
Maen, a stone.
Mawr, great.
Moel, a smooth conical hill.
Mynydd, a mountain.
Nant, a ravine, a brook.
Newydd, new, fresh.

Pant, a hollow or valley.
Pistyll, a spout, a cataract.
Plas, a hall or palace.
Plwyf, a parish.
Pont, a bridge.
Porth, a ferry, a port, a gateway
Pwll, a pit or pool.
Rhaiadr, a cataract.
Rhiw, an ascent.
Ryhd, a ford.
Sarn, a causeway, a pavement.
Tal, the front or head, also tall.
Traeth, a sand or shore.
Tre or Tref, a home, a town.
Twr, a tower.
Ty, a house.
Y, the, of.
Yn, in, at, into.
Ynys, an island.
Ystrad, a vale, a dale.
Yspytty, a hospital, an almshouse.

By referring to this short Glossary, the tourist will find no difficulty in understanding the meanings of the different names given to the different places through which he will have to pass.

INTERJECTIONS.

As there are many interjectional adverbs made use of in the following pages, a glossary of them might prove useful.

Aro ! stop !
Dacw ! yonder !
Dyna, dyna ! there, there.
Dyt, dyt ! hold, hold !
Fwrz ! away !
Gwae, woe.
Hai how ! heigho !
Hwnt ! avaunt !
O dyn ! oh dear !
Oia ! oh pray !
Oio ! hear me !
Truan bac ! poor little thing !
Truan hyny ! poor thing, that it was !
Twt ! pshaw !
Wela, wela ! well, well !
Ysywaeth ! the more the pity !

ROUTE.	COUNTIES.	MILES	PRINCIPAL INNS.	
From LONDON to SHREWSBURY,	Salop	154	The Talbot—Raven—Lion, and the Fox.	The House of Column—Qua
thence to WITTINGTON	Do	16		The Castle, and
CHIRK	Denbighshire	6	The Hand.	The Castle—Th Valley Crucis
LLANGOLLEN	Do	7	The Hand — King's Head, and Royal Oak.	Bran—Church—
CORWEN	Merionethshire	10	The Owen Glendwr.	The Church—C
BALA	Do	12	White Lion & Bull's Head.	The Lake—Arr
DOLGELLEY	Do	18	Golden Lion — Angel, and Ship.	Nannau Park ment House Mawddach—
BARMOUTH	Do	10	Commercial Inn, and Cors-y-gedol Arms.	Old Town—Sa
HARLECH	Do	10	The Blue Lion.	The Castle— a farm called the Farm and
MAENTWROG	Do	10	Maentwrog Inn, and Oakley Arms.	Tan-y-Bwlch Raven fall, Roman encam
TRIMADOC	Caernarvonshire.	10½	Madoc Arms.	The Breakwate
BEDDGELERT	Do	10½	The Goat.	Gelert's grave Aber Glas L
LLANBERRIS	Do	14	The Victoria, and Snowdonia.	Dolbadarn Cas John Closs—
CAPEL CURIG	Do	10	Capel Curig Inn.	Rhaiadr-y-W delan Gast
BETTWS-Y-COED	Do	5		Pont-y-pair— Davyd Go
LLANWRST	Denbighshire	5	The Eagles.	The Bridge—G
CONWAY	Caernarvonshire.	12	The Castle, and the Newborough Arms.	The Castle—Cl Ormes-head.
ABER-GWYNGREGYN	Do	9	The Bulkley Arms.	The Waterfall
BANGOR	Do	5½	The Penrhyn Arms—The Castle—the Liverpool Arms, and the Albion.	Penrhyn Castl Bridge—Bea Plas Newydd thedral.

OBJECTS OF INTEREST.	ANGLING STATIONS.
ndustry—Military Depôt—Lord Hill's ry Walk—and the Castle.	The Severn.
he Church.	The Severn.
Aqueduct and Vale.	The Ceriog.
Abbey—Pillar of Eliseg—Castle Dinas Plas Newydd—Pont Cysylltan.	The Dee—to Corwen or Overton.
oss—Glyndwys Seat—Vale of Edeyrnion.	Between Corwen and Llan St. Ffraid bridge.
n Fowddwy—Arrenig Vawr—Arrenig Vach.	Bala lake and pool, halfway up the Arrenig Vach—R. Dee
—Kymmer Abbey—County gaol—Parlia- Owen Glyndwr—The Falls of Rhaiadr haiadr Du, and Pistyll-y-Cain.	Lanvachreth 3½ miles—Dol-y-gamedd, on the Avon, 4 miles —Llyn Cregnan, S. W. 4 miles—Llyn Gader, 1½ m— Llyn Griew, 5 m—Tal-y-llyn, on Cader Idris, 6 m.
Badric—Cors-y-gelod.	Llyn Raithlyn, near Trawsfynydd—Arthog Chapel, 3 m. distant—Llyn Bodlyn, 4 m. from Barmouth—Llyn Teddin and Llyn Gierw, near the town.
wm Bychan—The Cromlech, 2 miles S. in wern Einion—A Druidical circle between Harlech.	Llanvihangel, on Dwyryd, 5 m—Llanbedr on the Bychan, 3 m—Llyn-y-Vedw, Llyn Eidaw, Llyn Glyn—Llyn-y-cwm Bychan—Llyn Trewyn.
-Slate-quarries, 5 m—Rhaidr Du and m—Festiniog, 3 m—Falls of Cynfall— pment (Toman Mur) 3 m from Festiniog.	Llyn Llanyrch, 3½ m (good trout)—Cwmmorthin Lake (in the pass of Cwmmorthin) 4½ m—Llyn Mannot, 6 m (large trout)—Llyn Murionion, 6 m—Llyn Tackwyn, 3 m.
at Port Madoc—The Church.	Angling from Tremadoc.
—The chair of Rhys Gocho'r' Ryri—Pont n.	Nant Gwynnant—Llyn Dinas—Cwm Llan—Llyn Gwynnant—Llyn Llydan.
e—The Church—The Tomb of little Vell of St. Peris—Lakes—Pass.	Upper and lower lakes (bad sport)—Llyn Cwm Dwythog, 2 m—Llyn Llydan (on Snowdon) 5 m—Glaslyn, on the W. of Snowdon.
nnol waterfall—Moel-Siabod—Dolwyd-, 5 m.	
Shenkin's Cave—Church—Monument to .	Lake Ogwen—Nant Francon—Llyn Idwal—R. Llugwy.
ydir Castle—The Church—Gwydir Chapel.	Bettws-y-Coed, 3 m—Trevriw, 2½ m—Dol-garrog, 4 m— Llanbedr, 5 m—Dolwyddelan, 8 m—Tal-y-Llyn, and Llyn Crafnant, near Llanwrst.
urch—Curious monuments—Plas Mawr—	Llyn Ogwen—Llyn Idwal, and Ogwen river.
id Glen—Penmaen Mawr.	
— Slate quarries—Caenarvon—Menai maris and Castle—Penmon Monastery— -Baron Hill—Puffin Island, and the Ca-	The fishing stations as above.

A

PEDESTRIAN TOUR

THROUGH

NORTH WALES.

CHAPTER I.

Preliminary observations—Preparations for a tour—Coach conversation—A breakfast and an American traveller—Route to Birmingham—A dinner—Road to Wolverhampton—Eccentric passengers—Lord Hill's monument—Shrewsbury.

> "Like brethren now do Welshmen still agree
> In as much love as any men alive;
> The friendship there and concord that I see
> I doe compare to bees in honey hive,
> Which keep in swarme, and hold together still,
> Yet gladly showe to stranger great good will;
> A courteous kinde of love in every place
> A man may finde, in simple people's face."
>
> CHURCHYARD.

VARIOUS, as the features of human nature, are the sources of human happiness. Some derive

their choicest pleasure from historical accounts of men who lived in by-gone ages, and in re-creating events that have long since been engulphed in the abyss of time,—breaking down the barriers of intervening years, and mingling, in idea, with those who were once deemed the glorious of the earth, who now lie blended with its grossest atoms, or are confounded with the purer elements. Some, parching with the thirst of knowledge, seek to slake the fever of their minds with most laborious research; explore the utmost regions of the globe to find a shorter marine passage; or pierce into its depths to seek for treasures which only exist in their heated fancies. The vast ocean is fathomed to satisfy the ruling principle of their natures,—curiosity; and the realms of air traversed with the same motive to insure the universally desired result, self-gratification. While some, leaving the elements to perform the destined changes, are willing to agree with the poet, who in the warmth of his philanthropy exclaims:

"The proper study of mankind is man;"

and among this class of beings the author of these pages may be ranked, although he wil-

lingly confesses nature has the power of charming him in her most minute as in her most stupendous works, from the curious and confined instinct of the ant and of the bee to the wonderful and exhaustless energies of the human mind,

" That source
" Whence learning, virtue, wisdom, all things flow."

The court, the city, and the country, present an endless variety of subjects for contemplation; and the latter being the region of delight to those whose business confines them to the metropolis for the winter months, the author of this volume is anxious to be thought a useful and an amusing companion to such tourists who, in pursuit of health and the charms of nature, may wander

" In the Welsh vales 'mid mountains high,"

where the sublime and beautiful present themselves at every turn to captivate the eye, and ruddy health colours the smiling faces of every peasant girl and shepherd boy, from Chirk to Holyhead.

To a mind capable of estimating fine scenery, how delightful are the hurry and bustle which usually take place on the morning of departure,

in fond expectation of realizing the anticipated pleasure of viewing those beauties of nature the imagination has but weakly painted ! The sun is scarcely sooner up than the traveller ; and, although the coach in which he is to be rolled some hundred and fifty miles will not start for perhaps three hours, his anxiety preponderates over the now slighted comforts of his bed of down, and with an agile leap he quits his restless pillow, and hastily despatching the business of his toilet, with his heart beating high, and his knapsack already stuffed with three shirts, as many pairs of stockings, guide books, and as few other necessaries as may be, in order to make his walking wardrobe as light as possible, he prepares to " take the road." If a disciple of old Isaac Walton and Cotton, he will not fail to have his book of flies, lines, reel, &c., and a light fly rod to carry in his hand, and for which he is sure to have use whenever he feels inclined for piscatory pastime on his tour. So stocked and provided, he bids defiance to the evils of life ; and may exclaim with the poet

" Warly cares and warly men
" May a' gae tapsalteeree O !"

" Do you ride upon the box, sir ?"

" To be sure I do—paid that fellow to keep it for me."

" All right, sir : mount if you please,—not a minute to spare. All right behind there ?"

" All right."

" Hold fast, sir !—let 'em go, Joey ! Blow avay, Bill," then addressing the near wheeler ; " eh, vot, you're at your tantarums again ! I'll vork 'em out of you before ve gets to the end of the stage. Do you know, sir, it vas all along of this here varmint that ve'd the upset last veek."

" Indeed ! we've a pleasant prospect before us, then."

" Oh there's no fear, sir ; I vas never upset in my life, and I've been upon this here road for five and twenty years come next Christmas ; but it vas all along of a gemman as had the reins in hand, ven poor Ned Burkem just vent in for his mornins, at the King's Arms—yonder you may see the sign just afore us ; ve alvays stops there for our mornins, case you see, sir, the landlord vas von of us, and his daughter is a main pretty girl. I suppose, sir, you've no objection to look at a pretty girl, ha, ha !"

" None in the world, James."

" Vell, here ve are ; and now, sir, if you'll just lay hold of the ribbons for von minute, I'll leave 'em this here parcel."

To this proposition I agreed, with the proviso that one ostler should hold the tricksey mare, and another stand at the leaders' heads, having no wish for a repetition of poor old Ned Burkem's mishap. The parcel being delivered, the half pint of purl swallowed, and James again seated, like ruddy Phœbus, on the coach box, the horses were put in motion to the tune of eleven miles an hour.

" Very pretty travelling this, Mr ——, I beg your pardon, sir, but your name is——"

" Yes, you're right, James."

" Vell, I thought I vas, sir ; it's not always that I can remember names, sir ; for you must know that, although I've drove some thousands in my time, just seated where you are, sir, at this present, I don't think I could remember one half of their names."

" Very surprising indeed, for a man of your observation."

" Lord bless you, sir, vy my observation is nothing to Squire ——, that's his house you see on your left ; they say he can see the Eclipse

(coach) in the moon. But they can't tool 'em along as ve does here, I take it, sir. Go along, snarler !"

James's tongue and the coach continued in rapid progress ; and in due time we reached the Sportsman Inn at Whetstone, when the passengers had an opportunity of displaying the extraordinary effects produced by the morning air upon fasting stomachs. A lady and her daughter, who were inside passengers, did ample justice to the fare ; the latter, in particular, payed away at the cold fowl and ham in a manner truly surprising. " Coach ready, ladies," cried James ; and up jumped mother and pet, with mouths full of fowl, toast, etc., which they washed down, unmasticated, with the dregs of their tea ; and in a minute were again seated inside the coach, opposite to two gentlemen, one rather a corpulent man, with " spectacles on nose," the other a gay young citizen, who was to leave us at Barnet.

The coach had not started above five minutes, before fragrant wreaths of smoke were making their escape out of the window, and delighting the outside passengers with the refreshing odour : for this we were indebted to the stout gentleman

before mentioned, who having lately arrived from America, could not be expected to understand the civilized customs of travellers in England, and who inconsiderately concluded that his cigar was as agreeable to the ladies as to himself. It proved otherwise, however: the cold fowl lay uneasy, and the ham seemed to object to being smoked. This, both ladies endeavoured to intimate to their opposite neighbour, by sundry wry faces and beseeching looks. At length, his cigar being nearly finished, the smoker could no longer pretend blindness to the distressing condition to which he had reduced his companions —and he then asked "if they had any objection to smoking?"

The elderly lady, whose politeness had extended to the utmost limits of her nature, with a forced smile replied (while the ashy paleness of her face spoke the tumult that was stirring within,) "Not the—slightest, sir, if you have no objection to—to—" open the other window, she would have said, but the daughter could no longer support the motion of the coach and the fumes of tobacco, and, to the horror of the American gentleman, he instantly found himself in no very enviable situation.

He started from his seat, and almost lifted the roof of the coach off by the concussion between it and his head. "No objection, madam!" cried he in great wrath; "but I wish you to understand that I have a very great objection to this, I calculate!—Here, coachman! stop! let me get out! will you?"

Coachee complied, and the ladies were doubly relieved.

"I'm in a pretty considerable pickle, I'm thinking!" said he, as he seated himself behind us on the roof.

The more agreeable rattle of the wheels prevented our hearing more of his complaints, and we arrived at Barnet.

About a mile and a half from Barnet, upon the right, is the estate of Mr. Byng, and a little further, on the left, that of Mr. Trotter. The town of St. Albans with its ancient Abbey, which creates pleasing ideas of bygone times, of monks and friars, "fat pullets and clouted cream," was passed through; and descending the hill, on leaving the town, fresh objects became interesting to the eye.

After leaving Gorham Bury, Earl Verulam's seat on the left, we came to Market Street and

passed a delightful residence called Market Cell, the property of a Mr. Johnson, and beyond Sir F. P. Turner's on the right, and Mr. Duncombe's on the left, are places that make a man desirous of possessing £10,000 per annum.

Dunstable is rattled through next, and then comes *Fenny Stratford*, *Stony Stratford*, *Easton Neston*, and then *Lord Pomfret's* noble domain. *Towcester* comes next upon the list, and *Weedon Barracks*, where a view of the rail road presents itself.

Then the coach enters Dunchurch, changing horses at the Dun Inn; where being pretty well roasted in the hot sun, some of the passengers endeavoured to obtain a draught of something to moisten their parched throats; but if the garrison of Weedon had discharged all their powder in firing an alarm, and the bells of Dunchurch had joined in the uproar, I do not think a single soul would have answered the summons in the Dun Inn. We were obliged therefore to ascend again, with throats unquenched.

From Dunchurch the coach passes through a noble avenue of elms and firs which stretches for six miles beyond the village, certainly the

finest avenue, in extent, I ever beheld; and the size of the trees is not the least interesting object, spreading their luxuriant branches until they form almost a continuous bower.

Coventry sends forth her store of ragged urchins to see the London coach come in, and peeping Tom, in effigy, looks as inquisitive as peeping Tom himself could have done.

Aylesley Church is a very beautiful structure; and a little beyond is Packington Hall, the Mansion of Lord Aylesford.

At Bucknell, another view of the railroad is obtained; and at length, to the infinite joy of hungry passengers, Birmingham, and dinner, appear in the distance.

We drew up to the inn. I was the only passenger who entered the dining room. The coach was to stop for twenty minutes; and after waiting ten with the patience of a stoic, the waiter entered with a calf's head, cold, over which some boiling water had been poured, by way of sauce. I am fond of a mealy potatoe, and some were placed before me thoroughly saturated; a cauliflower, boiled in the scented waters of fifty other vegetables, completely scared away my appetite,

and fully answered the purposes both of landlord and coachman.

The latter at that moment popping his head in at the door, "Coach ready, sir, if you please!"

"I'm glad of it; what's to pay, my girl?"

"Three and sixpence for dinner, sir, if you please, and threepence for ale."

"Experience makes fools wise,"

I exclaimed, as with an empty stomach I re-seated myself upon the box.

"St—st—go along! a fine town this, sir!"

"Is it?"

"Don't you think so, sir?

"I never was in such a half starved, hungry looking place in my life," cried I, at that time feeling the cravings of nature strong within me, and fancying I saw the ghost of a London cook shop, flitting before my eyes.

The road from Birmingham to Shrewsbury, if travelled by night, gives a stranger a glowing idea of the "fiery regions," never mentioned to "ears polite." No description can come up to

the flaming reality exhibited in the appearance of this country; hundreds of hills of burning coke blaze in all directions, and the air is scarcely endurable from the gaseous qualities of the smoke, which sweeps across the road in huge columns, almost suffocating every passenger who ventures upon that dismal tract.

But increasing horrors gather round the devoted tourist as he advances further, on the road to Wolverhampton: thousands of indistinct forms move in the glare of the distant fires, or flit, like a legion of black devils, over the burning coals; sometimes standing in bold relief before the blazing chimneys of fifty or sixty steam engines, that send up bursts of flame glaring in all directions; and imagination might picture thousands of fallen angels, tossing their flaming brands above their heads, in frantic sport and direful revelry.

Groups of grinning imps sat scattered near the road side, whose yellings made the welkin ring again as we passed by them. Roaring Bacchanals filled the air with their drunken shouts; and withered hags held out their bony hands for alms, to be expended in liquid fire for their throats.

Behind me, on the roof of the coach, were two most eccentric travellers who had taken their places at Birmingham for Shrewsbury. The night was cold, and one, whom I discovered to be of the Emerald Isle, had, with national foresight, provided himself with a dacent drop of "the mountain dew," just to keep the wind off his stomach; and next to him was seated a demure looking personage, who by his peculiar dialect proved to be a son of Scotia—

"Land of the mountain and the flood."

"By the honor of Erin!" exclaimed the first, "I'm not at all surprised to find you such a silent companion, for it's a mighty cowld night, and your conversation must nat'rally freeze before its spoken. Will you take a drop of comfort to thaw it, my darlint?" at the same time presenting a flask of potheen to the party he addressed.

It must be observed that this sprig of shamrock was dressed in a blue jacket, with a light summer waistcoat, and a pair of duck trowsers, which suited admirably the mid-day ride, but were inefficient to exclude the cold night air.

But I suppose he went, like the generality of his countrymen, upon the philosophical principle, that " a light heart and a thin pair of breeches goes thorough the world, my brave boys." His companion was dressed in a velvet shooting jacket, thick plush trowsers, and waistcoat of the same, over which he wore a heavy box coat, which was encased in a cloth cloak of unusual dimensions : over this was a mackintosh cape, and his head was enveloped in a fur cap, fastened by an Indian silk handkerchief tied round the chin—and altogether he seemed to defy wind and weather.

This bundle of comfort, pulling down for an instant the neckerchief, which was also rolled round the aperture of speech, emphatically stated that he had no need of the offer.

" For ye ken," said he, " that I'm a prudent mon, and never venture outside o' the coach, unless I have a' the comforts o' the inside about me; there's ne'er a mon, sir, shut up in that unhealthy box, ye may ken, but is caulder than mysel ; and I guess, fra' the garments on your person, that ye're no quite sae warm."

" Why thin if I was, I'd be thinking myself

nearer to a certain personage than I have any inclination to be for the next half century."

"But ye ken that extremes meet; and I think by that calculation ye may be nearer to the friend ye mention than I am, seeing that I am but just comfortable, and ye are near the freezing point."

Having uttered this sarcasm upon his shivering companion, the canny Scot replaced the muffler over his lips, as a signal for silence, while the Irishman, taking another draught from his pocket pistol, sang a stanza of Erin go bragh, and consoled himself with striking a light for his cigar, from which he sent clouds of smoke, which made our travelling convenience resemble, in the gloom, a steam carriage, as it flew along, with nearly as great rapidity; the lighted end serving, as a warming pan to his nose, which thus illuminated, seemed not much unlike a blue light, such as mariners burn for signals of distress.

"I beg your pardon, Mr. Boxer," said he, touching me on the shoulder, "but are you a politician?"

"Why, to say the truth, sir," I replied, "I interfere as little as possible with what, I conceive, wiser heads than mine are greatly puzzled."

"Why that's true, sure enough," continued he, "but may be you've heard of the—— holloa!"

Here he was interrupted by his bulky companion, whom a lurch of the coach had flung heavily upon him as he was leaning forward to reach my ear. The Scotchman had fallen asleep, and effectually prevented his neighbour from regaining his sitting posture, by the weight of his body and its envelopes.

"Blood an' 'ounds, man, what are ye about?" roared my friend in the thin inexpressibles. "Sure I might as well be porter to Atlas himself, and carry his load. Will you get up, if you please? By the shade of O'Donahue, but I'll create a connexion betwixt your nose and the lighted end of my cigar, if you don't let me up."

A sonorous grunt, which drowned the rattle of the coach wheels, was the only reply to this appeal, and Paddy being unacquainted with the language, immediately put his threat into execution. I have said before it was a cold night, and Sandy, who naturally enough started, at the application of the cigar to his proboscis, from his ideal world to a dreamy consciousness of his real

situation, placing his hand on the injured part, exclaimed, still half bewildered, "Eh! that's vera true, indeed. It's a cauld night, and I verily believe that my nose is frost-bitten. I maun pit t'other shawl round it;" saying which he dragged one from his pocket, and was completely enveloped, apparently to suffocation.

"Why then, I've heard of salamanders, but Scotland must be mighty cauld since you left it," said my thinly clad fellow traveller, when a half smothered voice spoke through the rolls of shawls and silk handkerchiefs. "Do you find yoursel' sae hot in my company?"

The castinet-like sounds of the Irishman's teeth was the only reply to this question, and silence ensued.

"What column is that we are approaching, coachman?"

"Why that, sir, is a pillar."

"Thank ye; but what was it placed there for?"

"Why, sir, it was put there by subscription, as a compliment to Lord Hill."

"Oh, indeed!"

The column is of the Doric order, rising from a base. The angles are ornamented with lions

couchant, and the height of the pillar is 132 feet; upon its summit was placed a figure which old Push-along assured me was a fine likeness of old Rowley; it was erected in 1814.

"Blow the horn, Ned, will you!" And now, rattling over stones, through streets crowded with youthful idlers assembled to catch a sight of the new comers, we rapidly approached the inn. In a moment more we were at the gate of the Lion.

A good supper and a comfortable bed made amends for the bad dinner and the cold ride, and in the morning I arose much refreshed, and sallied forth to view the town.

CHAPTER II.

Walk to Montford Bridge—The Severn—An agreeable companion—Delights of a Tourist—Histrionic Ambition—Wittington—The Castle—The Church—Curious Epitaphs.

> "Oh Wittington, among thy towers
> Pleas'd did my early childhood stray,
> Bask'd on thy walls in sunny hours
> And pull'd thy moss and pluck'd thy flowers
> Full many a truant day."
>
> FITZ-GWARINE.

After breakfasting at the inn, I, like the honorable Dick Dowlass, with my wardrobe on my back, and a light heart, proceeded on the road to Chirk.

The Severn, to the right, winded beautifully towards the ancient town I left behind. Bees hummed—birds sang—and blossoms sent forth

their fragance to delight the traveller as he gaily trudged "the footpath way." Cheerfulness was above, beneath, around me, and in my heart. I paused upon the bridge at Montford, to take a lingering farewell of the sweet flowing Severn, its wooded banks and meadows gay; and was about to commence a sublime soliloquy, when I was accosted by an elderly personage in a straw hat, fustian shooting coat, knee-breeches, gaiters and shoes. He had a stout cudgel in his hand, and a knapsack, more capacious than mine, strapped across his shoulders. He appeared to be about fifty-five years of age, and being furnished like myself, it struck me that a passing traveller might naturally enough take us for father and son.

Fortunately we were both pursuing the same route, and a desultory dialogue commenced with the never failing observation:

"A fine morning, sir."

"Very."

"A noble river this, sir?"

"Beautiful."

"A great admirer of the charms of nature, I presume, sir?"

"An enthusiastic one."

"You're for the Welsh vales, I suppose?"

"And mountains high!" I exclaimed, warming to my loquacious companion.

"In the Welsh vales 'mid mountains high,"

sang he, in a hearty, round-toned voice, with which I chimed in, and we were the best friends, on a sudden.

There certainly is no society so interesting as that picked up by the tourist, who leaves with contempt the starched formalities of a great city behind him, and walks forth, unencumbered by care, to enjoy the society of mankind in its varied and unsophisticated nature. Every person we meet affords us information and delight; for a kindred spirit animates almost every individual whom you may chance to encounter in countries remarkable for beauties of scenery, and especially in a region like North Wales, where inns of the best kind are situated at the most convenient points, and the foot passenger is treated with as much respect as a lord in his carriage with four post horses. The landlords of inns here, think that a man may make the proper use of his legs without being a beggar; and that

the costume of a pedestrian may cover the form of a gentleman. And this philanthropic conception contributes to form that happy combination, civil hosts and merry travellers.

There is no want of society, nor any difficulty in selecting that with which you are best pleased, for every evening brings in fresh comers from various quarters to the different places of rest and refreshment. The exchange of information respecting routes, the different adventures of the day, the peculiar feelings displayed in their recital, and countenances lit up with pleasure, give a degree of animation to the evening, never to be equalled in the brilliant drawing-room, the blaze of which seems to put out the eyes of reason,

> "And men are—what they name not to themselves,
> And trust not to each other."

I soon discovered that my companion was a traveller of no common information; that he was a collector of legends, an antiquarian, and a geologist; and congratulated myself upon meeting with one who, as he gave me to understand, was intimately acquainted with a variety of cir-

cumstances, not generally known, which had taken place in "days of yore," upon the very ground we were about to traverse, and which he had frequently visited before.

He had been an actor in his youth, and as the scenery between Mountford Bridge and the village of Wittington has little to engage the attention, I will here relate a portion of his early history, with which he amused me during our journey.

HISTRIONIC AMBITION.

It was a foggy morning when Triptolemus,—for so I shall designate my new acquaintance,—who had unfortunately been deeply bitten by a mad actor, arose, feverish from his sleepless pillow, to awaken the cocks of the surrounding neighbourhood with the loud rattle of his histrionic tongue. He had, with some difficulty prevailed upon the manager of the theatre to permit him to make his appearance on the stage, and the character selected for his attempt was Richmond—the gallant Richmond!

In the centre of the filthy town of —— stands an ancient castle, situated upon a lofty hill, which is now turned into a county jail. There

was around it formerly a deep moat, which having for many years been dried up, is now converted into pleasure gardens for the corporation. From the top of the hill there was, at this time, an opening, much like a trap door, where commenced a descent by winding steps, leading to the gardens beneath, and to some gates made in the iron railings that encompassed the moat upon the other side.

Upon the summit of the hill, Triptolemus walked with all the dignity of an English baron. The ancient fortress, that frowned above him, gave additional fire to his excited imagination; and, as he spoke of knights and fellows in arms, and mused of war, banners, and crop ear'd steeds, the present peaceful times were dead to him, and nothing lived within his gallant thoughts but those whose bones have long since whitened in the dust.

Triptolemus had walked round, and round again, about the distance of half a mile, spouting Shakespeare to "the unconscious wind," when, as he was about to take "round the third," instead of looking at the earth, his inspired glance was directed to the sky; and at the instant he exclaimed, "thus far into the

bowels of the land," he vanished into the earth through the before mentioned trap door! and awakening from his surprize, he found himself half smothered in a bed of manure, at the bottom of the steps.—When he had in some degree recovered from his alarm, and ascertained that his person had escaped injury, his first reflection was upon the fall of Lucifer,

> " From night to morn—from morn to dewy eve,
> A summer's day!"

He then looked round him and fancied himself in Johnson's happy valley, himself the prince, and, like him, discontented with his lot, when he was suddenly aroused to a sense of his real situation by the pointed application of a pitchfork, unceremoniously handled by a sturdy boor, who saluted him with, " Where the devil didst thee come from?" His indignant spirit now gave vent to its uncontrollable fury, in a torrent of blank verse! He felt that, like Hamlet, he could

> " Do such deeds
> As hell itself would quake to look upon."

But, like Posthumous, he was doubtful which to

select. His soul was in arms!—and the thrice valiant embryo Richmond exclaimed,

> "Thrice is he arm'd that hath his quarrel just;
> And he but naked, tho' lock'd up in steel,
> Whose conscience with injustice is corrupted."

"I fell into this damned place through your neglect in leaving the trap door open, you bloody and devouring boar,"—eyeing him all the while with a glance that seemed to say, "If I thought you wholesome, I'd turn cannibal."

The bumkin, however, took no further notice of it than to assure him, if he did not presently take to his heels, he would toss him out on the prongs of his fork.

O! what a field for fancy did this threat open to his susceptible mind! The tattered hat of the unceremonious gardener was converted into a coronet of snakes that reared their threatening crests and hissed furiously at the astonished hero. His ruddy face assumed the Gorgon's look, turning him almost into stone. The weapon in his hand grew fiery red, and for a foot there seemed a cloven hoof.

An attempted application of the torturing steel

however, gave motion to his limbs ;—away he scampered up the steep ascent, not daring to turn a solitary glance behind, until he reached the spot from whence he fell.

This accident conjured up a train of reflections upon the vanity of human wishes! "Alas!" exclaimed he, "it is but a few minutes since I fancied myself a hero at the head of a victorious army, before which thousands would turn and fly, or grimly bite the dust; and now I find myself a wretched thing! routed by a base born hind with a muck fork in his hand! Oh! vile disgrace! I only wish that fellow may see me on the boards to-morrow night—I'll frown him into a liquid."

Upon the night of this eventful morning the stage-struck Triptolemus had very unquiet dreams; his head was filled, he said, with a chaotic mass of indistinct and indescribable objects. The last thought he had while awake was how he should look when dressed as the gallant Richmond;—and having settled that point to his own satisfaction, he resigned himself to

"Sweet Nature's second course."

He waves aloft his glittering steel—he spurs his

coal black charger to the field.—Forward! he cries—and the hostile ranks advance in terrible array, inspired by their heroic leader! All then becomes hubbub, turmoil and confusion, higglety pigglety, up and down, slash away work. He meets the tyrant king—fiercely they struggle for the mastery—slap bang go their battle axes; when suddenly a number of shadowy forms, with blood-red cabbage-heads, encircle the enfuriated pair, yelling and dancing at the white-rose king; —the gallant Richmond staggers beneath the prowess of his vigorous opponent, and half believes the field is lost, when through the spectre group a headless horseman breaks with furious speed.—'Tis Buckingham!—he waves his gory head aloft in his red hand, and as Tydides whirled the fragment of a rock upon his foe, even with such fury flung the shade his head, full upon the visage of his fated Richard;—he falls—the shadows vanish with loud cries of joy! when suddenly a dreadful blow is dealt upon the temples of the conquering Richmond;—the chains of sleep are broken, and Triptolemus lies stretched upon the floor.

He arose confused; he pondered upon his dream, rubbed his bruised forehead, and began

conclusions from the visions of the night. These proving satisfactory, he descended to the breakfast parlour, inwardly exclaiming,

"May good digestion wait on appetite."

The rehearsal in the morning gave additional confidence, the manager having pronounced it a very promising specimen of his ability.

Night came—and he was at his post three hours before his presence would be required upon the stage. His hair, of which he had a great profusion, was twisted into innumerable curls by a one-eyed frizzeur who received a payment of twelve pence per night from the manager for decorating the heads of his talented performers; his limbs were cased in the warlike habiliments of the 15th century, which (with the trifling inconvenience, occasioned by their being made for a person of nearly double his dimensions some twenty years before, and the few dilapidations they had received from the numberless falls, thwacks, rents, etc. during their long and faithful servitude) gave him the appearance of a warrior of some personal endowments. The helmet was peculiarly formed, resembling that worn in

the 14th century; for this appendage to the son of Mars had been neglected until the very last moment, when it was supposed to be impossible to procure one; but Triptolemus, ever fertile in resources, seized upon a shining tin saucepan, in which the Duke of Buckingham had brought some barley water to the theatre for the purpose of clearing his voice, emptied its contents, and having divested it of its handle, made of it an admirable completion to his costume. At the end of the first act, he walked, with all the self possession of a veteran stager, into an apartment called the green-room, but which exhibited a clear face of white-wash, emblematic of those who frequented its chaste precincts. It was furnished with chairs, stools, and a huge family sofa, evidently the work of the "olden time." This seemed a seat suited to Triptolemus, puffed out as he was with the pride of his appearance; but unfortunately the light comedian, when playing the part of Doricourt, fell so heavily upon it, in the mad scene, that he made a fatal breach in the bottom, which as yet had not undergone a repair. King Henry the sixth (a short, stout, pompous man, who never moved but one arm in acting, and that with the exact motion of a pump

handle) was seated on one side of the fire place, in an attitude of deep thought. Triptolemus remembered his dream, and was astonished at the close resemblance between the red cabbage head of the shadow and the rubicund visage of the portly personage in the chimney corner. His surprise was the greater for that he had not met this gentleman at the rehearsal, he having sent an apology for his absence, being hotly engaged (as he termed it) in *making his benefit*, i. e. paying his respects to the different taverns in the town, where his merry associates congregated to drink porter, smoke tobacco, and distribute as many tickets as an insinuating address and consummate assurance would enable them to dispose of amongst their boon companions.

The fourth act is over; and Triptolemus experiences a strange sensation rising from the bottom of his abdomen and gradually spreading itself over his whole body !—he feels less valiant than when first he donned the shining helmet (alias saucepan) and fastened the glittering falchion to his mailed side. Ting a ring ting ! goes the prompter's bell ! Triptolemus was trembling at his post. The music ceases—the curtain rises—the martial music is played loudly behind

the scenes, and the audience with breathless anxiety await the entrance of the dauntless hero, the brave Earl of Richmond.

The trumpeters have almost split their cheeks, —the troops march on, two and two—the Earl of Oxford then advances, next Sir James Blunt, and then Sir Walter Herbert. Triptolemus who had been advised to appear last, and with a rush to " take the natives by surprise," as it is termed in theatrical phraseology, now darted forward to the footlights, " swift as an arrow from the Tartar bow." The applause was deafening, and made him fancy that the gods were at war above him ; nor was he much out in his conceit, for a chimney sweeper who had edged himself into the centre of the gallery at that moment, caused such a commotion amongst the goddesses, that they assisted, with their screams, the general uproar, and shouts and cat calls " shook the pond'rous roof." This state of commotion was too violent to last, and at length silence was obtained, and the hero commenced—

" Thus far into the bowels of the land—"

Here the figure of the uncivil gardener met

his eyes, seated in the front row of the pit, and grinning like a Scotch terrier with a hair-lip. He made a full stop at this apparition! "Have we marched on," came the word from the prompter—"Have we marched on,"—echoed Oxford. But all was mist before Richmond's eyes, indignation was in his heart and silence upon his tongue. Unable to utter a word more, with a flourish of his truncheon he made a furious exit. "Have we marched off," said the gallant Blunt—and stalked off with the whole army (six in number) after his heroic leader. The scene changed for Richard's entrance.—Shame and fury battledoor'd our hero about with unmerciful rapidity behind the scenes! He split his wooden truncheon upon the scull of an unlucky lamplighter who stood in his way, and then the call boy's awful voice was heard bidding him prepare for his second scene. This he managed to get through tolerably well, taking especial care to avoid another glance at the gardener's fatal countenance.

All went on smoothly enough, until the scene where Richard rushes on the stage in the midst of alarums, crying out. "What ho! young Richmond ho!" Here, as ill luck would have it, Richmond could not find his *fighting sword*,

and his confusion was so great, when Richard again roared out, " 'Tis Richard calls!" Richmond rebellowed from behind the scenes, " Call and be d—d," thinking the actor was taking an unwarrantable liberty in calling for him before so many people in such an authoritative style.

Richard. " I say come forth, and singly face me."

Richmond. (behind) " What the devil's the use of my coming, when I can't find my sword?"

At length, the combatants met, Richmond having picked up a powerful weapon, instead of the short, blunt and harmless sword intended for the encounter. It was keen, long, and pointed, like a lancet—a terrible weapon in unpractised hands.

Richard. " Do you remember the cuts?" (in an undertone, with doubting fear).

Richmond. " Oh, d—n the cuts!" (at the same time dealing a blow that laid open the shin of the crook backed tyrant, who, thinking it better to die at once in jest, than to be killed outright in earnest, fell down exclaiming, " Perdition catch thy arm! you've cut my leg open!"

Richmond. "Upon my soul, I could'nt help it!"

Richard. "But oh—! the vast renown thou hast acquired—"

This was too much for the audience to bear—"their visible muscles unmasterly grew," and the champions were mutually discomposed.

Richmond. "What the devil are they laughing at?"

Richard. "At you to be sure, 'in conquering Richard.'"

Here another burst of merriment broke from the spectators, and Triptolemus, turning his head, to check, with a high tragedy look, their ill timed mirth, beheld, to his horror and dismay, the inveterate gardener standing upon the front bench of the pit, waving his arms like the sails of a windmill, and who no sooner caught a full view of his countenance than he roared out, "I'm blest if it bea'nt he that I turned up wi' my pitch fork out of the muck heap!"

"All's over!" exclaimed Richard, and gave up the ghost, with his back turned to the audience, which created a fresh peal of laughter, groans and hisses. Richmond, shocked

at the un-Cesarian position of the monarch, strove to obtain silence, while he spoke the tag, by turning him over with his face to the footlights—which he did with his foot, placing Richard's nose within half an inch of the burning oil, who grinned his disapprobation of such usage, till the audience shrieked with mirth.

"Ring down the curtain, for God's sake!" shrieked the manager.

"Stop till I've spoken the tag!" cried Richmond.

"Ring down for the sake of my nose," bawled the corpse. Ting a ring ting! went the prompter's bell, and down fell the curtain, leaving one half of Richard's body in view of the laughter-weeping spectators, which was at last dragged by the heels from their sight by the indignant Richmond, vowing, he never would again act with so diabolical a *Richard*.

This story, which amused me exceedingly, was during the recital often interrupted by my hearty bursts of laughter, and beguiled the time admirably, until we arrived at a miserable place called *New Inn*, where we refreshed ourselves with a glass of ale, and proceeded on our journey.

Branching off from the Oswestry road, to the right, we pursued our way to Wittington, beguiling the time with anecdote and song, light hearts and heels carrying us along the road like things of air. Nothing worthy of notice took place until we reached the village of Wittington, and there the first objects that attracted our mutual attention, were two brick houses, perfectly plain in their exterior, upon the front of the first of which was written, in prodigious characters, *Search the Scriptures*, and upon the second, *Remember thou keep holy the Sabbath day*, with underneath, *Morrison's pills sold here.*

The village is beautifully intersected with trees, and the houses are examples of neatness and simplicity. The people look cheerful and contented; and every shrub or flower which here profusely expands, seems proudly to rejoice and flourish in this charming retreat.

A walk through this village will make the tourist thoroughly acquainted, in his own belief, with the persons who inhabit it, although he never heard the history of one of them, from the rector to the tinker. The first portrait that rises in his imagination is the venerable curate, with contentment beaming in his mild eyes, his silver

locks flowing over his well-brushed thread-bare coat, with snow-white neck-cloth, mended small clothes, black hose and polished shoes, visiting the cottage of some invalid—a lovely girl, scarce sixteen, the rose of the village, who had long been stretched upon a bed of sickness, but now blessed with returning health, seated at the door, the fresh evening air playing with her fair locks, the woodbine clustering over her head, a slight tinge of vermilion spreading on her cheeks, her eyes upraised in pious gratitude to heaven, and to him who prayed beside her, and for her, morning and evening, and who now with grateful heart holds up his hands to the Creator, in thankfulness for her convalescence.

The next object is the village surgeon ; a busy, merry, bustling, prying, talkative, little gentleman, who amuses one patient with all the scandal he has been able to pick up about another ; but, notwithstanding, a most important person, and people feign illness for the gratification his visits communicate ; constant in his morning calls from house to house, he continues to pick up all the flying rumours of the day ; and at night is, of course, the object looked up to, in all parties, as the oracle, in whom all the

secrets of the village are deposited, while he is cautious not to commit himself, by imprudent exposures.

Then comes the lawyer, with snuff-coloured riding coat with brass buttons, top-booted, and spurred, who does very well for himself, by *doing* his neighbours in a professional way.

Then come the ladies, who are of course all nature, no art, sweetness, simplicity, and all that; but as I am not going to write a volume upon rural life, I will just give a short description of

WITTINGTON CASTLE.

"In ancient days, of high renown,
Not always did yon castle frown
With ivy crested brow;
Nor were its walls with moss embrowned,
Nor hung the lanky weeds around
That fringe its ruins now."

FITZ-GWARINE.

In the year 843, when Roderick the Great was King of Wales, a British noble, named Ynyr ap Cadfarch, built the Castle of Wittington. He was succeeded by his son Tudor Trevor,

whose descendants possessed it for many generations; and many families at this day trace their origin to him.

At the Conquest, Wittington became the property of Pain Peveril, who dying without issue, it was seized by Roger, Earl of Shrewsbury, and passed into the hands of Hugh, his son, who was succeeded by his brother Robert; but he being defeated by Henry I, the castle was restored to the Peverils, in the person of Sir William Peveril, who was a great warrior, and is said to have miraculously recovered from a (supposed) *mortal wound* by eating the shield of a wild boar. He had a daughter named Mellet, whose exceeding beauty attracted many suitors; but, being of Amazonian mind, she declared she would marry none but the knight who proved himself best and bravest in the field. Her father published this declaration, and promised the Castle of Wittington as her dower. The trial took place at the Peak in Derbyshire, and Guarine de Metz, who had a shield of silver, and a peacock crest, overcame all his rivals, and obtained the beautiful Mellet. His posterity, for nine generations, assumed the name of Fulk, a race of heroes who performed extraordinary feats of arms, and for

a full account of which the reader is referred to the history of Wittington, a little book of forty-one pages, by William Davies, L.M.W.S., Head Master of Caernarven School.

The ninth, and last Fulk Fitz Gwarine, died here in his minority, in the reign of Henry IV, and his sister Elizabeth, the heiress to the estates, married Richard Hankfdd, who left his possessions to his only daughter Thomasine, who married Sir William Bourchire, brother to Henry, the first Earl of Essex; and the title of Lord Fitz Warine was given to Sir William, in consequence of his marriage.

John, the third in descent from him, exchanged Wittington with Henry VIII for other landed property. This John was the first Earl of Bath, and his family retained the name of Fitz-Warren until the race became extinct, which took place at the death of Henry, the fifth Earl of Bath. This place was presented by Elizabeth, to Henry Grey Duke of Suffolk, who fortified it in consequence of several crimes imputed to him by the bigot Mary, who granted it to Fitz-Alan, the last Earl of Arundel, who mortgaged it to a number of London citizens, and William Albany, the chief amongst them was appointed

sole possessor of it, and by the marriage of whose grand daughter it fell into the hands of Thomas Lloyd Aston Esq. in whose family it now remains.

The castle underwent fortification soon after its original establishment; and must have been alternately in the hands of the Welsh and Saxons in these wars. It is well supplied with spring water, and the moats, and entrenchments surrounding the castle are still discernible. The keep was fortified with five round towers, each 40 feet in diameter and 100 in height, the walls being 12 feet in thickness.—All are now in ruins.

In 1809, a well was discovered in the Keep, at the bottom of which was found a pair of iron fetters for the legs, and a jug, stags' heads, swords, a head curiously carved, and a number of richly gilt glass bottles. In the trenches there are growing some very fine tall wych trees. The castle is situated in the midst of fertile meadows; and a rapid stream, which a mile above takes a subterranean course, here breaks into light again, amidst fringing poplars, and entering the moat, encompasses the walls, which are richly festooned with ivy, and adorned with wild flowers

and woodbines. It there enters the Perry, in the meadows below, which were formerly an extensive lake, and the ancient fosses and entrenchments may be traced to where the lake terminated, at a surprising distance westward, beyond the castle.

The church is a rectory, and was originally designed as a chapel to the castle. It is dedicated to St. John the Baptist. The body of the church was rebuilt in 1806, and in the register are the following curious epitaphs :

March 13, 1766, died
THOMAS EVANS,
Parish Clerke, Aged 72.

Old Stanhold's lines, or Vicar of Bray,
Which he tuned best, 'twas hard to say.

SAMUEL PEATE,
Of Wittington Castle, died
Aged 84.

Here lies Governor Peate,
Whom no man did hate.
At the age of fourscore,
And four years more.
He pretended to wrestle
With Death for his castle,

But was soon out of breath,
And surrendered to Death,
Who away did him take
At the eve of our wake,
One morn about seven,
To keep wake in Heaven.

ANDREW WILLIAMS
was
Born A.D 1692, and died April 18, 1776.
Aged 84.
Of which time he lived under
The Aston family, as decoy man, 60 years.

Here lies the decoy man, who lived like an otter,
Dividing his time betwixt land and water.
His hide he oft soaked in the waters of Perry,
Whilst Aston old beer his spirits kept cherry.
Amphibious his trim, death was puzzled they say
How to dust to reduce such well moistened clay,
So death turned decoy man, and decoyed him to land,
Where he fixed his abode till quite dried to the hand.
He then found him fitting for crumbling to dust,
So here he lies mouldering, as you and I must.

In this lovely village, we put up at a small inn, the Crown, to take luncheon, which was

served with much civility—cold meat, a cream salad, and a capital Cheshire cheese, with the very best of Shropshire ale. The name of the host I have forgotten, but it is the first inn on the left on entering the village from Shrewsbury. It has a delightful garden attached to it, with grottos and arbours; roses and woodbines distribute their fragrance in prodigal gratuity, and the *tout ensemble* gives an admirable idea of fairy land.

CHAPTER III.

Chirk—The Aqueduct—The Deserted, a legend—Description of Chirk Castle—Sketch—The Park—Legend of the enchanted Stag—The Vale of Llangollen—Account of the Aqueduct called Pont-y-Cyssyltau—Stanzas for music—Llangollen—The Hand in Hand—A view of the village.

"In Cambria's noon of story,
Ere bright she set in glory,
The brave and great in princely state
All hail'd Chirk Castle walls.
With splendid arms returning,
The flaring moonbeams burning,
Mid armour's clang the clarions rang,
And searched the sounding halls."

SONG BY F. M. DOVASTON, A.M.

A PLEASANT walk of six miles brought us to Chirk; agreeably situated upon the northern bank of the river Ceriog, which divides England

from Wales. The village church is dedicated to St. Mary, and is an impropriation belonging to Valle Crucis Abbey, and contains some monuments erected to the memory of the members of the Chirk families. The most interesting is that of the famous Sir Thomas Myddleton. The church-yard is planted with yew trees, and the Hand Inn is a very comfortable house of entertainment.

The aqueduct is the great *lion* of this place; consisting of ten arches, the piers of which are sixty-five feet high. The Ellesmere canal is continued across the valley by this beautiful specimen of art, then enters a tunnel 220 yards long; emerging from which it proceeds on its course through the parish, and then enters another tunnel, which having traversed, its waters are transported over the vale of the Dee by the stupendous aqueduct of Pont-y-Cysylltau. The village of Chirk is seven miles from Llangollen, and five from Oswestry, from Knaton six, and from London 171.

"Upon this spot," said my amusing companion, "a legend was repeated to me, which I thought rather amusing; and, as you say you are a collector of strange stories, I will relate it

to you as we pass along, with as much accuracy as my memory will permit.

THE DESERTED.

Mary Griffith was a tall, raw-boned, bouncing girl, whose skin had felt the influence of nineteen summers: with red ropy hair, which fell in mop-like luxuriance about her face and back, partially hiding two gooseberry eyes, that looked, or seemed to look, in opposite directions. Roger ap Morgan was a stout, sturdy, hard-working peasant: and once, while under the influence of his master's strong harvest ale, bestowed on Mary such tender melting words, as had never before been addressed to her beauty, and which her unaccustomed ear drank with astonishment and delight. She greedily banqueted on the honey of his tongue, and in short was never so pleased in her life before.

It was remarked, that from this night Mary and Roger were more intimate than ever; and they were therefore looked upon as a couple shortly to be united in the bands of matrimony.

Mary's charms, however, were not of a nature to be unappreciated by others; and Roger's friends were exceedingly forward in praising her various perfections, and more especially the beauty of her eyes and face, and the silky softness of her auburn hair, three fibres of which were sufficient to have made an exceeding good twine of tolerable strength.

Roger bore all these bursts of admiration without the slightest tinge of jealousy, and even sometimes, with a good humoured laugh, joined in the jests of his companions. But there is such a thing as over fondness in adoring woman: and Roger began to discover, that if Mary would only love him half as much as she did, he might perhaps have a far greater liking for her than he had; but unfortunately Mary knew no measure in her love. She vowed he should marry her; Roger swore heartily he would not. At length, it became apparent that Mary had yielded up not only her heart but her honour, also, to the too insidious and fascinating Roger. His ingratitude, in refusing to keep his word, and make an honest woman of her, sank deep into her heart. She resolved, however, not to let him off so easily; and determined, if he persisted in deny-

ing his person, she would at least have some of his goods and chattels.

At this period, a number of baronial laws, although dormant, might still be enforced on occasion, and amongst them was one which furnished Mary with a promising prospect of recompense. It decreed, that in cases of seduction, the injured fair, on making application to the presiding magistrate, was entitled to remuneration by submitting to the following ordeal: — The tail of a three years old bull, the property of the seducer, being well shaven, greased and introduced through a wicker door, if the applicant could, by so treacherous a handle, detain the animal for a certain period with both hands, while two men goaded it to escape, it became hers, by right of conquest, in satisfaction for her lost virtue; and, in case of failure, she forfeited all further claim, and was rewarded for her attempt with so much of the grease and soap as remained in her hands.

Women know no medium in the master-passion: "Where most they love, there most they hate when slighted:"—and so with Molly. All nature seemed to change: the beautiful valley no longer heard the soft murmurings of Roger's

" love breathed vows ;" the waters of the Ceriog flowed on without a rival sound ; and Molly vowed vengeance amid their peaceful banks, where once she swore eternal love and constancy.

One morning after a long expostulation, with her inconstant, she summoned him before the magistrate of the district, and, accompanied by her friends, demanded the ordeal, which was the right, from time immemorial, of the victims of seduction and desertion. The magistrate, being a lover of old laws and customs, and also somewhat of a humorist, readily acceded to her wishes, and the following morning was appointed for the accomplishment of her vengeance, verifying the Welsh proverb—" Gnawd rhygas wedi rhysere." Common is extreme hate after extreme fondness.

This was woful intelligence for Roger, whose farming stock consisted of an only cow, which was sentenced to be substituted for the *bull*, which the original act specified should be liable to confiscation. This cow was the chief source of his livelihood ; her butter furnished him with the means of procuring clothes, and other necessaries, and the skimmed milk, a pleasant beverage

to wash down his vegetable fare—for animal food was a stranger to the table of Roger, as it was indeed to almost all the peasantry of the country, except upon days of rejoicing, viz. marriages and funerals, when friends and relations clubbed together to furnish a sumptuous meal for the assembled guests. Still, however, he resolved to hazard this severe loss, rather than be encumbered with a wife, whose industry and affection were but a poor compensation for the defects of her person and conversation.

On the following day, the peaceful inhabitants of this lovely spot were startled from their various occupations by a loud shout which issued from the thick woods of the vale, and then

> "There rose so wild a yell
> From out yon dark and hollow dell,
> As all the fiends from heaven that fell
> Had pealed the banner cry of hell."

The clamour was raised by the revilings of Roger's friends against Mary, and Mary's friends against Roger, as the object of interest (Roger's cow) approached the dwelling of the deceived and neglected fair one, who mounted astride upon its back, turned her fierce glances or

benignant smiles, upon her enemies or friends, as they alternately hooted and hurrahed her.

Mary's mother, an ancient gammer, whose sun-tanned skin seemed, as Shakspeare has it, capable of

"Keeping out water a long while,"

armed with a branch of tough ash, was urging the progress of the beast, and at every push she made, a yell of indignation burst from the opposite party, which was answered by a shout of exultation from the friends of Mary. At length the barber, one Gryffyd, was called on to lend his aid, which he did, in a masterly manner by lathering, and shaving the beast's tail of every hair that adorned it, from the insertion to the tuft, and afterwards greasing and soaping it thoroughly. Mary eyed it, meanwhile, as though she longed to convert it into soup.

These preparations being completed, Mary addressed her false-hearted swain, and even then, generously offered to give up the chance if he would repent and make her an honest woman. This noble proposition excited murmurs of ap-

plause. But all in vain,—Roger remained inexorable.

"Then may I never be married," cried she, "if ever you take your cow home again!"

"That's yet to be tried," cried Roger.

Molly then bared her brawny arms, and held up her ten fingers—as much as to say, "Let her escape my grip if she can!"—and, with a countenance flashing anger and resolution, she took her station at the wicket, "screwed up to the sticking point," and resolved to "stand the hazard of the die."

With the grasp of a vice, she seized the pendant ornament; and now it was pull cow, pull Molly!—for the two sturdy brothers of Roger belaboured the animal most unmercifully.

"Hold your own!" shrieked Mary's mother.

"Go it, you old devil!" cried the brothers of Roger, as they thrashed and goaded the poor cow. Still with heroic firmness Mary kept her hold.

"But who can rule the uncertain chance of war?"

The period of detention had nearly arrived;—half a minute more, and Mary would be victorious—her vengeance complete—and Roger quite undone!—when lo! the tortured animal leaped

suddenly from the wicket —and Mary, wretched Mary !—fell upon her brawny back, with the cow's tail extended in her hands !—'Twas all the spoil her valiant attempt had left her!—Twisting and capering, the beast was seen speeding its way to Roger's well known home ;—and

> " Thus was she (poor Molly) !
> Of cow, of virtue, everything, bereft."

It was rumoured that foul play had been committed by Roger's brothers ; and that a stick, with a sharp instrument at the end of it, had caused the catastrophe ;—but, as there was no means of ascertaining the fact, the affair dropped.

A rustic bard, who had been hospitably received in Mary's dwelling, presented to her the following Lament, which he composed, in gratitude, for her consolation.

LAMENT.

Oh mournful day ! oh mournful day !
Base Roger's cow has run away,
And left poor Molly to bewail
The sorrows she cannot re-*tail*.

The grateful cabbage, greens, and leek
Her hands have reared, could they but speak,

Would thus hold converse with the ground,
Which daily her attention found.

"Oh mother earth, how hard you get,
Since Molly's left to pine and fret;
You drain our tops, our bottoms pinch,
We cannot grow another inch!

"Your bed, so lately soft and warm,
To stony hardness you transform;
If 'tis for Molly this you do,
Oh think of leek and cabbage too!"

"My children," then said mother earth,
"I ever loved ye from your birth;
But know that I, as well as you,
Am doomed to pine and suffer too.

"And if your bottoms feel uneasy,
'Tis not from want of will to please ye;
And if your green tops droop and pine,
'Tis not from any fault of mine.

"For I am thirsting for a sup,
And Molly never stirs me up.
Forsaken love hath made her sore—
She cultivates the ground no more!"

Oh mournful day! oh mournful day!
Base Roger's cow has run away,
And left poor Molly to bewail
The sorrows she cannot re-*tail!*

After proceeding about a mile and a half on the Llangollen road, we turned off, to the left, up

a lane, which led us to the noble domain of Mrs. Middleton Biddulph.

CHIRK CASTLE

Is delightfully situated on the spacious domain, spreading over the summit of, what would be deemed, by a southern, a lofty mountain, but which is here only designated a hill, projecting from the range of Berwyn mountains ; and is well calculated to recall the stories of the days of old, when flourished

> " The good old rule, the simple plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

It is built of solid stone ; and the ivy, mantling over the walls, gives them an appearance of solemnity and grandeur, peculiarly interesting. It is quadrangular, and is strengthened by five massive towers, one at each corner, and the fifth projecting from the principal front, through which is a lofty entrance into the court-yard, 165 feet in length, and 100 feet in breadth, surrounded on every side by noble suites of apartments. The picture gallery measures 100 feet in length, by twenty-two in breadth ; and contains some very excellent paintings, and several

London, Published 1828, by Henry Colburn, 13, New Burlington Street.

portraits of the Middleton family. Amongst the latter is that of Sir Thomas Middleton, who defended himself gallantly against the forces of Cromwell, and was rewarded for his loyalty by Charles II, who granted him £30,000 for the loss he had sustained, besides many valuable presents; amongst others, a cabinet, which is shewn in the gallery, valued at £7,000, richly ornamented with silver; in various compartments of which are paintings, said to have been executed by Rubens. The monarch offered to elevate Sir Thomas to the peerage, which he declined.

The walls of the castle are eighteen feet in thickness; but sleeping and other apartments have been cut into them, for the accommodation of the family.

The celebrated picture of Pystil Rhaidar, in the dining-room, shows that noble waterfall tumbling into the *sea, where several ships are quietly riding at anchor.* "Pystil Rhaidar," *i.e.* "The spout of the Cataract," is considered the largest fall in Wales. In the valley of Mochnant, about four miles from the village, the river falls over an almost perpendicular rock, 240 feet high; thence rushing furiously under a natural arch towards the bottom, it plunges into a deep black pool, overhung with impervious shaggy wood.

The story of the artist's introducing the ocean with ships, is rather curious. He was a foreigner, and but little acquainted with the English language; and when he had completed the picture, one of the persons to whom it was first shown observed, that "a few *sheep* placed near the foot of the fall would be a great improvement." Misunderstanding *sheep* for *ship*, his amazement was extreme. He, however, took the picture to his easel, and introduced *ships* with the necessary element to float them! A mistake so humorous determined the purchaser to allow of no further alteration.

The present building was completed in two years. The first stone being laid in the year 1011, and in 1013 the castle frowned defiance to the foe.

It was built by Roger Mortimer, Earl of Wigmore, as a stronghold to defend him from the just vengeance he had created by the murder of the sons of Gryffydd ap Madoc, to whom he was appointed guardian, in conjunction with John, Earl of Warren, in the hope of inheriting their joint estates. Mortimer was to seize upon Nanheuddwg and Chirk, the property of the youngest; and Warren upon the lands of Broomfield, Yale, and Dinas Bran, belonging to the eldest. Travellers should not neglect to visit this noble specimen of warlike architecture. Its

picture gallery and dungeon will, in their different styles, excite admiration.

On the foundation of the present castle anciently stood Castle Crogen; and the territory around bore the name of Tref-y-Waun, the property of the lords of Dinas Bran, and continued in their possession up to the death of Gryffydd ap Madoc, in the reign of Edward the First.

The view from the highlands of the park is very extensive, commanding a prospect of seventeen different counties. "The ground upon which we now stand," said my companion, "is remarkable for a melancholy circumstance, which caused much grief and sorrow in the castle and its neighbourhood. The story of Owen-ap-Mylton and Mary Fuller will perhaps interest you, as it gave a name to this part of the estate, which it still retains, 'The Black Park.'"

THE ENCHANTED STAG.

In a poor hut, which formerly stood upon the site of a few cottages, upon the right of the lane leading to the castle from the high road, lived an aged woman, who kept no society, and was considered, from her reserved

habits, drooping gait, and smoke-dried visage, to have strange dealings with the Evil One ; and upon whom the neighbours looked with fear and trembling, whenever they met her in the evening twilight, or when

> " ——— the morn in russet mantle clad,
> *Walk'd* o'er the dew of yon high eastern hill."

Her patch of ground she cultivated without help from any ; and no one knew by what means she obtained clothing, as her garden stock only consisted of a few eatables, which she could ill afford to part with for wool to supply her spinning wheel ; and yet her hose were good and clean, and her woollen petticoat and russet gown well fitted to endure the weather's extremes. Strange stories were, however, reported respecting her, as it was said she had come from the Devil's Peak in Derbyshire, where she had the credit of being a witch, and was nearly apprehended, upon a special order from King James himself, by the officers of justice, who, when they would have laid hands upon her, were astonished to find that they had seized each other, she having vanished suddenly from betwixt them, and, on the same day, it was said, appeared at Chirk Castle, offering to pay a half

year's rent in advance for the little hut, which was then to let, by the hedge-side in the lane, and which the steward accepted. She regularly, afterwards paid in advance; but none could tell how she came by the money, and the gossips reviled her as a limb of the Devil. This absurd notion obtained for her the odium of having performed a principal part in the following simple and melancholy tale.

Owen, the ranger, was a tall, handsome, light-hearted, well-meaning lad, as any in the country, much esteemed amongst his associates, and admired by all the lasses from Chirk to Llangollen, from whom he had selected Mary Fuller for his bride, a blue-eyed, flaxen-haired, pretty lass, who lived as servant in the castle.

Owen's cottage, situated where now stands a handsome house, was a neat building, consisting of four rooms; it was thatched, and the interior was adorned with implements of the chase. It commanded a pleasant and romantic prospect; the view down the valley being extremely picturesque. Upon the trunk of an elm tree, the stump of which is almost all that time has spared, are still to be traced, although faintly discernible, the widely expanded initials, O. M. and M. F. which in former days were doubtless deeply cut in its bark. It was the favourite tree of Owen

and Mary ; and beneath its spreading branches they used to sit many a moonlight evening, and whisper rustic vows of constancy and truth.

One night, as they were walking, with arms clasped round each other's waist, near the hut of the old strange woman, they were surprised at beholding her patting a noble stag, which had strayed from the park, and which seemed fond of his new acquaintance, for it licked her face and capered before her, and put its mouth close to her ear, while she continued to pat him with her hand, and speak to him in a language totally unknown to the peasantry. Owen, enraged at seeing one whom he considered a witch, seducing one of his noblest stags from the park, raised his cross-bow and shook his head at her, as if to intimate that he would shoot her, should she dare to fondle the deer again. The old beldame, frightened at his looks and gestures, retreated into her hut, but shook her hand at him in a threatening manner ; while the stag, bounding suddenly from her door, made towards the park, like lightning, and leaping the high fence, began to browze as usual on its native pasture. Mary noticed the look and threatening action of the old woman with fear, and for sometime they continued their walk in silence, neither being anxious to *speak* upon the subject, but both un-

able to *think* of any thing else. At length, when they reached the bottom of the lane, and turned into the high road (which at this period was rough and only used by horsemen and foot passengers who were dreadfully inconvenienced by the state it was suffered to remain in), the cloud that hung over their spirits began to disperse itself, and Owen, eager to resume the theme which the appearance of the old woman had interrupted, again spoke of their approaching marriage and the proposed arrangements he had formed. Mary listened with attention, for only one day was to intervene before the happy morning was to open on their joys.

Owen informed her that his master had promised him the finest buck he could kill in the park, and a couple of barrels of his old October, to regale his friends and guests; he had likewise, he said, presented him with a new bed and furniture, fit for a baron to lie upon, and large enough for six to sleep in! Mary was happy, and Owen more animated, as he spoke of the bounty of his gracious master. Mary, eager to enumerate the presents she had received, began the catalogue of articles necessary for their domestic economy and comfort, and had nearly ran through the names of fifty by the time they arrived at her cottage door, which was the signal

for parting, and with many a kiss and promise of meeting again early in the morning, the lovers separated.

Owen went whistling along the road with a light heart, in fond anticipation of future felicity, when suddenly, as he turned into the dark lane, upon his way to his own lodge, he was startled by the appearance of a dark form, with glaring eyes of fire, squatted upon the trunk of an old alder tree, that had been blasted by the lightning a few days before ; and an unearthly *mew !* broke from its lips ; and it spat a quantity of saliva in his face. Hot, hot, and burning, seemed the filthy rheum! A low growl increased his terrors; and a wild squall gave him the speed of a deer, as he darted along the dark and narrow lane, his hair standing on end. When he had reached the solitary's door, he saw her seated by her iron pot, stirring the contents with the handle of a broom, while the glare from the crackling fagot shot frequent but transient streams of light upon her time-worn visage. Being now more convinced than ever that sorcery was at work, he redoubled his speed, and heated with fright and fear, reached his welcome home, where he sank breathless into a chair in the chimney corner.

Strange dreams afflicted him during the night; and he arose at daybreak feverish and unrefresh-

ed. The usual summons at the door was given by his fellow ranger, who, upon being admitted, presented him with a venison pasty, on which he felt his courage and appetite rapidly returning. A second friend brought a flagon of wine from the kind rector of the village ; a third brought a quarter of mountain lamb ; a fourth the haunch of a well fatted kid ; and many other tokens of kindness from his neighbours entirely banished the memory of the disagreeables of the preceding night, and universal smiles and congratulations ushered in the merry morning.

Mary's friends, meanwhile, were no less anxious to evince their regard for her ; and presents poured in from all parts of the neighbourhood, from warm hearted and considerate well-wishers relations and acquaintances, in consideration of the happy morrow which was to unite two beings universally respected and beloved. There was a happy congregation in the valley of Chirk, upon the evening previous to the appointed bridal morn. The minstrel struck up his liveliest notes ; the maidens danced joyfully ; and even grandsires and their dames exerted themselves in the dance, evincing that though time had somewhat burthened their bodies, their " hearts were all light and merry."

Evening at length drew near to a close, and the shadows of the mountains spreading over the peaceful valley, gave signal to depart. It was pleasing to listen to the distant and retiring notes of the minstrel's harp, and the hum of laughter, echoed from the beetling cliff and dying in the gorge of the Ceriog valley. Sometimes the wild halloo of the mountaineer was heard shouting above the heads of those beneath ; until at length only two persons stood upon the sloping sides of the castle hill, with fixed attention, looking in each others face, and with arms entwined around their youthful forms.

There are few who have not felt the power of love: but very few perhaps have stood as these two stood, upon the slope of a dark mountain rock, listening to the parting accents of their friends as they subsided into silence, while beneath them roared the never quiet-waters, brawling through rocky fragments, and shaking the wild tangled shrubs that grew upon their banks ; with limpid kisses pure and fresh. And there they paused, and looked, and sighed, and loved, and murmured sweet words of anticipated happiness; when suddenly the sky, serene before, was overcast with clouds, and the wind rushed by them with a fury powerful as unexpected. The night grew darker and darker, and they were

nearly half a league from Mary's house. They cautiously pursued their way through the dew-dripping heather, when presently a light appeared on the opposite side of the valley ; and shadowy forms were distinctly seen moving behind it in slow procession. They had reached the spot where the aqueduct now crosses the vale, within a short distance of Mary's dwelling, but terror prevented them from moving, while the procession with the corpse-light at its head, glided along without a sound, becoming more distinct as it approached within a hundred paces of the spot where the terrified lovers stood almost breathless. Four shadowy, headless figures followed the light, and were succeeded by a hearse, which moved without the aid of horses or creature of any kind to draw or propel it forward, upon which lay extended the form of a man, bloody, as newly slain. Owen fancied he saw a resemblance of himself in that bloody corpse, and the increasing weight of Mary upon his arm, assured him she had likewise recognised the likeness, for she had fainted. With eyes that almost burst from their sockets, he continued to gaze on, and saw, or thought he saw, many of his kind friends weeping, in the long train that followed. The corpse-light still advanced, and he distinctly saw it leading towards the church-

yard of the village, where it vanished amongst the old yew trees, and with it the phantoms that made up the procession.

Owen bore his senseless burthen to the cottage, where he acquainted her mother that a sudden fright had caused her to be thus overcome, desiring that she should be put to bed upon the instant, and that when she recovered she might be persuaded, what she had seen was merely the illusion of a dream ; and he quitted the cottage with a heavy heart.

The night was a sleepless one both to Mary and to her lover ; but with the rising beams of the morning their gloom dispersed ; and, as the rays gilded the mountain tops, they were both up, and waiting for the numerous friends of both sexes, that usually, on such occasions, are anxious to be foremost in paying their salutations. The bride's cottage being of the smallest class, Owen's was agreed upon to be the place of rendezvous, and a plentiful store of viands was ready for the guests to partake of at an early hour. The gay friends of the preceding evening were seen decorated in their holiday garments, fresh and fair as the cool breeze and the sweetest wild flowers of their native hills, clustering together before their cottages, and tripping in various groups towards Owen's pleasant dwell-

ing. Eight o'clock in the morning was the time appointed for the ceremony to take place in the little church of Chirk, and all were eager to attend the young couple, and—to eat their breakfast, which on such occasions was far from frugal. Owen's relatives were all ready mounted at his door, prepared for the wedding hunt, and, when he joined them, away they galloped towards the cottage of Mary. She was seated upon her favourite Merlin, surrounded by her friends, who set up a shout as Owen and his party came in sight. The bridegroom having arrived, and made his claim to Mary, he was refused; and then a mock fight took place between the parties, and sundry thwacks upon the head were given and received in sport. At length, the bride and her kinsmen started off at full speed in the direction of Chirk Castle. The bridegroom following, worse mounted, but eager in the pursuit, shouting for them to stop; until at last the flying party having reached the park, they permitted Owen to overtake them, according to the custom, who then led his bride to the cottage, where everything was in readiness for their reception.

The bride, habited in a snow white dress, with some white heath flowers bound in her braided hair, was the admiration of all. Owen in his new suit, made for the occasion, looked hand-

somer than ever. They danced together upon the new mown grass, while Jordan, the minstrel, played his blithest tunes. At length, the party sat down to the repast, and rustic jests were given and returned with glee and good humour ; when suddenly, the bridegroom being called aside, Mary took that opportunity to steal away, meaning to run off to the church, and laugh at Owen's and his friend's perplexity at her absence, and their astonishment at finding her at the church porch before them.

She was soon missed; and, suspecting it was a trick to perplex them, away the whole party ran in different directions in search of the runaway.

Mary had nearly arrived at the old woman's cottage when Owen descried her. He had not forgotten the scene of the preceding night, and his heart had some painful misgivings that all was not right when he first missed his bride so suddenly from the breakfast table. Owen shouted and shouted ! but the more he exercised his lungs, the faster she made use of her heels, when suddenly the " stag of six," which he had seen the night before, darted from the old woman's cottage, and ran furiously at Mary, who turned round and retraced her steps with fear and terror, but with the speed of the wind. She

flew past Owen, who endeavoured to stop the deer, but all in vain. The interposing trees at times prevented the animal from pursuing, by entangling his branches with the lower boughs; but these impediments seemed only to redouble his fury when he again released himself, and Owen had not yet come up with him, though Mary kept the lead. Other friends now joined in the attempt to drive the creature in another direction, and with hands joined they formed a barrier, shouting and hallooing to frighten the stag as he approached the park; but all in vain; he bounded on more furiously than before, scattering the crowd in every direction. Owen at length overtook the furious stag, and was just in time to succour Mary. His coat, which he had taken off in the race, he dexterously managed to fling over the antlers of the brute, which, falling over its eyes, for a minute confounded the deer, and taking his Mary by the arm, he hurried her away in the direction of the cottage, but not in time to elude the pursuit of the infuriated animal, which having shaken off the blind followed them at full speed. Owen had no means of defence; the stag approached rapidly; he bade Mary continue her speed and reach the cottage, and then, with desperate valour,

awaited the attack ; in an instant after, he had grasped the horns and was dashed to the ground with violence : he rose again and with a bound leaped upon its back. The creature flung his antlers back, whirled round and round, but still Owen sat immoveable, and new hopes arose in the breasts of his friends, who gathered near and hemmed them round, when suddenly the beast rushed sideways against the trunk of a huge oak, and violently fractured Owen's leg ; but with persevering bravery he still kept his seat. At length, unable to rid itself of its burthen, the creature rolled upon the earth, and in the fall Owen's right arm was shattered, and his foe once again free. It reared and placed its fore feet on the chest of Owen ; and, as he raised himself once more to grapple with his enemy, its pointed antlers struck into his heart, and with a groan he instantly expired, while the fierce animal took to the mountains, and was seen no more.

Mary, who had entered the cottage of the ranger, in the midst of her terrors spoke of the old woman, who she said had bewitched the stag ;—but, when her friends reached the door of the hut, and found they could not, by knocking, obtain admission, they broke it open, and found its inmate dead upon the floor. Rumour said that she had infused her spirit into the

deer to revenge the threats of Owen on the preceding night; and her remains were treated with a ferocity which it would be as painful to listen to as to narrate.

Poor Mary never recovered from the shock; and in a few weeks after the mangled remains of her lover were deposited in the church yard of Chirk, the fresh flowers and evergreens were also placed around *her* grave.

For many years this tribute of friendship was regularly paid to their memories. In summer, flowers of the sweetest perfume breathed their dying odours around their graves, and, in winter, the holly and laurel spread their shining leaves to adorn their final resting place. Time, however, took away by degrees, the kind friends of the ill fated lovers, and no sign now points out the spot where, side by side, they slumber.

We now got once more into the coach road, and pushed on for Llangollen, leaving Wynstay, the seat of Sir Watkin William Wynn, upon the right. Almost every guide book will furnish the tourist with a description of this costly mansion and its beautiful grounds; but the wild scenery of nature, and the ruins of former grandeur, which yield an inexhaustible fund for contemplation and delight, together with the wild legends

of the peasant or wandering minstrel, which render every spot you tread upon in this country enchanted ground, are more congenial to the feelings of the writer of this little work than all the gorgeous display of modern art and luxury. Therefore Wynstay, with Eaton Hall, the magnificent residence of the Marquis of Westminster, he resigns to those whose tastes are more refined (by luxury) to describe.

Leaving Wynstay on the right, we were conducted along the banks of a beautiful canal (the same that crossed the valley at Chirk) which was here planted with larch and hazel in pleasing variety on either side. On a sudden, an opening in the foliage presented us with a splendid view of the vale of the Dee, with the grand aqueduct stretching from hill to hill and the waters of the river making their way among broken rocks, amid embowering trees, and rolling under the arches of the aqueduct, with that delightful sound which is only heard in mountain scenery.

Seldom had I experienced so delightful a sensation as the present prospect occasioned. All was so calm, so quiet, it seemed indeed "the happy valley." Shortly after, however, we found that no golden pleasure is entirely free from alloy, for on turning a projection upon the

road, we were nearly stifled by the smoke from a lime furnace, and what was worse, " another and another still succeeded," resembling a line of batteries blazing and vomiting forth smoke and destruction, while on the opposite mountain an uniform body of iron works were firing away from their tall chimneys, and steadily maintaining the never ceasing conflict.

At length, however, having happily passed these belligerents, my companion led me in triumph into a little public house on the road side, (which overlooked a precipice) *the Aqueduct Tavern*, the exterior of which promised little better accommodation than is to be met with in an Irish cabin. We entered, nevertheless, and, although the floor was of brick, it was very clean and the household utensils glittered along the walls.

" Pray, gentlemen, walk into the back parlour," said a comely looking, good natured landlady of about forty-three.

We gladly accepted her invitation, and were agreeably surprised to find a neat room, carpeted, with a sofa, and half a dozen hair-bottomed chairs, and every thing rurally comfortable. The window looked upon the aqueduct, and commanded a beautiful view.

Here I became musical, and hummed "the woodpecker tapping," to the no small annoyance of my companion, who had stretched himself upon the sofa with the intention, doubtless, of taking a nap after his long walk.

> "And I said, if there's peace to be found in the world,
> The heart that is humble might hope for it here."

"And here will I take up my quarters for the night. A glass of gin and water, cold and weak, if you please, Mrs. ——, for I am thirsty. Very good, indeed;—now, a sheet of paper, to take down my notes of the day's ramble. Very good again, Mrs. ——, and now if you have good beds you may get us a lamb chop, with some tea, etc. etc. and leave us to enjoy this lovely prospect."

"No beds, I am sorry to say."

"No beds, Mrs. ——!"

"No, sir, I hope to get some by next summer."

"Why then, Mrs. ——, I am afraid we shall have to proceed to the village. How far is Llangollen from this?"

"Six miles, sir."

"And it is now—"

"Just six o'clock, sir."

"Then bring in two screeching hot tumblers of punch, there's a good lady, and

"Let us take the road."

Here the trumpet of my companion began to sound; but I thought it would be advisable for him to rise before he became too stiff to resume his walk; therefore, with "yoicks! yoicks!" I startled the heavy god from his eyelids, and informed him of our unfortunate situation.

"It matters but little," said he; "there is sufficient upon the road to interest us, and perhaps the twilight of such an evening as this is preferable to the morning."

Having discussed our punch and lighted our cigars, we quitted the comfortable little cottage, and bent our steps towards the aqueduct, intending to cross by it to the opposite side of the vale.

A cigar in the cool of the evening is delightful.

"Glorious tobacco, that from east to west
Cheers the tar's labour, and the Turk-man's rest."

So sang the Noble Bard, the music of whose lyre

is left to charm the race of mankind for ages yet to come.

We soon reached the centre of the aqueduct; it extends from mountain to mountain in length 980 feet; it is sustained by twenty piers, 116 feet in height from the bed of the river Dee, and the span of the arches is forty-five feet.

"Do you observe yon house?" inquired my companion, with a grave air, pointing to a building which seemed to have belonged to some opulent person in times gone by, although it was now in a state of decay. Having replied in the affirmative, he proceeded:—"In that house lived a creature who was called "the Pride of the Valley." She was the daughter of a rich merchant of Bristol, and was beloved by a poor but honest and well-educated youth, who was, and has been since, a wanderer from his birth. Her christian name was Eveleen; no matter for her father's. The following verses were written upon her untimely fate:

"In the days of my boyhood, when pleasures pass'd by,
Like the fragrance of flowers on morning's first sigh,
In the vale of Llangollen there dwelt a fair rose
More lovely than daybreak, and sweet as its close.
Her step was light
As fays by night:
More thrilling her voice than the streamlet that flows

And mild as the moonlight and blue as the sky
Was the beam and the colour of Eveleen's eye.

" But Eveleen's friends were of wealthy degree,
And tyranny forced her to cross the wide sea.
She faded, alas! as she drooped o'er the wave,
And died! but no blossom was strewed on her grave.
The waters deep,
Roll o'er her sleep,
And sea-stars now light up her billowy cave ;
The winds moan above her, and Peris deplore
Round the rose of Llangollen, which charms us no more."

" She was ordered to the Indies," he said, vainly endeavouring to hide a tear, which told me the secret of his heart. I know not how it is, love tales are generally a great bore to the listener, but there was something so true, so heartfelt, in that single drop which glistened in the eye of my companion, that if delicacy would have permitted me, I should certainly have taxed him as being the hero of his own tale, and have requested him to give me a more minute relation of the affair.

I never felt the influence of the sublime mingled with the beautiful so deeply as when I stood upon this wonderful work of art ; wherever I turned my eyes, the scene was calculated to excite the warmest feelings of admiration. The

Dee flowing beneath, shadowed by the rich tints of the summer foliage ; the ruined bridge ; the dark mountain masses upon either side, patched with gloomy pines, intermingled with the relieving brightness of the graceful larch ; — here tracing the lovely blooming heather, there the blasted rock in its naked majesty, and the noble amphitheatre at the extremity of the vale, with a view of the beautiful stream, as it came winding from the opposite point—the twittering of the birds as they prepared their mossy nests for repose, gave a charm to the evening, which can only be felt while witnessing the scene, and exceeds the power of description.

Having crossed the aqueduct, we proceeded by the left bank of the canal, passing a forge that nearly stifled us with gaseous smoke, along a pathway made of cinders and small coal, the refuse of the foundry. Trees of every description hung over our heads, and sloped down a deep declivity to the margin of the Dee, while on the opposite bank the mountain frowned above us. The partial glances we obtained of the vale through the woods, discovered scenes which the artist's fancy might vainly attempt to equal. The water-flies, darting along the surface of the canal, and leaving long streaks of light

Hampden.

London, Published 1838, by Henry Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

behind them in myriad flashes, likewise engaged our attention ; and we walked on in contemplative silence, my mind full of the crowd of natural beauties that surrounded me ; while my companion seemed rapt in reflections upon the past—sometimes pausing to gaze upon a drooping willow, at others scanning a majestic oak that grew apart from the rest of the waving multitude, as if recollections of a painful nature crossed his mind.

At length, we reached the bridge of Llangollen, where the river is seen to great advantage, tumbling over its rocky bed, and rushing beneath the dark shelter of the overhanging trees. The village is small, and contains three respectable inns ; viz : the Hand, at which we stopped by the advice of my companion, the King's Head, and the Royal Hotel. We were shewn into a very good parlour, and, after ordering a tea and supper dinner, my friend, somewhat exhausted by the day's march, flung himself once more upon a sofa, while I resumed my journal. Supper or dinner, or whatever it may be termed being over, inquiries were made about our bed rooms.

" Your bed, sir, is made over the way."

" Over the way !"

" Yes ; my mistress has but one bed unoccupied, and she thought you would resign that to the elderly gentleman."

" Oh certainly, my good girl ; and who is to guide me ' over the way,' eh ! for it's as dark as Erebus ?"

" Oh, sir, John, the ostler. Here, John ! John !"

And away went the girl. I confess I have a strong aversion, after having taken off my boots, put on my slippers, and made up my mind to be comfortable for the night, to be obliged to walk some hundred yards from the parlour fireside, across or along a damp street, in a dark night, to my bedchamber ; chilling work it is. At length, however, the deed was done, and I was shewn into a bedroom, where the murmurs of the flowing Dee were distinctly heard beneath the window. I felt cold and uncomfortable.

" Here am I, then," said I, soliloquizing, as I pressed the pillow, " here am I, at length, in the vale of Llangollen—in the village of Llangollen ! the spot which I have so often longed to visit !

" Flow on, thou shining river !"

And how fortunate, too, to meet with such an

agreeable old gentleman !—and that Bristol merchant's daughter, poor girl !—and that old witch ! —corpse-light !—greased cow's tail !—and, in a few moments, I sank soundly to sleep.

CHAPTER IV.

Waking prospect — Plas Newydd and the grounds—Lines written at the font—Castle Dinas Bran—Legend of Mick Mallow—View of the Castle—Legend of the Minstrel Fay —Original Air—Festival.

"I crossed in its beauty the Dee's druid water,
The waves as I passed rippled lowly and lone,
For the brave on their borders had perished in slaughter,
The noble were banished, the gifted were gone."

W. WIFFEN.

I WAS dreaming of home, and happiness, and a thousand lovely things, when I was awakened by my new acquaintance, who stood before me dressed for a sturdy walk, with a glass of brandy and milk in his hand, which he advised me to finish before I quitted my room. I however, contented myself with tasting it, and returning him the remainder, which he quaffed off with

the alacrity of one who thought example was better than precept.

"A lovely morning," said Triptolemus, rubbing his hands with much delight; "come, bustle, bustle, my young friend; you are not in London, now. Permit me to open the lattice; you will find no perfume at your chamber window in town like this;" and, as he spoke, he flung open the casement, and a rush of fragrance poured into the room from hundreds of roses that clustered upon the wall without. It was a draught of delight which far surpassed the brandy and milk, in my estimation; nor was my friend at all deficient in praising its sweetness, for, taking a long breath, he stood, for a moment, with his mouth wide open, and then sent forth a sigh, long enough to form a bridge over the river for the fairies to cross upon.

"Shall we breakfast before we set out upon our ramble? I think we had better give orders for it, and visit the cottage where Lady Elinor Butler and Miss Ponsonby so long resided, while it is preparing."

This being agreed to, we crossed over to the Hand Inn, and gave directions for a breakfast, that would enable us to undergo the subsequent fatigue with cheerfulness; and then struck into the road for Plas Newydd. This memorable

little dwelling is pleasantly situated upon a rising knoll, and commands a delightful prospect of mountain scenery.

The front of the cottage is ornamented with an oaken palisade, curiously carved with grotesque figures, giving a very tasty and aristocratic appearance to the building. At the back of the house is a neat grass plot, with a birdcote, where the robins find a grateful shelter in the winter season, and where the ladies fed them every morning. It is surrounded with a fence of evergreens. From thence, the gardener, who is still retained upon the grounds, conducted us under an archway, to a very pleasant and winding path, which leads to a well stocked fruit garden. We then descended by a shady walk, arched over with tall trees, to the primrose vale, through which a refreshing stream rushes over rocks, where the sun but rarely gilds it with its beams. It is a delightful cool retreat, and well calculated to awaken the dormant spirit of poesy, in any heart where it had ever deigned to dwell. We passed over a rustic bridge which led us to the veranda, from which we had a fine view of the valley of Cewynn and the Pegwerm mountains; and then proceeding a little farther up the glen, we seated ourselves opposite a most picturesque font, brought hither from the ruins

of Valle Crucis, by the late proprietors of this spot. It is enclosed in a small arched niche, and supplied with the purest water from a murmuring rill, which falls in a thin stream into the bowl, a draught from which is an exquisite treat—for *water* drinkers.

LINES WRITTEN AT THE FONT.

Drink, gentle pilgrim, from the well,
Thus sacred in this hollow dell !
Drink deep !—yet ere the yearning lip
Touches the draught it longs to sip,
Pray for the souls of those who gave
This font that holds the limpid wave !—
This holy font, which lay o'erthrown
Mid Valle Crucis' shadows brown,
And which the hands of holy men
Have blest, but ne'er can bless again !
Drink, happy pilgrim, drink and pray,
At morning dawn or twilight grey,—
Pray for the souls of those who gave
This font, that holds the limpid wave !

The flower garden is laid out with great taste ; and the little circular dairy, sunk in the ground, on the left at the front entrance, affords a most pleasing and picturesque effect. Altogether, it is a place where any person, wearied with the

bustle of society, would willingly fly for refuge, and find repose.

After rewarding the gardener for his attention in shewing us the retreat, we returned, with good appetites, to do justice to the fare provided by our host of the Hand. And here I was first destined to hear the sounds of the Welsh harp. As we discussed our fare, the harper in the hall played up his liveliest tunes. There was not an original Welsh air in the whole collection; for it consisted of all the popular songs that had been bawled about the streets of London for the last three years; and though probably new to the ears of the dwellers in this secluded valley, were to me anything but gratifying. I sent out the waiter, therefore, requesting the minstrel to play a few of his national melodies; when he immediately commenced an air, to which I have heard a song, I think of old Charles Dibdin's, called "The Tortoise-shell Tom Cat." After a second attempt, I gave the thing up as hopeless, and was obliged to content myself with the anticipation of hearing some Welsh airs when I returned to London, as they seemed to be exiled from their native valleys.

Breakfast being despatched, we slung our pistols, *i.e.* leathern bottles, filled with *eau de vie*, to our sides, and started to view the ruins of Dinis

Font in the Grounds of Plas Newydd.

London, Published 1838, by Henry Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

Bran, an ancient fortress, upon the summit of a conical mountain, which forms the principal feature of this portion of the vale, and is indeed a striking object, from almost every part of the neighbourhood. The ascent begins near the foot of the bridge opposite to the town.

As we passed along the street, we perceived the following notice pasted upon the gable of a house :

" The Annual Festival of the Llangollen and Llandysilio Female Club will be held, as usual, at the Hand Inn gardens, on Tuesday, 27th of June. The members will walk in procession to church, exactly at three o'clock, &c., &c."

" This festival," said my companion, " is well worthy of notice. The promoters of this valuable institution are Mrs. Cunluff, and Mrs. Ayton, the rector's wife. It was formed for the support of the aged and afflicted, who have the benefit of food and medical attendance in sickness and calamity, by contributing a trifle out of their weekly wages, when in health and employment. We had sufficient time to ascend the mountain, and return before the procession quitted the churchyard.

Triptolemus was strongly built, and, being accustomed to rambling amongst the Welsh vales, and over its steepest mountains, far out-

stripped me in the ascent, which was by no means easy. We took a zig-zag direction up the hill, which was too precipitate to mount in a direct way, and about half way up I made a pause.

"I wish some one would invent a steam pocket apparatus, for dragging tourists up mountains," said I, as I seated myself to take breath, upon a mossy knoll.

"The circular hollow, by which you have taken your seat," said Triptolemus, "is dignified by a legend, which, as you seem to be somewhat fatigued, I will relate to you."

MICK MALLOW.

Mick Mallow was a shepherd lad, a fond narrator of strange stories, and a firm believer in knockers, brownies, and other spirits that are supposed to hover about and under our mountains. He declared that one night, as he sat quietly meditating what part of the mountain he should select for his bed, he was startled by hearing a tinkling sound near him, and raising his head, he saw, perched upon this stone, a little man with a pair of moss breeches, birch-leaf coat, heather-bloom waistcoat, a yellow cap of the blossom of a furze bush, shining stockings, and beetle-wing pumps. Thus equipped, he looked

very smart; and in his left hand he held a fiddle, while with his right he twanged the strings, and made the hairs of Mick's head stand on end,

"Like quills upon the fretful porcupine."

"Hôs da i chwi!" said the little fairy, speaking in Welsh; which means, "good night to you!"

"The same to you," said Mick, "and many of them."

"You're fond of a dance, Mick, I believe, and if you stay here, you'll have an opportunity of seeing the finest dancers in the world, or out of the world, and I'm the musician!"

"Then where's your harp?" said Mick, "and what's that ugly outlandish thing you've got under your arm?"

"Oh! it's my fiddle," said the little man, "and you shall hear me play it, presently."

And now Mick saw hundreds of little spirits ascending the mountain; some of them carrying glow-worms in their hands for torches; some dressed in white, some in green, and some in brown. But all the females were in white, and on they came, dancing and singing; but so lightly did they trip, that not a drop of dew was seen to be displaced by their weight; and every one saluted Mick with a "good night to ye, Mick Mallow," and to every one he made a suitable reply, marvelling how so many well

dressed spirits should know him so well; and he was, to say the truth, greatly frightened and astonished at his new acquaintance.

At length the little man, who had invited him to remain where he was, drew his bow thrice across the strings of his instrument and produced such exquisite tones, that Mick opened his eyes still wider, and pricked up his ears with delight. This multitude of spirits had now ranged themselves in fantastic groups, forming altogether a spacious circle round the stone upon which their musician stood, who then waved his fiddle stick, and striking three chords on the fiddle, away they went dancing round and round, slowly at first, and Mick thought Peg Willis, the drover's daughter, couldn't hold a candle to any one of them, though she was generally considered the best dancer at any festival for many miles round. Now Mick was fond of a dance himself, and could hardly forbear joining them; but his fears prevented him, for he thought that dancing on a mountain at night, to perhaps the devil's fiddle, was not the likeliest way to get to heaven. But, when the dance became more spirited, he felt his heels knocking together, and he snapped his fingers and joined in the air with his voice.

"Well done, well done," cried the little man who played, "come and join in the dance Mick,

I'll warrant you never saw such dancing at any wedding, as you see here!"

"Never! never! never!" cried Mick, and all the company laughed softly, and danced faster and faster.

"Come and join us," cried they; and Mick rubbed his head, while his heels kept time; at length, he was so delighted by the motions of a fairy, who threw her bright glances at him now and then, that with an irresistable desperation he called out for them to stop, till he got into the centre of them, which he had no sooner done than he roared out, "Now, you old devil, play up Brimstone and Water!"

No sooner had he uttered these words, than the figure of the little man underwent a change! The yellow cap vanished from his head, and a pair of goat's horns, branched out from his head; his face turned black as soot, his leafy coat, heather-bloom waistcoat and moss breeches, with shining stockings, vanished, and left a black body with a long tail! while his beetle-wing shoes disappeared as suddenly and left nothing but the cloven feet. Mick's heart was heavy, but his heels were light; horror was in his breast, but mirth was in every motion. The fays assumed a variety of forms, some like goats, others like crows; some changed to beetles and others

to batts ! all the varieties of flesh and fowl seemed to be the grand movers of the revel, from the moment he entered the enchanted circle. The dance, at length, became so furious that he could not perceive the forms of the dancers distinctly. The rapidity with which they flew round and round made them resemble a wheel of fire at a white heat. Still he danced on, although he would very willingly have stopped, but his legs capered in spite of his will, while old Nick, in the centre, continued to play with unceasing vigour and seemingly much diverted with the entertainment.

Mick's master, an honest early-rising man, roamed up the mountain, at break of day, to view his sheep and goats, which he saw quietly browsing in various parts, but, on nearing this spot, you may imagine his astonishment, when he beheld his shepherd dancing in that most extraordinary manner ; leaping, twisting and turning in every direction ; for some time, he stood mute with astonishment. At length, he drew near, and no sooner did Mick perceive his master, than he roared out. " Stop me ! stop me ! oh master, stop me !" upon which the master came close up to him, and was knocked down by an extra fling of Mick's leg, as he roared still louder, " Stop me, master, stop me !"

Having recovered his feet, the old man stared quite bewildered and exclaimed, " Why, what in the name of the Virgin !—"

But no sooner had he uttered the word, than the charm was broken, and poor Mick sank senseless to the earth. When sufficiently recovered, he recounted the marvellous tale, and declared that all appeared to him as a dream. But the circle remains, round the edge of the hollow, where the fairies disappeared, which the peasants assert to be the fairy's foot mark to this day.

We now proceeded on our ascent, which became more difficult, as we approached the summit, and after a little toil we stood by the side of the *well*, whose pure waters gave joy to the inhabitants of this ancient fortress many hundred years ago, and still offer a welcome draught to the pilgrim who has sufficient enterprise and perseverance to seek it.

The view from the summit of this mountain is beautiful in the extreme; commanding the vale from east to west, with the widely spreading plains beyond its eastern extremity, and the grand and picturesque mountain scenery which forms the western boundary. Chirk Castle, Wynstay, Valle Crucis and Glyndwrdwy are dis-

tinctly visible from this elevation, while the romantic Dee is seen winding beneath, in light and shadow beautifully varied by the hills, and the woods that droop over its banks.

Standing amid the ruins of this ancient British fortress, I observed it was surely impossible that a spot so romantic could be without its legends.

"You are right," said my companion, "and I will relate one of a young lady, who once resided within these walls. That she did live here, and was esteemed very beautiful, there is little reason to doubt, since the Welsh bards have handed her down to posterity."

MY FAWNY VYCHAN,

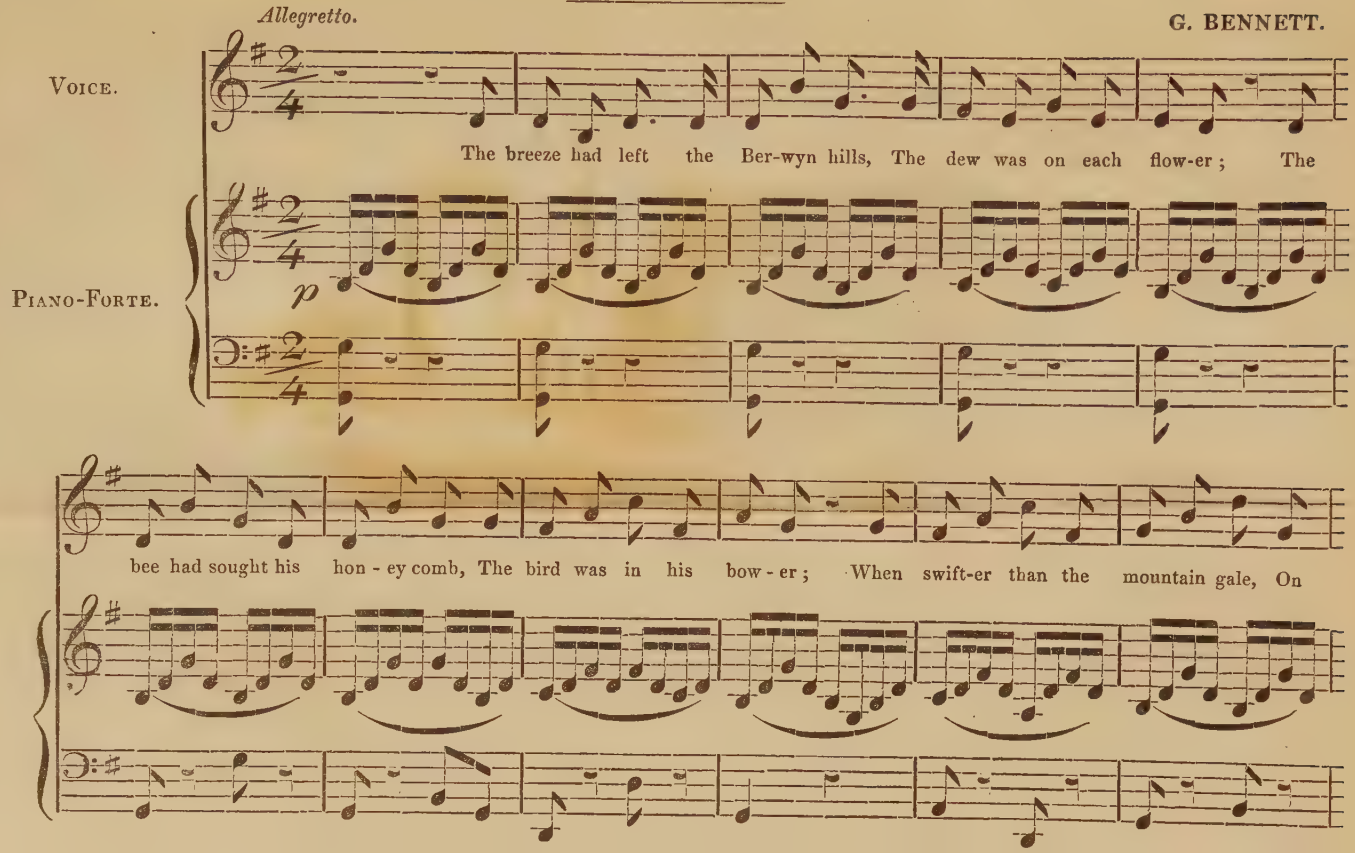
AND THE MINSTREL FAY.

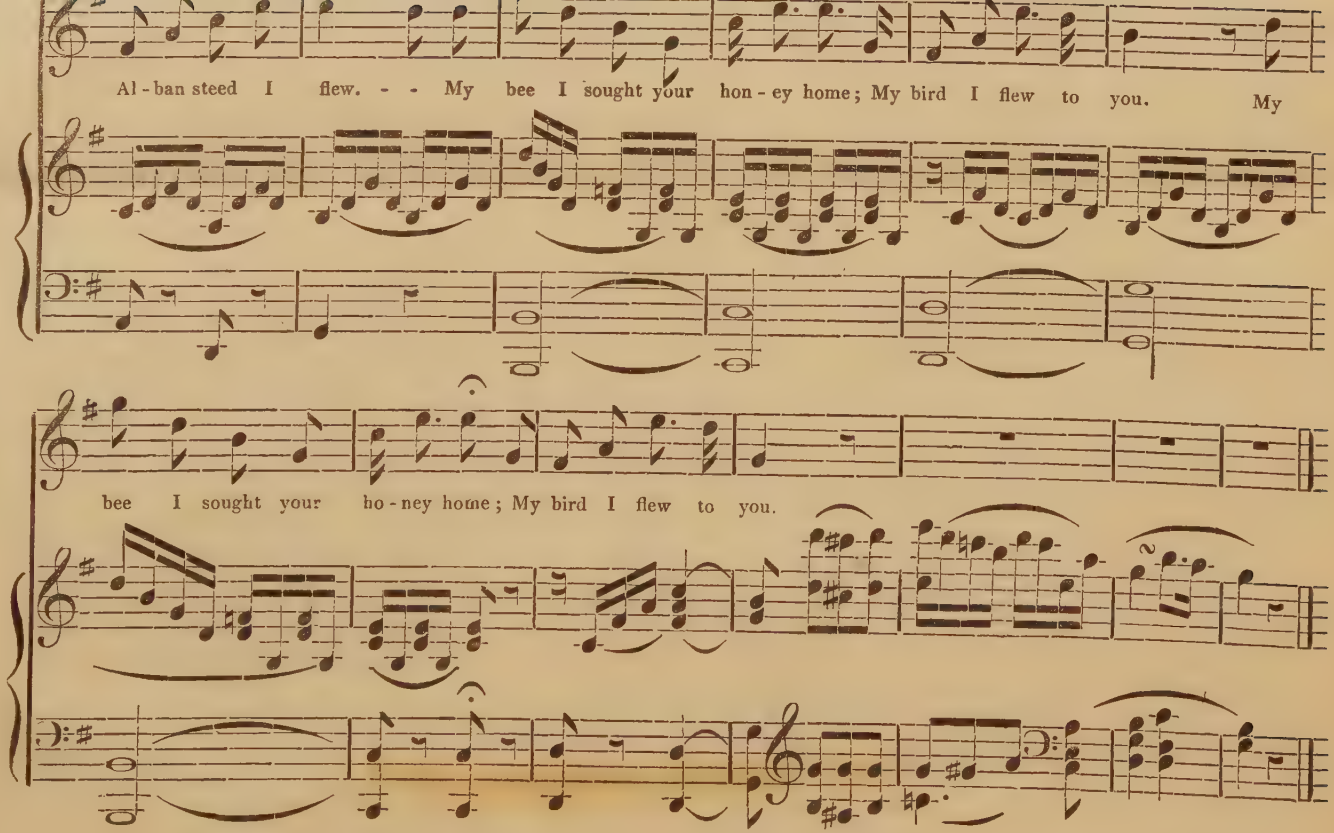
My Fawny Vychan was a celebrated beauty of the fourteenth century, and was the inspirer of many a bard's most admired effusions. She was of the house of Tudor Trevor, and her father Ednyfed Vychan then held the castle, under the noble Earl of Arundel, in the reign of the unfortunate Richard II. Among her numerous admirers was Evan, a youthful bard of great beauty, but of mysterious birth; but her heart was given to a valiant knight, named Howell Einion,

THE FAIRY'S SERENADE. (With an Accompaniment for the Pianoforte.)

Arranged by W. FORDE.

Allegretto.

G. BENNETT.

VOICE.
PIANO-FORTE.
p
The breeze had left the Ber-wyn hills, The dew was on each flow-er; The
bee had sought his hon - ey comb, The bird was in his bow - er; When swift-er than the mountain gale, On



My peerless steed is white with foam
And droops his arched neck;
The flood, the mountain, and the glen,
He crossed without a check.
Oh! listen while my harp I strike,
And rouse its sweetest tone;
And hear the language of a heart,
Which beats for you alone.

The breeze hath left the Berwyn hills,
The dew is on the flower;
And I must hie to fairy land,
Ere chimes the midnight hour.
Arise bright star of beauty rise,
And when from you I roam,
Send forth the lustre of your eyes
To light me to my home.

the son of Gwalchmai, the son of Meilir, the Lord of Tre Veilir in Anglesea, who was esteemed the greatest ornament of chivalry. He was daring, young and handsome, three qualifications that find grace in the eyes of all ladies, at all periods ; but added to these he was a celebrated bard and a fine musician. Evan was gentle, delicate and retiring, and she could only yield him her esteem. Yet nightly did he hover near her casement, and, with the voice of love, pour forth his soul in melody beneath it. One evening, at the close of autumn, she listened, while tears of pity fell from her bright eyes, to the well known voice of Evan.

The breeze had left the Berwyn hills,
The dew was on the flower,
The bee had sought his honeycomb,
The bird was in his bower ;
When swifter than the mountain gale,
And fresh as sparkling dew,
My bee, I sought thy honey-home,
My bird, to thee I flew !

My Alban steed is white with foam,
And droops his arched neck ;
The flood, the mountain, moor, and glen,
He cross'd without a check !
Oh listen, while my harp I strike,
And rouse its sweetest tone,
And hear the language of a heart,
Which beats for thee alone !

Oh, dearest of the mortal race!
How peerless must thou be,
When spirits quit their happy homes,
To love, and gaze on thee!
Arise, bright star of beauty, rise!
And when from thee I roam,
Send forth the lustre of thine eyes,
To light me to my home!

Evan, after this touching appeal, remained for some time beneath the window, gazing upwards, in the hope that she would grant him one farewell; but disappointed, he turned sorrowfully to depart, when his progress was arrested, by the sudden grasp of an armed hand, and Einion stood before him. Howell had often observed, that the eyes of the young minstrel filled with tears as he gazed upon the beautiful face of his mistress, and was not pleased with the discovery. His fine eyes, now flashed with anger upon Evan, who returned the glance as haughtily, and, but for the delicate frame of the minstrel, the knight would have revenged himself upon the object of his jealousy. Evan's eyes were black as jet, his face was femininely fair, and his transparent skin was tinged with that beautiful, but fatal hue, which brightens the cheeks of those already doomed to the consumptive fiend, who flatters while he destroys.

He was slightly formed, but exquisitely moulded, and so light was his footstep, that his

tread was scarcely heard, so that he obtained the application of the Minstrel Fay.

No one knew his parents, or from whence he came. His dress was of the best though plainest materials of the time; destitute of all the absurdities that marked the costume of the period; and his steed, which brought him to the castle, and bore him away from it again, was of the purest white, and fleeter than any in the baron's stables.

"Your steed stands in the valley, Minstrel Fay," said Howel; "descend and vanish on his back, swifter than you came hither, or I shall hurl you from the battlements, and—why!—have I been dreaming!" continued the astonished knight, with an exclamation of disappointment, mingled with fear, as he stood with his arm outstretched and his hand clenched, as though he still retained the minstrel in his hold; instead of whom, it grasped an aspen branch, which, broken by the gripe, he dashed on the ground. Suddenly, an unearthly strain of melody arose from the woody dell, and he distinctly heard the following words:

"One glance from those seraphic eyes,
To light me o'er the plain;
One silver word to cheer my soul,
And I am gone again!"

"What ho!" cried the knight, "Maldor! d'Espard!" Two squires were instantly at his side. "By heaven, witchery is at work, d'Espard! saddle brown Terror. The Minstrel Fay is in the valley, and find him this night I am determined."

The horse was quickly brought, and, attended by his two followers, he descended the mountain, at a desperate pace, in the direction from whence the sounds proceeded. The whole of that night did he gallop over hills, and through deep glens, in pursuit of Evan; but no trace of him could he find, and at length, wearied and exhausted with fatigue, he returned to Dinas Bran, believing all that he had seen a dream.

At the morning's meal, he related the story to My Fawny and her father. The venerable lord jested with him upon his sleep-walking, as he termed it, and bade him, "have better thoughts of poor Evan, for," said he, "our land does not contain a sweeter minstrel, or a finer bard. He is the pride of my hall, and the delight of all my noble friends. The only thing I am inclined to censure him for, is his absence. He must belong to noble blood, for his garb bespeaks him gentle, and his attainments are those of one who has received an education such as few of us can boast."

" I trust, baron," said Einion, (a little piqued at this high commendation), " you will allow, he would be loath to enter the lists with me, in mortal encounter; and, for the accomplishments which belong to men of rank, I have laboured to be considered no mean scholar."

" Why as a knight and bard, I grant you, few can equal Howel ap Einion; at feast and tourney, you ever shine amongst the first of England's youth," said the good natured baron; " but, my brave boy, do not dislike poor Howell, because his education has been different from yours."

" Not I, my lord; I only wish he would not look so meltingly at your daughter."

My Fawny turned pale, but not from guilt; it was for fear that her lover's suspicious mind might prove dangerous to the poor youth, of whose hopeless affection she was aware, and vainly regretted. Her lover noticed the change; and so did her father, who instantly said,

" Well, well, to end the dispute about who is most fitted to be my daughter's husband, I have resolved that of all her suitors, he who shall prove best leaper in the approaching British Olympic at Plas-Gwynn, shall have my daughter's hand. Will you enter the lists?"

" I will venture to risk my happiness upon

the leap, or upon my success in any one in the whole list of games; and, I doubt not, but love will assist me to bear off the prize. But, should I fail—" said he, in a tone of tenderness, as he took the maiden's hand, "would My Fawny drop a tear upon my grave?"

The lovely girl lifted her dark eyes to those of her lover's, and the impetuous knight felt at once assured of her undivided affection.

The intervening days passed rapidly, while costly preparations were made for the games that were to take place at Plas Gwynn.

During this time, Evan was never seen, although Einion often fancied, at the still hour of night, he heard a harp, and the soft voice of the minstrel, near the window of his mistress.

It is sufficient to say that Howell's belief in his superiority over the rest of the competitors was justly founded; and he won the lady by covering the immense distance of fifty feet at a hop, step, and jump, over the brook called Abernodwydd; in commemoration of which feat three stones, at the precise intervals, were immediately erected on the spot, where they still remain to this day, in a dingle called, "*Naid Abernodwydd*, or *The Leap of Abernodwydd.*"—See Jones's Bardic Museum, Vol. II.

The games being finished, the lovers returned

to Dinas Bran, and the happy day at length arrived.

Bards of the highest order were seated in the banqueting hall, and minstrels tuned their harps to joy and gratulation; but Evan was not there. The baron sat at the head of the board, his daughter and son-in-law on either hand. And many an anxious wish he felt, for his favourite bard, and many an eager glance did he cast around the illuminated hall, hoping to discover him amongst the crowd; but in vain; and he felt uneasy at his absence. Every guest expressed wonder that he was not there to celebrate so happy an event, and he became the topic of conversation with all assembled.

At length, the time for departure arrived, and the last bard had recited his complimentary verses, when the door was flung open at the lower end of the room, and Evan, his harp hung behind him, with a tottering step advanced towards the upper end of the hall, where the new married couple sat gazing in speechless wonder at his altered form. There was an unearthly expression in his face; the bloom which used to mantle on his cheeks, was no longer there; his eyes were sunk deeply in their sockets, and the vermilion of his lip was turned to ashy paleness. A seat was given

him ; and, without speaking, he placed his harp before him, and touching its strings, a sound of heavenly music swelled up to the lofty roof. None ventured to breathe audibly, while he sang

THE MINSTREL'S KNELL.

" My Fawny Vechan ! brightest maid,
In scarlet robes and gold array'd !
My Fawny Vechan ! fairest fair,
That ever breath'd the mountain air !
For thee do spirits pine and fade,
As blossoms in the chilling shade,
Debarr'd from Phœbus' genial light,
Sink victims to the withering blight.
My Fawny Vechan! hear my prayer !
Thy lover's—tho' *a child of air !*
May peace on earth, and bliss above,
Wait on the mortal whom I love !
My outward form of misery
Tells what the spirit feels for thee !
Farewell, farewell ! no more the pride
Of sweet Dwrdwy's mossy side,
In distant vales, I'll breathe my woes,
And seek, ah, vain, vain hope ! repose !
Ah ! cou'd I die, I'd not repine,
If Evan's name might live with thine."

From the commencement of his song, the figure of Evan became fainter and fainter, and the torches and huge candles that illuminated the hall assumed a dimmer light.

The guests, terror stricken, were riveted to their seats; none presumed to speak their fears; and the whole assembly appeared, as they had been transformed, in the positions they occupied while living, into cold marble, so immoveable and inanimate did they seem. On a sudden, the figure of Evan vanished!—The substantial harp falling upon the floor restored the guests to motion; while Einion's attention was called to the restoration of his lovely bride, who, at the melancholy close of the fairy's song, had fainted, and still lay insensible in the arms of her father, the baron.

The stone, at the upper end of the banqueting hall, is said to mark the spot upon which, for the last time, was heard the melody of "THE MINSTREL FAY!"

"A very pretty fable; and now let us return, to witness the procession at Llangollen," said I.

Having taken refreshment, we proceeded to the church-yard, and stationed ourselves near a monument to the memory of Lady Eleanor Butler, Mrs. Ponsonby, and their faithful servant, Mrs. Mary Carrol. From this interesting spot, we beheld a novel sight. Two or three hundred villagers had assembled, and were scattered about the churchyard in groups;

some, stretched upon their backs, were sleeping on the flat tombstones, their hardy features protected from the scorching rays of the sun by the gay cotton handkerchief or the straw hat; some stood in knots, conversing upon the results likely to take place from petticoat government (for the proclamation had been received only the day previous); others gazing with eager eyes, upon a flight of steps, up which a number of smart village girls, with laughing eyes and ruddy faces, tripped lightly to a doorway, which entering, they, one by one, like shadows, disappeared. Every moment, the cemetery became more crowded, and, as I noticed, principally with the infirm and aged. Before me stood a palsy stricken creature, whose white locks waved about her face at every motion of her feeble head. Then came a form, once, doubtless, erect and handsome, but now by age so bent, that his head found a melancholy parallel with his hips, and a beechen staff supported his debilitated body. Another and another still pressed on, the sick, the lame, thronging to the gay scene, anticipating joy! As they passed, however, my busy fancy led them one by one, into a separate grave, realizing the awful conception of the Dance of Death!

A strange, discordant sound, awakened me

from my reverie, and, although horribly harsh, I gave it welcome, for it banished a gloomy spirit from my mind. Turning my eyes towards the flight of steps, I saw the girls descending, each decorated with a white shawl with a blue border, and bearing a wand, (it being the symbol and costume of the society), at the top of which were laurel, and laurestinus leaves, intermingled with roses, lillies, etc., etc. The beadle of the parish, who on these occasions is no insignificant personage, was seen bustling about, arranging the form of procession, bringing forward this one, pushing back that, keeping order, and knocking the boys' hats over their eyes for having approached the lines too closely; while the motley band, in various keys played, "Oh the roast Beef of Old England;" rather mal-à-propos, as I thought, as they were about to enter the church, and hear a sermon which is regularly preached on this day.

The line now stretched to a considerable extent, and the lady patronesses appeared to be much delighted at viewing the busy scene, as they hurried to and fro, with benevolence beaming in their eyes; while old age, and decrepitude, cast away their sorrows and hailed the jocund scene.

All being ready, the rector and his curate

placed themselves in the van, the lady patronesses followed, and to the sound of the inspiring bassoon, drum, keyed bugle, and cracked trumpet, they proceeded by the iron gate, through ranks of happy human beings ranged on either side, like old oaks, young saplings, nettles and pea blossoms, huddled together in "promiscuous alliance." Having taken a prescribed circuit, they again entered the churchyard by another gate, and passed into the church; when a discourse, very much to the purpose, was given by the rector; after which, they adjourned to the Hand hotel, where they had a tea-total entertainment, and passed the evening in strolling about the gardens, listening to the inimitable band of wind instruments, which brayed out an execrable accompaniment to the exquisite music of the Dee, as it swept beneath them, overshadowed by the drooping foliage of the opposite bank. Altogether, it was a most gratifying sight—for the simple souls were happy.

CHAPTER V.

Valle Crucis—The Abbey—Lines written in the ruins—A loquacious porteress—A view of the Abbey—The pillar of Eliseg—A parting—Road to Corwen—Vale of the Dee—The musical pedestrian—War song—Over the hills and far away An adventure—Corwen—The Church—College—Cross and Circle—Air Llwyn-own—Route to Landrillo—An old soldier and his son—Village of Landrillo—A fair—Vale of Edeyrnion—Arrival at Bala.

"Fill the Hirlas horn, my boy,
Nor let the tuneful lips be dry
That warble Owen's praise;
Whose walls with warlike spoils are hung,
And open wide his gates are flung,
In Cambria's peaceful days.

" This hour bright is meant for joy,
Then fill the Hirlas horn, my boy,
That shineth like the sea,
Whose azure handles, tipt with gold,
Invite the grasp of Britons bold,
The sons of Liberty!"

From the Welsh of Prince Owen Cyveilog, by R. W.

On the following morning, we bade adieu to Llangollen, and proceeded first to Valle Crucis.

Like most abbeys, it is beautifully situated. The monks of old well appreciated the value of

rich lands and clear streams. An old woman received us at the gate, and instantly began to retail her information. "Gryffyd ap Madoc, Lord of Bromfield and Yale, founded this abbey in the year 1200." There are parts of both church and abbey still remaining; the former was cruciform, and exhibits several styles of architecture. The eastern end is the most ancient; it is adorned by three lancet slips, forming one grand window. The entrance was in the west, under a broad and beautiful window, above which is a smaller one, of a marigold form, decorated with tracery and fret-work, and beneath it may be deciphered the following inscription:

A.D.A.M.D.N.S fecit hoc opus, pace beatâ quiescat Amen.

The cloisters are turned into a farmhouse and offices.

This noble edifice was dismantled by Henry VIII. My companion, feeling desirous to bathe in the clear waters, left me to my contemplations, encompassed by the ruined walls of the abbey, and tall ash trees, which shaded the area of the church. I wandered from thence to the fish pond, which is near to the abbey, and, while my companion was enjoying his ablutions, my muse jogged my arm, and reminded

me that some tribute was due from me to this lovely spot. Taking out my pocket book and pencil, I produced the following

LINES WRITTEN AT VALLE CRUCIS.

Monastic Valle Crucis ! while I linger in thy shade,
The spirits of the olden time seem moving in the glade ;
Rebuilt appear thy ruined walls, and thou art strong again,
As when the organ through those aisles poured forth its solemn strain.

Here reigneth peace and solitude, as if some holy spell
Still charmed the blessed region where religion loved to dwell ;
No music, save the streamlet's voice, disturbs the deep serene,
And breezy sounds sweet murmuring throughout the woodlands green.

Oh fallen Valle Crucis ! full six hundred years are gone
Since the warlike lord of Dinas Bean laid thy foundation stone;
And mighty didst thou flourish, till that fell destroyer came,
Than mouldering time more ruthless, and of sacrilegious name.

Then, holy Valle Crucis ! was thy sacred roof thrown down,
Thy peaceful inmates scattered, rent the sacerdotal gown ;
The mournful ivy clustered o'er thy grey and ruined walls,
And ash trees sprang, where torches blazed, within thy sainted halls.

Hushed are the lips of all who dwelt within that cloistered
fane;
And holy feet will never press the polished floors again,
At morning prayer and vesper hymn, which thrilled thy very
stones—
Forgotten now those pious ones, and whitened are their
bones!

Yet ivy'd Valle Crucis! thou art fairer in decay
Than all the splendid structures which adorn our modern day;
In every mouldering fragment of thy consecrated pile
There's a charm to all who view thy walls, or tread thy broken
aisle.

Peace dwell around thee ever! may no heedless hand molest
The solemn bird which builds in thee its ivy-mantled nest,
Whose breathings seem the deep-drawn sighs of bosoms fraught
with pain,
Lamenting the departed, who will ne'er return again.

The porteress of this ancient building is Ann Dale, who has lived in this solitary but delightful spot for two years; and, although a Shropshire woman, has made herself, during that period, sufficiently acquainted with the Welsh language to discourse fluently with the country people, in their native tongue; and has moreover committed to memory everything interesting, relative to the spot where she resides. It is evidently her delight to point out to strangers

the objects most worthy their attention ; and her love of the venerable pile has induced her to take spade in hand, and clear away the rubbish that perhaps had for centuries been accumulating round the columns, leaving them clear to their foundations. Time has been over busy with her features ; but her limbs are as active as those of a girl of sixteen, and her spirits are as light as her heels.

" Ah, sir !" said she, after enumerating the good offices she had received from the neighbouring gentry, and the friendly feelings of the more humble classes, " I've always made it a rule, throughout my life, to be civil to every body. Civility costs nothing, you know, and I'm always surprised to hear people, when they are asked a simple question, if they chance to have a better coat on their backs than the person who addresses them, give an answer as if they were speaking to cattle, or worse brutes, when you know, sir, (approaching the cottage at the head of the pond) we are all the same flesh and blood, (pausing on the second step.) I don't say but there ought to be distinctions, for we can't be all gentlefolks, (entering.) But then, where's the difference, when we are as them that lie in the abbey there ? or like these poor bones that I have in a box here, (opening

it and displaying some human relics.) They all comed out of the abbey ground, Sir. Why these might be a bishop's, or a great warrior's, for aught we know to the contrary. Well, sir, after all, there's nothing like good common sense. Solomon prayed for good sense, and he had it; and, thank God, I have it, too. Now, sir, come this way (leading back to the margin of the monks' pond) and I'll show you something that shows what a thing Providence is. You see that stone jar there, sir—just there in the water; well, sir, you know there are no flies in the winter; so the poor fish would be sorely put about for food, but for Providence. Well, upon that jar I've seen thousands and thousands of things like shells and patches of grey moss; and I've seen the trout cluster about it, and feed upon 'em often. And, whenever I thinks of that, sir, it brings to my mind the 104th Psalm."

"What is the name of that mountain, my good lady, to S.E. of the abbey?" I inquired.

"Why that, sir, is called Fron Fawr. It is 1328 feet above the level of the sea, sir."

I thanked her for her information; and, prompted by an incontrollable appetite, ventured to ask if she could supply us with anything eatable.

"Why, I'm afraid," said she "that I have nothing that you'll like, sir; for I'm a poor lone woman, and what suits me, wouldn't perhaps sit upon your honour's stomach. But there *were* a party here this morning, and they left behind 'em a pork-pie, because the dish got broke, and a piece of apple tart; and I have gotten a piece of oatcake, and a piece of cheese; if you could manage to put up with that, sir, you're quite welcome."

Talk of Christmas times, of roast beef and plum pudding! Give me June, with cold pork-pie, apple tart, and cheese, in a summer-house overlooking a monk's pond, and surrounded by waving woods and lofty trees, in view of the ruined abbey,

"Where monks of old
As I've been told
Quaffed the merry, merry nut brown ale."

By the time my travelling friend had returned from his bath, the table was furnished with fare calculated to satisfy his appetite, at the expense of pork-pie, tart, etc. Mixing the contents of our united flasks with the pure cool waters of the refreshing spring, inhaling the perfume of Havannah, and making a sofa out of two wooden chairs, we amused ourselves with a retrospective

view of the scenes we had passed through since we met. It was now twelve o'clock, and, as it was my intention to reach Bala by nightfall, we rose to depart; and with many thanks and kind wishes from the old porteress of Valle Crucis, quitted that interesting ruin, and proceeded to

THE PILLAR OF ELISEG.

It stands in a meadow, a short distance from the abbey, and was a memorial of the dead; an improvement on the rude columns of Druidical times, sculptured into form, and surrounded with inscriptions. It is among the first lettered stones that succeed the Meini-Hirion, Meini-Gwyr and Llechan, and stood on a great tumulus, perhaps always environed with wood, according to the custom of the most ancient times, when standing pillars were placed under every green tree.

This pillar was erected above a thousand years ago, to the memory of Eliseg, the father of a Prince of Powis, called Rochwel Yscythrog, who met his death at the battle of Chester, in 607. During the civil wars, this pillar was thrown down, and broken, and the shaft which was originally above twelve feet in length, is now only eight. At the suggestion of the Rev. John

Pillars of Elsey

London, Published 1838, by Henry Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

Price, Bodleian librarian, and great antiquary, Mr. Lloyd, of Trevor Hall, had it placed in its present position.

At this spot, my companion and I were to separate. I felt the approaching loss severely; for where could I expect to find another so amusing and so kind?

"You'll come and see me at Rhuthyn?" said he. "I have a snug cottage, a good housekeeper, a bed, and as good a glass of port as you will find in the neighbourhood;—promise to visit me at your return."

I promised not to forget his hospitable invitation, and, with a feeling of regret I never before experienced at quitting a new acquaintance of so short standing, I squeezed his hand—and we parted.

From Valle Crucis Abbey, I proceeded to the banks of the Dee, and crossing the rude bridge over the river struck into the high road to Corwen, and proceeded at a brisk pace. The country became highly interesting. The mountains are lofty; and beneath, upon the right, Glyndwrdwy, *the valley of the Dee*, discloses its picturesque beauty. This was the property of the celebrated Owen Glyndwr.

The vale is so serpentine that it presents a succession of most exquisite views, and after

a walk of three miles, on looking back, Castle Dinas Bran seems placed upon a lower eminence. The valley of Llangollen may be seen likewise from hence for many miles, terminated by the distant mountains.

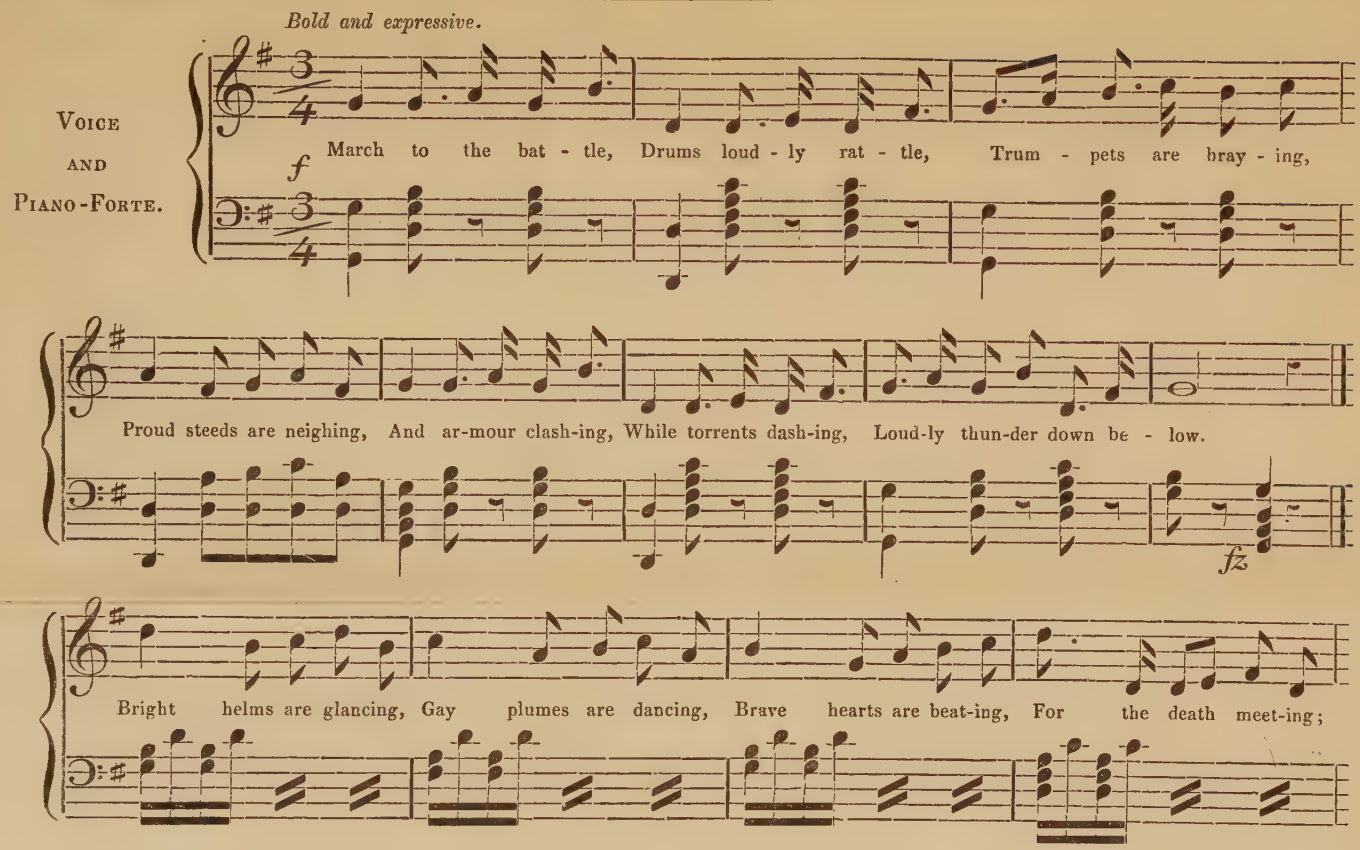
After passing the fourth mile stone, the road takes a straight direction; and at this spot I came up with a person who, seated upon the road, was extracting some very tolerable music from one end of his walking cane. He was a tall thin man, with sharp features and large blue eyes. He had on a broad brimmed glazed hat, a blue frock coat, with nankeen pantaloons, short gaiters, and shoes. The rest of his wardrobe was wrapped in a pocket handkerchief; and his name, as I afterwards learnt, was Whiffler.

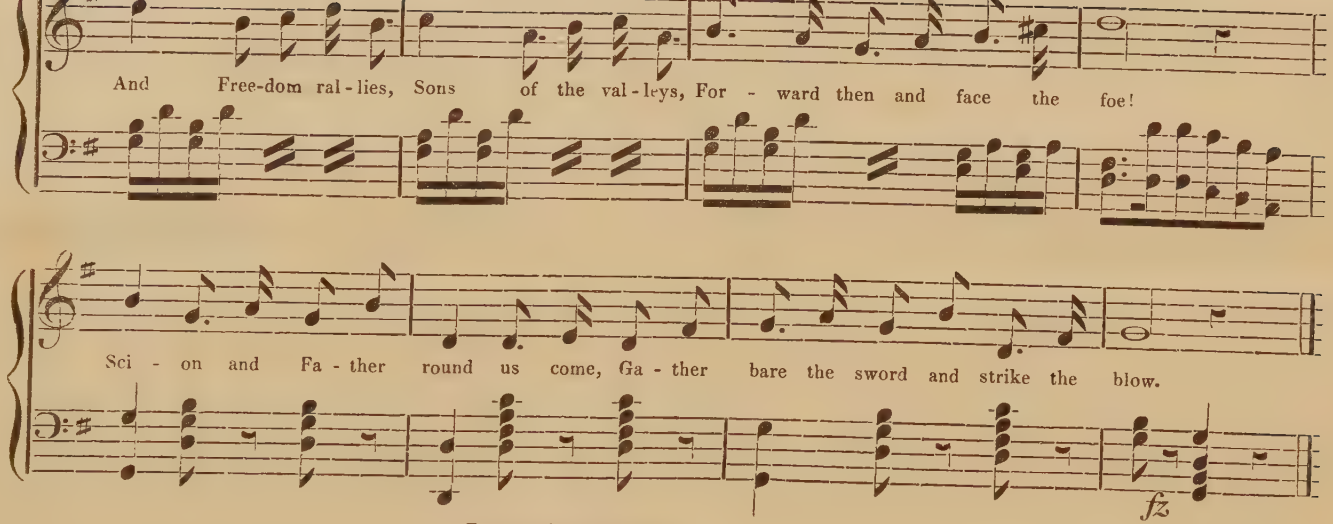
Upon my approaching him, he withdrew his musical cane from his mouth, and observed that it seemed likely to rain; and, by the misty appearance of the atmosphere before us, I concluded he was right in his observations; for in that direction the country was nearly obscured, while behind us, the sun sent forth his brightest beams upon mountain and stream; though the valleys partly slept in shadow, as he slowly journeyed to his western couch.

"Travelling far, sir?" inquired my new companion.

BATTLE SONG. (*Air*—"The Swan's Note.")

Arranged by W. Forde.


Bold and expressive.
Voice and Piano-Forte.
f
March to the bat - tle, Drums loud - ly rat - tle, Trum - pets are bray - ing,
Proud steeds are neighing, And ar-mour clash-ing, While torrents dash-ing, Loud-ly thun-der down be - low.
fz
Bright helms are glancing, Gay plumes are dancing, Brave hearts are beat-ing, For the death meet-ing;


And Free-dom ral - lies, Sons of the val - leys, For - ward then and face the foe!
Sci - on and Fa - ther round us come, Ga - ther bare the sword and strike the blow.
fz

From rock and heather,
Spring up together,
Fierce as the eagle,
Staunch as the beagle;
From the heart's fountain,
Sons of the mountain,
Shout the war cry of Glyndoor!
England advances,
Proud of her lances,
Gallant and sightly,
Noble and knightly,
Wales frowns before her,
Death hovers o'er her—
Forward to the battle moor;—
Fate hath decreed 'em,
Victims to freedom;
And banners flying,
O'er dead and dying—
Wave for Cambria's great Glyndoor!

" At my leisure," I replied.

" Fine road, this, sir."

" Capital."

" Are you fond of music ?"

" Passionately."

This was sufficient encouragement to make my new acquaintance turn his staff once more into an instrument of sound, and he played a wild kind of march, which he assured me was called " The War Tramp of Owen Glyndwr," the Welsh chieftain, who was so formidable an enemy to Henry IV.—Taking up the idea, I endeavoured to compose some appropriate lines for the air. (See music plate.)

" Have the kindness, sir," said my companion, " to step out with your left foot at the beginning of the bar, and you will find it excellent marching time."

I complied with the whimsical request, and he seemed much pleased at my readiness to oblige his humour ; for he blew away unceasingly, and I dare say would never have thought of stopping, had I not pointed out a handsome house to him, upon the opposite hill, and requested him to tell me the name of its proprietor.

" Do you mean that semibreve, in the middle of that forest of demi-semi-quavers ?"

I laughed at his conceit, and replied in the affirmative.

"Oh! that belongs to Mr. Jones, and is called Llandysilio Hall—a very worthy man. This glen, sir, has been the scene of many sanguinary conflicts."

Here he struck up "The Battle of Prague," and we marched on for about a mile further, when he suddenly stopped short before a small public house, upon the road side.

"I have an idea," said he, "that a small drop of brandy, mixed with a little mulled ale, sugar and nutmeg, would make us get over the next four miles—prestissimo—eh? Con spirito, um?"

I agreed to the con spirito, but assured him a moderato movement would suit my inclination better for the remainder of the walk to Corwen. He then led the way into the house; and certainly, of all the comforts a tourist can experience, that of seeing a neatly sanded room, with shining oaken seats and tables, walls white as snow, pans and pots glittering in well ordered arrangement against them, a fine polished kitchen range enclosing a good fire, and a smiling, civil, hospitable hostess anxious to attend your commands, however trifling they may be, is the

most desirable. I never saw any country where so much attention is paid to the cleanliness of the interior of their cottages, if I except Holland, and in this respect the peasantry resemble each other.

Having despatched this agreeable beverage, we resumed our walk, and in about ten minutes, the rain, which had long been threatening us, fell in torrents, and we resembled a couple of half drowned rats as we faced the storm.

My companion, with a half-comic and half melancholy cast of countenance, observed, "I declare, I can hardly make my instrument speak, although I have got a natural shake in my voice, as you may hear. Very cold, sir; isn't it? Look yonder," continued he, pointing to a clump of fir trees. "There, sir, once stood the celebrated wooden house, attached to the mansion of that mighty warrior and magician who could

"Call spirits from the vasty deep—"

for the purpose of lodging the guests. The mansion stood upon our left, and was formerly of grand dimensions, they say; though now alas! not a vestige of it remains. The site of the visitor's lodging rooms commands a fine pros-

pect of the valley. Perhaps you would like to walk up to it?"

"Certainly;" and, accordingly, we jumped over a stile and climbed to the summit of the mound, from which a glorious view of the valley was obtained. Upon reaching the top, the traveller is surprised to find, that what he looked upon as a mere mound, when viewed from the road, assumes the form of a tremendous precipice as he looks down upon the dark waters of the Dee, (which wind around its base), and glances over the fertile valley stretched far beneath, where Glyndwr vanquished the oppressor Grey. I had fallen into a reverie, from which I was awakened by the shrill sounds of the musician's fife stick, which startled me with its discordant notes, and brought me back from the fourteenth century to the nineteenth, with a celerity far from pleasing.

As we resumed our walk, we heard the rumbling of wheels, and the tramp of horses behind us, and pausing to see what vehicle was approaching, we beheld a kind of van, drawn by two enormous animals, as large as any of the breed employed in some of the London breweries. They were driven by a young man, of about nineteen years of age.

"Will you ride as far as Corwen?" said he, at the same time pulling up his horses.

As the rain was falling fast, and this conveyance promised to carry us to the town in half the time it would take us to walk thither, we gladly accepted the offer. I mounted by the side of the driver, having always a predilection for that seat; while my more prudent musical acquaintance jumped into the body of the cart, and was presently lost sight of beneath a dozen coal sacks, that covered several ale casks.

I soon found that my situation was far from being enviable. In the first place, there was no foot board, and I kept slipping forward, every now and then, at the hazard of falling upon the horses' heels. The air became more keen, the rain rattled upon my visage with greater violence than ever, and silently I confessed—forgive me ye gnomes and demons of the storm!—that notwithstanding the grandeur of the mountain-torrent, I should at that time have given a preference to a little of the "mountain dew."

Presently, I heard the shrill sound of the fife issuing from underneath the sacks, to the tune of "Over the hills and far away," and was about requesting the driver to stop, until I joined

my companion in his lair, when a smart lash upon the flank of the near horse made him dart off at a pace which defied all the efforts of the Welsh boor to check. With his right arm holding fast by the front rail of the caravan, he with his left pulled with all his strength to keep the horses in the road, and we dashed along, first upon one side, and then upon the other, for the middle was never kept, until I began to look out for the most comfortable landing place. I then caught hold of the near horse's rein, while he tugged away at the other. The seat was slippery, and the reins were wet, and our united efforts would have failed in checking their speed ; but espying a hill about half a mile a-head of us,

" Now then, keep 'em together," said I, " and let them have their race out, for they must stop at yonder hill."

All this time the fife was whistling like mad, " Go to the devil and shake yourselves ;" and Mr. Whiffler was luxuriating in blessed ignorance of our danger.

Having made up my mind to the worst, but hoping for the best, I regaled myself with a sup of brandy from the pistol at my side, and then handed it to the driver, who drank—as if he liked it. We by this time reached the foot of

the hill, at the same slashing pace, and began the ascent in a first rate style; but, when we had got about half way up, we were startled by a loud cry behind us, and, upon turning my head, I saw poor Mr. Whiffler seated in the middle of the road, flourishing his musical cane, and shouting most vociferously for us to stop. It seemed that he was amusing himself with his favourite airs, and never felt the gradual retiring motion of the sacks as we ascended the hill, until he was fairly shot out at the tail of the van, where he lay sprawling; but, thanks to the friendly sacks, unhurt.

Our frisky Flander's steeds, coming to the push at the steep rising ground, relaxed in their rapid course, became quiet as lambs, and at the summit of the hill were very glad to come to a dead halt to recover their breath; giving my musical friend ample time to come up with us, which he had no sooner done, than, as if nothing had occurred worth mentioning, he resumed his situation in the van, and struck up "Drops of brandy." I took the hint, and presented him with my reserve, which he emptied with much apparent satisfaction, and returned the flask with thankfulness. Then resuming his unwearying amusement, he never ceased until we reached the inn at Corwen; not the principal one, but a

small house on the right of the street opposite to the Owen Glyndwr; which latter has a gigantic head over the door, much resembling the Saracen's of Snow Hill notoriety.

I discovered the landlord of "The Welsh Harp" to be the proprietor of the van, and that the driver was his son. He also followed the occupation of watch and fishing tackle maker, and I willingly, therefore, took up my quarters with this specimen of Welsh rusticity, when invited, in preference to quartering at the great inn with the great head, as also did Mr. Whiffler.

The first question put to the jolly landlord, was, "What can you give us to eat?" It was about three o'clock in the day.

"Why, sir, I have a nice roast duck and some peas, which were intended for John's," meaning our van-driver, "dinner; but I shall be able to find something else for him."

"And how long, pray, will it be before it is ready?"

"A quarter of an hour."

"Very well, that will do; and, in the interim, I'll borrow one of your coats, and we will visit the church, if there is anything in it worth looking at."

No sooner said than done; and a large blue coat, with two heavy capes, and brass buttons

of the size of crown pieces, was immediately brought forth, which I slipped into, it fitting me—like a sack! No matter—my own was thoroughly drenched, and was hanging before a blazing fire in the kitchen, reeking like a leg of mutton, hot from the boiler.

"Would you like to slip into a pair of my leather breeches?" inquired my hospitable host.

This I thankfully declined, upon looking at the difference of our dimensions. My piping friend was comfortably seated in the chimney corner, and observing "that he had never frequented church since he was married, having received at that time a shock he could never recover," he commenced playing the beautiful air of "My ain fireside," whilst I, turning most heroically to the right about, again braved the "pelting of the pitiless storm," accompanied by John, our driver, who, in a few minutes, conducted me to the ancient edifice.

On one side of the altar is the lid of a coffin, which has the following inscription:

"Hic jacet Jorweth Sulien, vicarius de Corvaen
ora pro eo."

In the church wall is shewn the private doorway

through which Owen Glyndwr entered the building whenever he attended divine worship, and in the rock, which overhangs the churchyard, there is a recess, which bears the name of Glyndwr's chair; and the stone which now forms the lintel of the doorway leading to his pew, is said to retain the mark of his dagger, half an inch in depth, which he threw from the said chair; but upon what occasion it is not stated.

In the churchyard is a range of building called Corwen College, having over the archway the following inscription:

Corwen College,
For six widows of the Clergymen
Of the church of England,
Who died possessed of cures of souls,
In the county of Merionethshire.
Built and endowed
A.D MDCCL by the legacy of
William Egton Esq.
Of Plas-warren.

In the cemetery there is a cross, fixed in a circular stone, westward of the steeple; and it is supposed that the name of Corwen is a corruption of Corvaen, and derived from the cross. Cor signifies a circle, and maen (which is likewise

considered to have been changed into vaen) if joined to cor, means a cross in the circle.

Having satisfied my curiosity here, I returned to the public house, and the first object which met my delighted eyes was the promised duck, accompanied by a dish of most elegant trout ; a dainty for which I had been longing ever since I entered this territory of rocks and torrents. My friend was already placed at the table, and he clapped his hands, and rubbed them with evident delight and satisfaction at seeing me arrive so opportunely. The fish despatched, duck and green peas in close column brought up the rear. But I and my gallant comrade—a better trencherman ne'er poised a fork—attacked in line, cut up the one, and routed the other, with the most determined bravery. The right and left wings were attacked and cut off from the main body, which with all its material we dispersed in the glorious conflict, remaining masters of the field.

Although I thus warmly express my satisfaction at partaking of this not easily-to-be-forgotten luxury, let me not be mistaken for a gourmand ; but a wet and tired traveller, however much his mind may be enchanted by the scenery through which he passes, never beholds a more delightful prospect than a comfortable meal at his journey's end. It so happened, however,

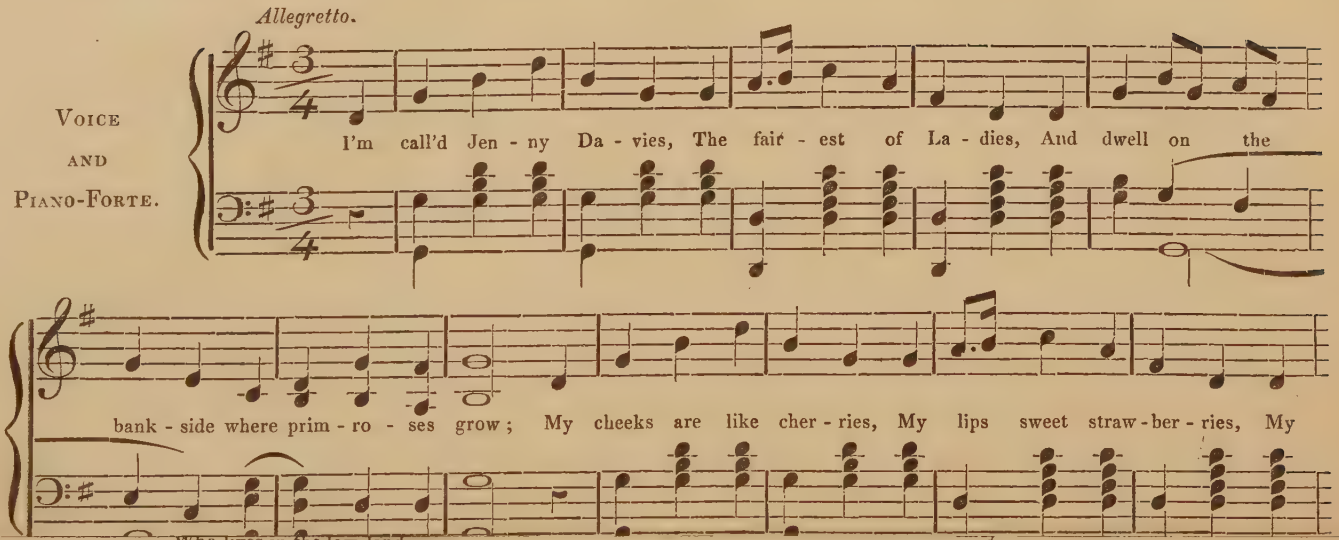
that this was not to be my journey's end, for a blaze of light darted into the room at the moment John had carried off the spoils from our field of battle, and the glorious orb of day shone forth in cloudless majesty.

Wine in such a house, being out of the question, we ordered a jug of warm punch, and having drank success to my musical friend in a brimming goblet, I began to think, as my time was limited, and his path lay towards Cerrig-y-Drudion, and mine towards Bala, I had better reach that place before dark. My companion having divested himself of his shoes and stockings, and adopted those of the landlord, and feeling himself comfortable before the fire, resolved upon remaining where he was until bedtime. Wishing him, therefore, a pleasant evening, and a good night's repose, I once more took the road for another walk of ten miles; while I heard the shrill sounds of his fife stick playing the Welsh air of "Farewell Glanddyn."

At the end of the village, I was attracted by the eyes of the prettiest little Welsh lass that I remember having seen in the country. Health bloomed in her cheek, and animation darted from her sloe-black eyes. She was talking to a village lad, who appeared to be much abashed

JENNY DAVIES. (*Air*—"Llwyn-onn.")

Arranged by W. FORDE.


Allegretto.
VOICE AND PIANO-FORTE.
I'm call'd Jen - ny Da - vies, The fair - est of La - dies, And dwell on the
bank - side where prim - ro - ses grow; My cheeks are like cher - ries, My lips sweet straw - ber - ries, My

Who lives in the low-land,
But he was too rough for a delicate maid;
Sure, sure 'tis a pity,
A young girl so pretty,
Should sigh for a husband and pine in the shade.

Is peevish and surly,
No longer I smile, and to dance I'm afraid;
I can't bear to choose him,
And yet if I lose him,
Perhaps, (Oh, my stars!) I shall die an old maid.

by some reproof she had given him; and presently, with a significant nod of the head and an admonitory glance of the eye, she turned briskly from him, and frisked by me, humming a Welsh air—the first that I had heard since I entered the principality—while the youth, with a smile and a sigh, turned in a contrary direction, exclaiming, "Ah, Jenny, if you refuse so many, you may happen to pray for one yet."

I afterwards discovered that the Welsh air was called after the mansion of Mr. Edward Jones, the compiler of that most interesting book of Cambrian lore, the Bardic Museum. I instantly determined to put the idea I had formed in my mind of the Welsh lass into verse, and to adapt the lines to the music. (See plate.)

Every thing looked cheerful; the birds carroled joyously from the trees and bushes; and I joined in the chorus. A robin appeared to be much taken with my vocal powers, and for a good while kept me company, alighting constantly some ten or twelve yards before me, and listening attentively until I had passed as far; then, passing me again in his flight, he took up his station as before. "Poor bird!" thought I, "I remember in my boyhood I have followed some of your race as eagerly as you now follow me; and my ears drank in their notes, intoxicat-

ing my senses with delight. I shall never forget the old mulberry tree that grew in our play grounds, shadowing a pretty little hermitage in which I used to sit apart from my school-fellows and listen to the notes of that delightful warbler, with whom I grew familiar, and fed every evening with crumbs of bread, saved from my dinner."

How extraordinary it appears that the past should always seem more delightful than the present! I am convinced, that I was more miserable during my school-boy days than I have been since, and yet my mind returns to the brighter portions of the picture only. The April beams that dried up the tears of my youth live in the memory, while the clouds and showers are buried in oblivion. Youth, youth!—why should we ever grow old? why are we not as fresh and green at sixty as we are at twenty?—why may we not enjoy the blessings of vigour, the elastic bound, the rosy tint, the boundless flow of spirits, the freshness of imagination, until the moment when we drop into the grave?—But sentimentalism is a bad subject for sale, and therefore I have no business to introduce any chapters of such a nature in this little work.

At a short distance from Corwen, a road branches off to the left, along which the traveller

should trudge to the village of Llandrillo, and he will be repaid by the sight of one of the most fertile valleys in Wales. It is a mile farther to Bala by this route, but the superior beauty of the scenery will amply recompense him for the extra distance; for, with the exception of a view of Bala lake, obtained from an eminence on the road, which runs along the opposite side of the valley, it is dull and uninviting. But, on the contrary, by the Llandrillo route, the eye is delighted with a succession of scenes, varied and interesting in the extreme. Huge masses of rock hang over the road, upon the left, in threatening grandeur, while waving woods, and falling streams, give endless variety to the picture.

After proceeding four miles, I crossed a bridge over a fine trout stream, the banks of which are shaded with trees; and, turning into an avenue upon the right, seated myself by the margin of the brook, secured from the hot rays of the mid-day sun, and fancied myself the melancholy Jacques. There only wanted a wounded stag, to make the illusion perfect.

Here I was shortly after joined by an old man and his son, who, after some hours' fishing, had contrived to fill a moderately sized basket with very fine trout. The father was tall and thin, with prominent features, sharp grey eyes, and

grey locks ; his port was erect, "stiff as a ramrod," and if he had been unfortunate enough to have had a lame leg, he would have made an excellent representation of Corporal Foss. The son, a youth of about nineteen, was clad in a suite of clothes so tattered, that my curiosity was excited to learn at which rent he got into them. His fishing basket was slung at his back, and his rod was composed of odds and ends ; his hat, from long exposure to the weather, had lost its crown, while the rim was torn into ribands. If ever the god of love assumed the disguise of ragged poverty, he could not have chosen a better model, both in person and attire. His height was about five feet, nine inches ; his face a perfect oval ; his hair, which stole in clustering curls from beneath its wretched covering, was of the brightest auburn ; his forehead was broad and high ; his eyebrows finely arched, and his dark blue eyes were lighted up with the fire of animation ; his nose, teeth, and chin were perfectly beautiful ; his neck and shoulders would be invaluable to a sculptor ; and his whole graceful frame seemed formed for strength and activity. His demeanour was respectful and modest, and the contrast between the noble creature and his sorry garb was painfully striking. There was, however, a look of

independence and a freedom in his gait, which suited well with the surrounding scene.

The old man seated himself near me, any lamented that he could not obtain any fire to light his pipe. This element I quickly supplied him with, and, lighting a cigar for myself, we resembled a knot of Indian warriors smoking "the calumet of peace." I entered into conversation, offering my flask, by way of making a favourable impression. They thankfully availed themselves of my offer, and my expectations were not disappointed. The old man told me that he had been a soldier in his youth, and fought in many battles, both in Egypt and Spain, and was now in the receipt of a pension from government, for honourable wounds, which at various times he had received in the service of his country.

While his father whiffed his tobacco, the youth angled down the stream, but soon returned and, respectfully and gracefully declining my invitation to renew his draught, he stood looking down upon us, his arms folded across his chest, embracing his rod, and listening modestly to the old man's narration. I sat an hour with these two beings, and, having purchased a casting line and some flies from the elder fisherman, he put two extra ones into my hands, saying:

"There, sir, are two flies, with which I killed some fine trout, yesterday. I'll make you a present of them ; and, when you are killing your fish, perhaps you'll think of the old soldier." So, with mutual thanks, we parted.

As I entered the village of Llandrillo, I was much delighted with the lively scene. The long street was crowded with peasantry, in their holiday clothes. On each side were stalls, formed of tubs turned upside down, and boards placed upon them, to support their merchandise ; square patches strewed with straw and covered with crockery and glass ; tables well stored with woollen hose and mittens ; and stands of gingerbread and ginger-pop were liberally stationed in different quarters, to gratify and refresh the happy throng. At times, a sudden opening in the crowd took place, the whole mass of people jamming each other upon either side of the street, to make way for a trotting pony, or an ambling nag, to curvet and prance down the middle and up again, to show his paces. At the upper end of the fair, a hardware man harangued a crowd of people from his travelling warehouse (a covered cart,) endeavouring to persuade them that he came to Llandrillo solely for their benefit, and for no selfish motive upon earth, and labouring to convince them, in

brazier-like eloquence, that the articles he offered to their notice were considerably under prime cost, and could not be purchased elsewhere for treble the money ;—but, though he sold at a great sacrifice to himself, he begged them not to consider his loss, but their own gain ; such an opportunity would never again present itself, therefore now was their only time to buy cheap !

A party of Welsh girls attracted my attention, gathered together in front of a wall, upon which a line of men's hats were ranged, of various qualities and prices ; and great glee and laughter were elicited, as each fitted the new beaver upon her head, it being considered the ne plus ultra of taste, and a powerful auxiliary to the coquetry of a Welsh girl.

Leaving Llandrillo, and proceeding towards Bala, the traveller enters the

VALE OF EDEYRNION.

The mountains here, upon either side, are covered with plantations, and the beautiful Dee winds gracefully in the centre of the valley, through delightful meadows, while corn fields wave upon the sloping banks, and everything presents to the eye the appearance of freshness

and fertility, cheerfulness and content. At the bridge near Llandderfel, a small village, which is first observed upon the opposite bank of the Dee, a splendid view presents itself. The river here is broad, shallow, and deep, by turns, and looking up or down the vale, its meandering sportiveness charms the eye. At the extremity of the valley is a lofty mountain, planted to the summit, which seems so closely to envelop it, as to prevent all egress. To stand upon this bridge at sunset, and listen to the whistle of the sheep boy as he trudges merrily along the road, the song of the husbandman, or the joyous laugh of the milkmaids—sounds that float upon the silent air for miles, at such an hour,—the twittering of the birds, before they hide their heads beneath their wings to seek repose—the low craik of the rail, amidst the corn—and sweeter than all, the music of the river, discharging liquid sounds from its transparent bosom,—creates a sensation which we are at a loss how to express. Excess of pleasure becomes painful; and, overpowered with delight, nature asserts her influence, and we experience the luxury of tears!—at least, I did, and I pity from my soul the man who is unfortunately incapable of a similar feeling.

Passing through the little village of Llanver,

and crossing a stream over the bridge close by the lodge of Mr. Price of Rhewlas, I at length arrived at the Bull's Head in the town, to which house I had been recommended by a passing traveller; and, tired with my day's exertions, called for a tea-dinner and slippers.

BALA.

Both these luxuries were furnished me by the fair hands of Martha Jones, the landlady's unmarried sister, a lively, black-eyed, pretty lass, who, in being a spinster, proves that the Bala lads are greatly deficient in taste, or that Martha has set her cap at something better than is to be found in Bala.

Two gentlemen were seated in the room when I entered, each of whom were discussing the merits of a glass of brandy and water. One of them (a young man who I afterwards discovered was a captain's clerk in the East India service, upon leave,) was making himself particularly entertaining to his companion, by relating a number of anecdotes about a relative, a clergyman, whose residence is somewhere in the neighbourhood.

"Ha! ha! ha! you remember the time when the dinner was given at ——; well, the old boy

as usual, had got too much grog aboard, and without a rudder, began to crowd sail for the stable—my eyes! how he did traverse! but at last, a gale took his topsail right aback, and capsising him into the kennel, he began to roar out for help. 'What's the matter?' cried twenty voices at a time. 'Oh help! help me up,' cried the old boy, 'for I'm the Lord's servant!' 'Ay, ay,' cried one, 'and you're like all the rest of 'em, want a good deal of looking after.' Ha, ha, ha!"

This anecdote, required another glass of brandy and water to wash it down; which being brought, this irreverend humorist rehearsed a number of other circumstances concerning his eccentric relative, amongst which was a story of his ascending the pulpit, to preach a sermon, "and kneeling down," said he, "he placed his hand upon the cushion, in the attitude of prayer, closed his port holes, and fell into a —sound sleep! The congregation waited—and waited—until their patience was quite exhausted, and one after another began to heave anchor. The clerk, at last, ventured to awaken his pastor just in time for him to see the last of his parishioners leaving the church."

I was truly sorry to find, upon inquiry, that this was but too true a tale of the old man,

whose years are many, and who must be well aware, that a very short time can elapse, before he will become a tenant of the grave.

Wearied with the conversation, I rang for my bed candle, and retired to rest.

CHAPTER VI.

Bala—The Lake—A Meeting of Magistrates—The Doctor—Rhewlas—Lines written at Rhewlas—Farewell to the Bull's Head—A Jolter—Llanthyn—Vale of Drwstynrnt—Legend of handsome Hugh and the Fairy—Cader Idris—Dolgelley—Song "Mountain Mary"—The Town Hall—Parliament House—St. Mary's Church—Inns—Angling Station, Doluwcheogryd—The Cataracts of Rhaiadr Du and Pistyll y Cain—Nannau Park—Anecdote of Owen Glyndwr and Howell Sele—Road to Barmouth—Arrival—Inns—A Walk on the sands.

"I lay on the rock where the storms have their dwelling,
The birth place of phantoms, the home of the cloud,
Around it for ever deep music is swelling—
The voice of the mountain wind, solemn and loud."

MRS. HEMANS.

ON the following morning, I found myself unable to walk, from the effect produced by a sprained ancle, and I had the delightful prospect of being confined to the room of an inn in a country town, without a being to converse

with, or a book to enliven me; but my kind landlord, a fine portly, rosy-cheeked, round-headed, honest-hearted Boniface, as ever drew spigot, kindly offered me a pony, to take me to the lake, which, he said, contained plenty of perch. This offer, I thankfully accepted, and, by the aid of mine host and his ostler, was soon seated upon the back of a quiet not-to-be-put-out-of-his-way animal, as any clerical gentleman could desire to ride upon, and

"With slow and solemn pace,"

proceeded to catch fish, and view the scenery around

LLYN TEGID, OR BALA LAKE.

Seated upon a rock that projects into the lake (under the shadow of which is the boat house of Mr. Price, of Rhewlas, of whom, more anon) I commenced my solitary pastime; but my eyes continually wandered from the float, to the surrounding scenery, which is of a pleasing rather than an imposing nature. The lake was slightly ruffled by a refreshing breeze, which fortunately sprang up, and prevented me from dissolving in the heat of the sun. It is about four miles in length, and in some parts it is forty yards

in depth. The shores are sloping, the soil gravelly, and delightfully variegated with plantations of trees and shrubs. Towards the head of the lake, the mountains are upon a very grand scale, and rival Snowdon in their altitude; *Arran Fowddwy* is the loftiest of these, near the summit of which, upon its eastern side, beneath a huge crag, is situated a lake, which affords excellent sport to the angler, although the fish are not of the finest quality.

Arrenig Vawr, (or great), which is nearly as lofty as Arran Fowddwy, and rises upon the N.W. side of the Llyn, has also a lake, containing trout of a large size, which are noted for rejecting the artificial fly; but, about half way up the *Arrenig Vâch*, (or little) is a lake, which when a light breeze sweeps along its surface, will amply reward the angler for his trouble, in reaching it. A morning, and an evening, at each of these places, enable me to state thus much, for the benefit of the disciples of Isaac Walton.

I was suddenly aroused from a dream of pleasure, which I was enjoying, with my eyes open, by a tug at my line, reminding me, that a fish had swallowed the hook. After a little coquetting, which lovers usually make use of, I brought it to my arms, and then thrust it into

my bag ; a fine perch ! I now resolved, to begin in earnest, and in an hour, by my temptation and insinuation, contrived to obtain a very handsome dish, with which I returned upon my pony to the inn, resigning them and myself to the care of Martha Jones. This was the only uncomfortable evening I passed at the Bull—and with respect be it spoken, all my uneasiness was occasioned, by the magistrates of the county, who had met to discuss the important business of their various districts, and to join in the

"Feast of dainties and the flow of port."

All the while, the honest landlord, who resembled a "turtle on his hind fins," waddled about in high glee. It was a great day for the Bull's Head ! and his joy resembled Dennis Bulgruddery's, of the Red Cow, when he saw a traveller on the heath, walking in the direction of his long neglected hostelry. The confusion of sounds distracted my brain, and I was almost tempted to exclaim, in the language of Falstaff,

"Is hell broke loose?"

However, remembering that it was occasioned,

by a meeting of magistrates, my reverence for the laws, and the distributors of them, made me place my disabled foot upon a chair, "like patience on a monument, smiling at grief."

I was informed that Mr. Price was among the assembly, to whom, through the kindness of Mr. W——, I had a letter of introduction. My accident, however, would prevent my dining with the party, and I concluded it would be better to wait until the ensuing morning, to pay my respects to him. A couple of ducks, with green peas, and a pint of pale sherry, assisted to restore my good humour; and, after poring over the pages of an old magazine, till the book became a pillow for my head, I had my foot dressed and resigned myself to the influence of Morpheus. My bed-room window (the blinds of which, I had neglected to pull down, before I retired to bed) permitted the full blaze of the morning sun to shine upon my slothful pillow, and rouse me from my slumber. A great fault, in all the Welsh inns, is that Morpheus seems to have complete and undisputed prevalence over the whole household. After satisfying myself that I could walk across the room, I thought I would endeavour to see something more of the town, and stroll about, until such time as breakfast could be prepared. I accordingly

dressed, put on the spacious slippers I had been provided with on the previous night, took a strong ash stick in my hand, by way of crutch, and hobbled into the pure air.

The town of Bala consists of one long street, has about 2500 inhabitants, and is celebrated for its manufacture of woollen articles, such as stockings, gloves, and, formerly, Welsh wigs. Upon an eminence at the S. E. end of the town, the old women and young girls assemble in considerable numbers during the summer months, to pursue their industrious avocations in the open air. The mound is called, *Tommen y Bala;* it is said to be of Roman construction; and, from the summit, a very fine view may be obtained of Llyn Tegid and the mountains. There is a town hall, and a chapel of ease to the parish church at Llanycil, about a mile distant, where the morning service is read in English only upon the first Sunday in each month. Finding my exertion too great for my ease, I was glad to hobble into the shop of the village apothecary and surgeon. It was half past eight o'clock, and the drowsy shop boy, who appeared but recently to have left his bed, informed me, that perhaps his master would be down in a short time. This indefinite period did not suit my patience, and I requested him

to give his master a call. Still he came not. I became fidgetty, and began to be indignant, half resolving to leave the shop, when a little, stiff, consequential looking personage made his appearance, gazing upon me with a look in which much dissatisfaction was manifest. My travelling garb (for I had not discarded my shooting jacket, at this early hour, in favour of a more appropriate morning costume) did not inspire him with much suavity; but, after a minute survey, he, with all the dignity of five feet, pointed to a chair, which I a short time before had quitted to look at some maps that adorned the walls of the room. I bared my ancle for his inspection, and he informed me truly, that rest alone could be of service to me. With this comfortable advice, which I had previously determined not to follow, I returned to the inn, breakfasted, ordered out the pony, and set off to visit Mr. Price, of Rhewlas.

A handsome gateway opens into the grounds of Rhewlas; a neat lodge is situated upon the right of the avenue, and upon the left, a fine mountain stream dashes over its black, rocky bed. Half way up the avenue, upon the right, is a beautiful dingle, over which a bridge is thrown for the accommodation of passengers, and under it a murmuring rill, glides on its course to the prin-

cipal stream. A profusion of rhododandrums, of a kind, are interspersed amongst the trees, and shrubs, forming a delightful contrast. Here the noble oak, the beech, and birch, flourish luxuriously in common with the other numerous leafy tenants of the forest, whose ever varying hues delight the eye.

The house is situated on a rising ground, backed by the mountain and extensive woods, and commands a noble prospect.

After dinner, I accompanied Mr. Price in his phaeton, to take a survey of the estate, and was much delighted with the evident pleasure he took, in improving the roads in the neighbourhood. Under his auspices, a new line of road is joined to Corwen, which, although deficient in picturesque beauty, is shorter by one mile than that by Llandrillo, and affords far better travelling.

Mr. Price has planted, during his residence at this lovely spot, no less than 650 acres, and the domain altogether presents a picture of beauty and happiness, seldom to be met with. He is much respected; is a magistrate, and a resident; and, in consequence, knows the value of his land. He considers, and administers to the wants of his tenants, and, instead of extorting from them a rent they would be compelled

to starve themselves to pay, he limits it to a sum which will enable them to live in comfort.

It was twilight when I left Rhewlas, and by the side of the dingle I have before mentioned, I paused to gaze once more upon the beauty of the scene, and traced a few lines, expressive of my feelings, upon quitting so delightful a solitude.

Farewell to fair Rhewlas ! and farewell to thee,
Thou pride of the vallies, thou fast flowing Dee !
Whose stream glides in brightness from Bala's fair breast,
And wanders in beauty through regions of rest.
Farewell to thee, Rhewlas ! how blest were my lot,
With friends round and near me, the gay world forgot,
Here, here, in the soft lap of quiet to dwell,
Farewell to thee Rhewlas ! sweet Rhewlas, farewell !

The bright golden summer hath fill'd thee with glee—
The song of the thrush, and the boom of the bee,
The wild flowers' fragrance, the breath of the rose,
And green woods that kiss the dark stream as it flows :
To scenes grand and gloomy my footsteps may stray,
Where terror frowns dreadful along the wild way,
But beauty for aye in this region shall dwell,
Farewell to thee, Rhewlas ! sweet Rhewlas, farewell !

I returned to the inn, much pleased with my day's entertainment, happy to find that my uncle was comparatively easy, and ordered a

car to be ready on the following morning to convey me ten miles on the road to Dolgelly.

Rising early, I found no inconvenience from my ancle; and, after a good breakfast, took leave of my host, and his wife, of Martha Jones, and the Bull's Head, all of whom appeared anxious to see me comfortably seated in the vehicle, and with kindest farewells, expressed a desire of speedily seeing me again — all excepting the Bull's Head, poor thing, which being a dummy only looked a good bye; and taking every thing into consideration, he looked it very well.

The car in which I was bumped along the road, in every respect resembled those delightful conveyances that rattle the astonished traveller from Cork to Blarney. It is a sort of oval box, placed upon two wheels, with a door behind, and with good wedging will contain four persons; but being springless and cushionless, the passenger is jolted to his heart's content, that is, if his heart has been set on jolting; and, without doubt, it is fine exercise for persons of sedentary habits, if by any chance, their bones happen to escape dislocation. My knapsack (my opposite, and only fellow passenger) and I, looked very black at each other, as we bobbed up and down, like a cockney grocer's apprentice upon a high trotting horse; but I soon became resigned, and my

knapsack having shifted its berth for the bottom of the vehicle, seemed to rest more comfortably than on the seat. Notwithstanding the inconvenience I suffered from this carriage, I could not help admiring the extreme beauty of the lake, as we pursued our course along its borders; sometimes, only catching a glimpse of it, through the trees that shaded its delightful margin. Its waters were smooth and motionless; not a ripple was visible upon its surface; the lofty mountains reflected in its breast gave a sombre tinge to the otherwise golden scene, and, as I looked into the clear depths of the shadows, I thought, how peacefully one shattered by the storms of life might sink beneath, and be at rest!

After passing Llanthyn, (an estate belonging to Sir. W. W. Wynn, who claims the whole fishing of this beautiful piece of water, and has, by putting a quantity of pike therein, destroyed all the trout and gwynniad with which it once abounded), the scenery became wild, and cheerless, until we reached

THE VALE OF DRWSTYNRNT.

where, to my great satisfaction, the car stopped at the sign of the Welsh Prince, a distance of ten miles from Bala, and eight from Dolgelly.

Being thoroughly tired with my ride, I thought I would endeavour to obtain the proper use of my limbs, and rest myself by walking the remainder of the journey. Dismissing the car, therefore, and strapping my knapsack to my shoulders, I once more took the road.

About a mile beyond the Welsh Prince, the valley becomes truly beautiful. Waving woods adorn the mountains upon either side. The Wnion here begins to be an important stream; and, though in its course towards Dolgelly it is swelled by numerous mountain tributaries into a broad river, the trees upon its banks form an impenetrable screen, which conceal it from the traveller, and its hoarse murmur, as it dashes over the rocks that vainly endeavour to intercept its way, alone remind him of its vicinity. At length, I arrived at a spot, where a road leads over a bridge to the opposite side of the river. Thinking this would be a proper place to see the Wnion to advantage, I advanced to the centre of the bridge. The effect is beautiful; hanging woods adorn the banks of the stream, lofty ash trees, (around the trunks of which the ivy winds itself in snakelike folds, feeding upon the tree that supports it), spread their proud heads above, and form a pleasing shade, while below the river roars, as it is precipitated beneath the

arch in two large falls, that form a deep pool on the opposite side.

"It was in that pool," said a voice at my shoulder, "that Hugh Evans first saw the fairy." Upon turning round, I saw an old man, much bent with age, knitting hose.

"What fairy, my good man?" said I, "and who was Hugh Evans?"

"Ah! you are a stranger here, sir. Why, it's a tale my grandfather used to tell me, of a lad, who worked with him in the fields yonder."

HUGH EVANS, AND THE FAIRY.

Hugh was a handsome lad, and all the girls were mad for love of him; but he was a prudent youth, and would not notice any of them, for he thought as he could hardly earn enough to support himself, he had no chance of supporting others. Well, one day as he was returning from work, he leant over the bridge, where you are now standing, sir, and what should he see, but a beautiful young creature, bathing in the deep water there. Well, he knew it was a fairy, for he never had seen any thing half so beautiful before; and he couldn't for the life of him take his eyes from her, though she was as naked (saving your presence) as when she was born.

She had long black hair, streaming down her shoulders, as glossy as a crow's wing, and the smallest feet, and hands, he ever beheld! and the beautiful fairy said to him, "Hugh, handsome Hugh, why did you come hither? but, since you are here, turn your head aside, till I get out of the stream, and then I'll come and talk to you." And Hugh did as he was bid, for he was too much in love to deny her any thing; and, before he could recover his surprise, there was the fairy, close by his side, in the dress of a neat country lass. And her snowy feet, and her raven locks, red lips, and sparkling eyes, made Hugh's heart knock at his ribs, like a smith's hammer on the anvil. So what does he do, but drop down upon his knees, and swore he was dying for love of the angel. "I'm no angel at all," says she, "but a foolish body of a fairy, that has fallen in love with handsome Hugh, and, if you'll consent to my wishes in one respect, I'll be a fond wife to you all the days of your life." Hugh was delighted to hear her talk, and he promised to do every thing she wished. "All I desire," said she, "is that you will permit me to leave you every night at twelve o'clock for one hour, and never attempt to follow me, or ask where I have been. But, if you follow me, you will never see me again, and you will only

have to thank your own folly and rashness for it." Hugh promised faithfully, and the fairy provided him with money enough to buy a neat little cottage on the hill yonder, and to stock it with a cow, pigs, and poultry. He likewise bought ten acres of land, and every body wondered how Hugh Evans became so rich on a sudden, but they supposed it was his wife's fortune, though they never could find out who she was. For many years they lived together, and she bore him two girls, both resembling the mother, and their comeliness was the talk of the country. Marriage had no power to destroy the beauty of the fairy's form or face, for eternal youth and loveliness were part of her portion.

But Hugh got jealous of a neighbour, whom he used to invite to his house in the winter evenings, and he fancied that his wife paid him more attention than was necessary. Until that time, he never cared about her absence at midnight but the "green eyed monster;" whispered to him that she had other than honest motives, for absenting herself from home at that late hour. And one night, when his neighbour, Davie Jones, happened to be more animated than usual with the good woman his hostess, who was always desirous of making Hugh's friends welcome, he gave her a kiss at parting

that went to the heart of poor Hugh ; and he determined to look after her that night when she left his bed, to discover if his suspicions were well founded. Accordingly, pretending to sleep, he watched his wife when she rose up. The first thing she did was to go to her children, whom she kissed, and by the light of the moon, which shone brightly through the casement, he saw her suddenly (without the aid of toilet labour) arrayed in a gossamer robe of rose coloured pink, through which her beautiful skin was dimly perceptible, and her exquisite form fully displayed to his astonished eyes ; the right arm and breast were bare, while the drapery was secured upon the left shoulder, and at the waist with clasps of costly gems.

" Her black luxuriant ringlets, contrasted with her snowy neck, her dark eyes flashing with delight, and her red pouting lips," said poor Hugh, " made me motionless with admiration, which was increased by seeing her leap, through the open casement ! Terrified lest she should be dashed to pieces by the fall—filled with fury at her being thus decked out to meet her paramour, with desperate eagerness I darted out of the window in pursuit. The height was considerable. I caught a glimpse in my descent, of her fairy form as she reached the summit

of the hill, and then all sense forsook me. When restored to consciousness, I found myself stretched upon my bed; both my legs broken by the fall, and my head sorely bruised. Upon asking for Lleucu, my wife, I was told she had never been seen since I beheld her. My friend Davie was attending me affectionately, bathing my temples with cold lotions; and my heart smote me for my suspicions. Night came, and, as the hour approached when Lleucu departed, I became restless and feverish, when a voice, which I knew to be Lleucu's, entered my chamber; it sang as follows:

"Farewell Hugh, handsome Hugh,
Don't forget thy poor Lleucu!
O'er thy limbs I spread a charm,
And to-morrow, free from harm,
To thine honest labour hie,
To support our progeny.
Oh, protect their tender years,
Bless my hopes and soothe my fears!
Farewell, Hugh, handsome Hugh,
Don't forget thy poor Lleucu!"

"I would have given my life to have seen her again," continued Hugh; "but I lost her for ever. The next morning, faithful to her promise, I was indeed perfectly free from pain; my limbs were as strong as at the moment when I

Cadair Idris from the Bala Lake.

London, Published 1838, by Henry Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

sprang from the window ; but my heart was broken."

" May be, sir, you'd like to buy a pair of stockings or mittens," said the old man, without pausing to notice the effect his tale had upon me, and pulling the articles out of his coat pocket as he spoke. I could not resist the appeal, and, giving him the price he demanded, I pursued my journey towards Dolgelly. Nearly the whole of this lovely valley is the property of Sir Robert Vaughan.

I was meditating upon the romantic tale of the old man, when suddenly a turn in the road and an opening in the dell revealed to my delighted eyes the celebrated mountain called Cader Idris.

CADER IDRIS,

the loftiest mountain in Merionethshire, and the second in North Wales, is said to be 950 yards in perpendicular height from Dolgelly Green. Cader Idris literally means " Idris's chair," where he is supposed to have studied astrology ; and Idris is a name attributed to Enoch, the founder of astronomy. Mr. Edward Jones, to whom the public are indebted for his learned and ingenious work, entitled " The Bardic Museum," observes that " Cær

Idris implies the city of the learned:" and Mr. Rowland, in his "Mona Antiqua," mentions a place in Anglesea called Cær Idris, also Bôd Idris, or "Idris's abode or mansion," in Yale, Denbighshire, which still retains the name, as well as that of Llêch Idris, or "the shelter of Idris," a farm so called, at Trawsoynydd in Merionethshire, which also may imply the grave of Idris. Idris is supposed to have flourished in the third or fourth century, and his genealogy from an old manuscript, runs thus:—"Idris Gawr ab Gwyddno, ab Tibion, ab Cunedda Wledig."

Snowdon and Cader Idris were formerly supposed to be the Parnassian hills of Wales, and none but good bards could claim so elevated a seat.

Idris, the champion or bard, invented the harp; or, if the Gomerian Britons brought that instrument into the country when they first inhabited the island, it seems to have been lost and forgotten; for Idris is said to have invented something similar; but it is probable he only made some improvement on the ancient harp, or perhaps his superior skill in performing on it might have gained him that reputation. From all that can be gathered from tradition, he was a learned man, an astrologer, and a bard; and it

is likely that the summit of this mountain was chosen by him, to examine from thence the movements of the heavenly bodies, to write his inspired verses, or to frame laws for the government and benefit of his country.

The walk from this spot to Dolgelly is exceedingly beautiful; and as the tourist approaches the town before crossing the bridge which is flung over the river Mawddach, a sign of some importance attracts his attention upon the right: it runs thus:

R. PUGH,
Guide General
To the Waterfalls, Cader Idris,
And all the curious scenery in
The vicinity of Dolgelly.

N.B. Licenced to let saddled horses.

DOLGELLY,

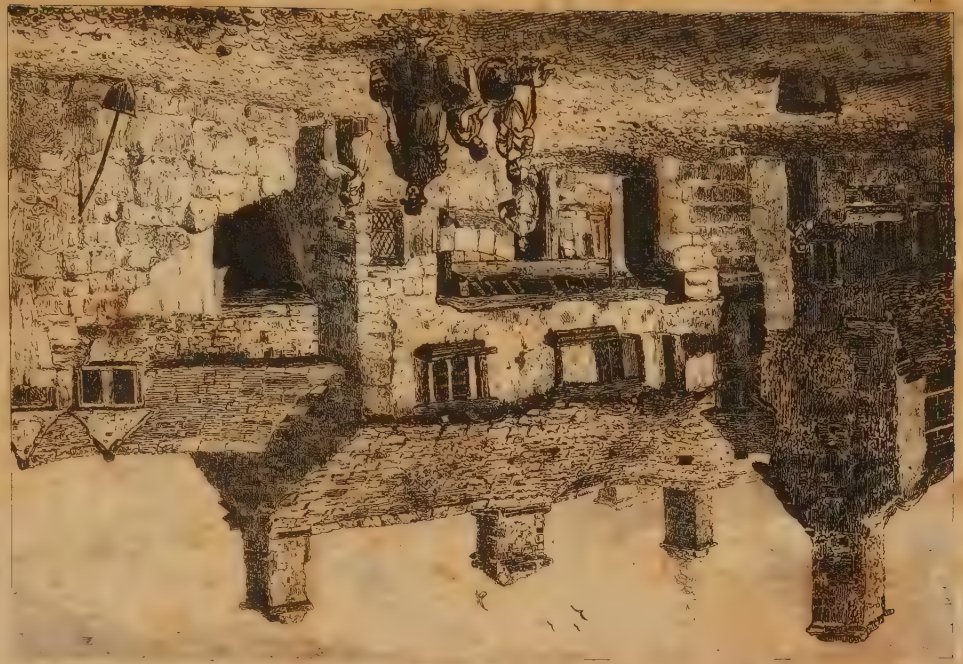
or Dolgellen, the Dale of the Hazel, is the principal market town in Merionethshire, and the assizes are held here, alternately with Bala. The town hall, the most important building, is a neat stone edifice, erected in the year 1825, and cost £3000. It is built near the banks of the river Wnion, (pronounced Oonion) and the

court room is fitted up with every necessary accommodation for the officers of justice. In the hall is a very fine portrait of Sir R. W. Vaughan, Bart, painted by Sir M. A. Shee, F.R.A.

Part of an old building, called "Cwrt Plâs yn-y Drêv," or the Town-hall Court is still remaining, amongst a range of wretched hovels, at the back of the post office, in which a parliament was held by Owen Glyndwr. The county jail at the outskirts of the town is of a semicircular form, built of stone, and was erected in 1811, at an expense of £5000.

St. Mary's Church is a neat limestone edifice, of Grecian architecture, with a handsome tower, and an expansive nave. In it is an ancient monument of an armed knight, who is represented in a suit of mail, helmet, a neck guard, a sword in his hand, and a dog at his feet; a lion passant gardant is on his shield, upon which is inscribed: "Hic jacet Mauric Filius Ynyr Vychan. There is a modern one lately erected to the memory of Baron Richards.

The town is celebrated for a manufacture of coarse woollen cloths and flannels, called webs. The old town hall is used for various purposes; English church service is performed there every other Sunday; it is also used as a national



school, and children are there taught to sing the church psalms. It is likewise known as the theatre, and a Mr. Glover (son of Mrs. Glover, of the London theatres) is the manager. It is kept open sometimes for two months successively ; admittance to boxes 2*s*, pit 1*s*.

Those fond of fine scenery should ascend the mountain from the north side of the vale, to obtain the best view of the town, as it lies sheltered at the foot of the majestic Cader Idris, which rears its lofty shoulders in the clouds.

Clustering woods adorn the opposite range of mountains, as they slope in irregular masses westward to the ocean ; and in the midst may be distinguished the residences of Mr. Reveley and Captain Anwyl.

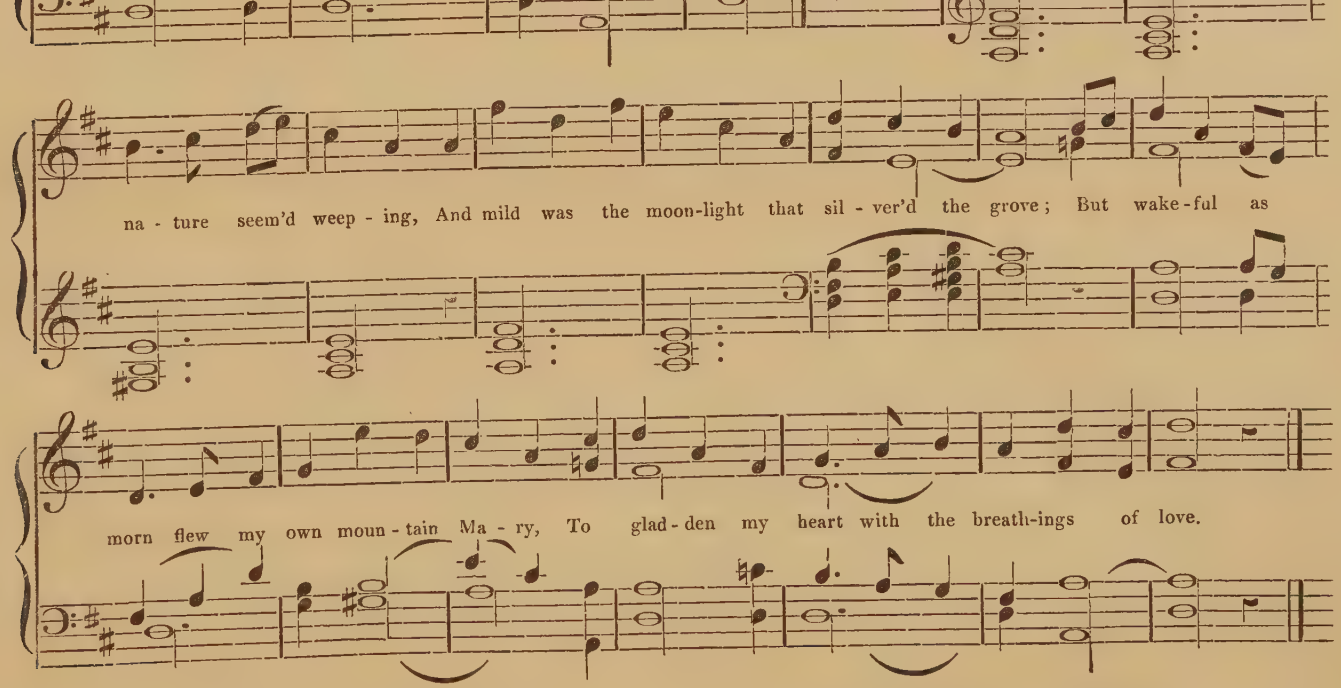
The river beautifully meandering through the green meadows, the solemn quietude that prevails around, disturbed only by the sound of the church clock, marking the progress of the fleeting hours with lengthened tone, which, like the music of another world, sweeps through the enchanting vale, combine to render this a place where those not wedded to routs, masquerades, gambling and licentiousness, might wish to live and die.

Dolgelly contains several good inns, of which the most frequented are the Golden Lion, the

Angel and the Ship. Comfortable lodgings may likewise be obtained, at a cheap rate, by those who desire to remain in the neighbourhood for the purpose of making excursions to the falls, Kymmer Abbey, and Nannau Park, the fishing stations, Dol y Gamedd on the Avon, Llyn Cregenan, Llyn Gador, Llyn Geirw, Tal y llyn, &c.

DOLUWCHEOGRYD,

the residence of Mr. Roland Williams, is delightfully situated on the side of a mountain rising from this vale. I have read of a man who made search through the world for true hospitality, and returned to his cell without finding it. It is certain that he never entered the abode of Mr. R. Williams, which is the habitation of unaffected kindness, unpresuming intelligence, and unostentatious hospitality—the retreat of peace, love and friendship, where the stranger is received with warmth and cordiality, his wants anxiously anticipated and administered to, where the cheerful glass is rendered doubly valuable by the accompaniment of a hearty welcome, and where the administering hands of the fair inmates render every species of generosity doubly dear to the favoured individual

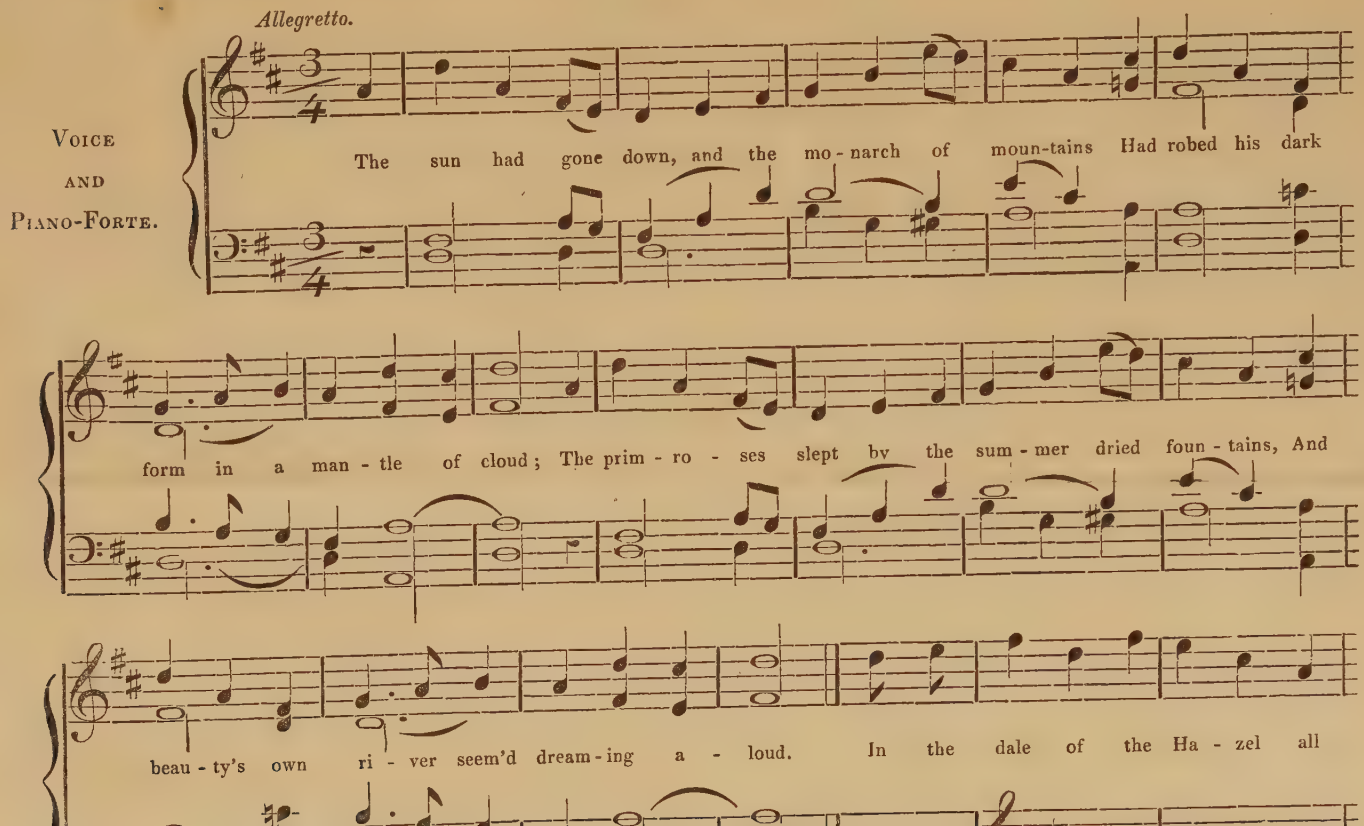

na - ture seem'd weep - ing, And mild was the moon-light that sil - ver'd the grove; But wake-ful as
morn flew my own moun - tain Ma - ry, To glad - den my heart with the breath-ings of love.

She looked down to blush, from the gaze of her lover,
Her snowy lids veiling her heaven-blue eyes;
More sweet was her breath than the dew-sprinkled clover,
When morning first breaks through the gates of the skies.
The land-breeze sprang up, and my bark tripp'd her anchor,
Ah me, how we started to feel that fair wind,
"Remember," she cried, "the dear dale of the Hazel
And poor mountain Mary left weeping behind."

Far, far did I wander in climes hotly burning,
Till fortune repaid me with wealth in good store;
Then swift as a bird's flight o'er high waves returning,
Our vessel was wafted to Abermaw's shore.
With the speed of the roe-buck I flew to my Mary,
Joy's tears from her eyes fell like midsummer rain;
And now in Dolgelley by wedlock united,
The world and its wealth shall ne'er part us again.

MOUNTAIN MARY. (*Air*—"Cader Idris.")

Arranged by W. FORDE.


Allegretto.
VOICE AND PIANO-FORTE.
The sun had gone down, and the mo - narch of moun-tains Had robed his dark
form in a man - tle of cloud; The prim - ro - ses slept by the sum - mer dried foun - tains, And
beau - ty's own ri - ver seem'd dream - ing a - loud. In the dale of the Ha - zel all

who is admitted into that happy sanctuary. The only feeling of regret I experienced while at Doluwcheogryd was occasioned by the necessity of leaving it so soon.

The tourist should not quit Dolgelly without visiting the waterfalls, which, after heavy rains, are very magnificent. As I was still suffering from the severe sprain, I was accommodated by Mr. Williams, who also obliged me with his company, with a very fine horse to carry me to the falls ; and bold and sure-footed, he performed his duty nobly, in spite of crags, cliffs, hills and hollows.

Passing the house of Miss Madock, daughter of the late William Alexander Madock, Esq., we came to the cataract.

THE RHAIADR DU

is situated in the grounds belonging to this lady, called Dôl melynllyn. Here the torrent leaps from a height of sixty feet over precipitous rocks, and plunges with a violence that seems to shake the crags and trees around, into a deep pool, from which it proceeds adown the dingle, over black and broken fragments, to the river Mawddach. A footpath conducts the tourist to the bottom of the falls, from which, stepping upon some loose stones in the middle of the

stream, he will obtain the best view of the cataract. A walk of about three miles brings him to the falls of the Mawddach and Pistyll y Cain, returning from which, he may visit Y Vanner, or Kymmer Abbey, founded in 1198, by Meredith and Griffith, lords of Merioneth, dedicated to St. Mary, and inhabited by monks of the Cistertian order. It is not now, however, worthy of the tourist's attention. But Nannau Park, the seat of Sir Robert William Vaughan, will afford much pleasure to those who visit it. The grounds are thickly wooded, and the mansion is supposed to occupy the highest ground of any residence in Britain. The approach to it is five miles in length; it stands 702 feet above the level of the sea; and the park is celebrated for its venison. Previously to the year 1814, there stood an oak in this park which bore a name terrible to the ears of th peasantry: it was called

DERWEN CEUBREN YR ELLYLL,

which translated, means, "the hollow oak, the haunt of demons." In this oak, it is said Owen Glyndwr immured the body of Howell Sele, the proprietor of this estate, who, while they were walking together, treacherously shot an arrow at the breast of Glyndwr, who, however, having

armour beneath his doublet, fortunately received no hurt. The cause of this treachery is said to have been the indignation expressed by Owen at his kinsman's refusal to join his cause to redress his country's wrongs. Glyndwr forced his body into the hollow of this oak, most likely after having slain him, where, forty years after this event, a skeleton was discovered. The chieftain, after laying waste the mansion and domain of Sele, hastened to join his friends. Sir W. Scott has written a very beautiful poem upon this legend, which will be found in the fifth note to his sixth canto of Marmion, and is called the "spirit's blasted tree." In 1813, this monarch of the wood fell to the ground.

The country from Dolgelly to the mouth of the river is well worth a journey of three hundred miles to visit, even though there were no other objects worthy of notice in North Wales, and will amply compensate the most eager researcher after the sublime and beautiful.

At a turn of the coach road from a place called Te-gwyn, a splendid view of Cader Idris is obtained, particularly in the evening, when the mists arise from the numerous lakes in the vicinity, like volumes of smoke from a domain of fire, curling in fantastic forms around the mountain's waist, leaving its summit stern and

clear in an unclouded sky—like a proud giant surveying with disdain the dwarfish host of which he is the leader.

Thou mighty Cader, whose commanding head
Is alway canopied with winter's snow,
Whose form is rent in many a chasm dread,
Adown whose sides the dashing torrents flow,
And in primeval majesty still throw
Their flakes of foam into the gulph below !
Mine eyes dwell on thy terrors, and my heart
Expands and trembles with a nameless glow !
Wildest of all the mountain kind thou art,
The rampart that protects old Cambria's heart.

Land of the free ! amid thy giant hills,
Whose regal heads appear to prop the skies,
Oh what a thrilling awe my bosom fills
While gazing on thy dark sublimities !
Mountains on mountains, peaks on peaks arise,
Like tents belonging to some Titan race,
Who choosing highest ground, nighest the God,
Again defy the thunderer, face to face,
From heights more vast than Alpine foot e'er trod,
And undismayed await his dreadful nod.

Another noble view attracts attention, at a place called Glan Mawddach—the broad arm of the sea, stretching for miles between the rugged mountains, which, shrouded in veils of silvery mist, fling their dark shadows into the depths of the water. Proceeding onwards, the

seat of the late A. Wynne, Esq., called Athog, now the residence of Mr. Fowden, becomes conspicuous upon the south side of the mouth of the Mawddach, and beyond the extremity of the Bay Celylin point, and the church of which the Rev. J. Parry is rector. The bishop has the power of appointing a curate ; but Mr. Parry retains the tithes to himself. Arriving at

BARMOUTH,

the coach stopped at the Cors-y-gedol arms ; but I proceeded to the Commercial inn, where there is very good accommodation, and a good look-out seaward. A warm bath of sea water refreshed me ; and by the star light I strolled upon the sands, which are very hard and pleasant to walk upon, while my repast was preparing at the inn. The night was calm and serene, and my mind naturally adapted itself to the surrounding scene. "The brave o'erhanging firmament—the majestical roof fretted with golden fire," appeared to me far from being "a foul and pestilent congregation of vapours." My soul took wing, and bounded from star to star, leaping the realms of space, and plunging into infinity, till wearied with its immeasurable flight, it resought its earthly tenement, and my

body, which it left immoveable, as if transformed to marble, resumed its functions. The low moan of the ocean swam on my ear, like heavenly music. A light breeze brought with it delicious freshness ; and, as I looked towards the land, all seemed as quiet as the abode of peace. The lights from the houses had a pleasing effect, as they streamed through the windows, row above row, under and upon the side of the overhanging cliffs.

I returned to "mine inn," and my meal being despatched, retired to bed.

CHAPTER VII.

Description of Barmouth—Sketch of the Town—The Estuary—Friar's Island—Dinas Gortin—Earl of Richmond—Anecdote of the men of Ardudwy, and the men of Denbighshire Mostyn Hall—A pic-nic party.—Llyn Cwm Bychan—Carreg y Saeth—The Witch of Cwm Bychan—Legendary Tale—Bwlch Tyddiad—A mountain ride and a regretful farewell.

"The mountayne men live longer many a yeare
Then those in vale, in plaine, or marrish soyle;
A lustie hart, a cleene complexion cleere,
They have on hill that for hard living toyle;
With ewe and lambe, with goats and kinds they play,
In greatest toyles to rub out wearie day;
And when to house and home good fellowes draw
The lads can laugh at turning of a strawe."

CHURCHYARD.

Barmouth, or Aber-Maw, derives its name from being situated at the embouchure of the river Maw or Mawddach, which at the entrance is ob-

structed by a bar. The old town, viewed from the sea, resembles a fortress of some strength, hanging immediately over the sands. In most cases a lofty situation is an advantage, but here it is the reverse; for so steep is the side of the cliff on which it stands, that the inhabitants of the upper regions are completely smoke-dried from the chimneys of all the dwellings beneath.

The new town stands at the base of the rock, and but for some mounds of sand, that appear likely to grow into mountains by the influence of the winds and waves, would inevitably be washed away by the spring tides. Some of the fishermen's habitations on the beach are at times buried in the drifting sands; and, after a strong wind from the seaward, the inhabitants generally labour hard to clear the obstruction from their doors.

Barmouth had few visitors during my stay, and from the report of those I met with, is greatly decreasing in popularity, which says but little in favour of the lovers of fine scenery. When the tide is at full, the panorama around the estuary cannot be surpassed in beauty. The majestic river winds amongst rocks, clad with purple heather, or projecting in barren grandeur, that lift their jagged summits tier over tier, and peak overtopping peak, while still tremendous, tower-

ing over all, the lofty Idris looms in the back ground. Green hills and woody promontories, forests that stretch into the dark recesses of the mountains, villas and copsewood glens, give an endless variety to the romantic scene.

The town contains about 2,000 inhabitants, and there is a manufactory of flannels and woollen stockings.

At noon, as I was basking upon the sands, or Friar's island, which is situated at the mouth of the river, I had the pleasure to see my new acquaintance and friend gallop into the town, and old Charon having ferried me from the island to the main land once more, I hastened to welcome him, as fast as my damaged limb would suffer me. He proposed driving me to Mostyn Hall, the seat of the Hon. E. M. L. Mostyn; which being agreed to, I ordered dinner to be ready at our return, and we started. The drive upon the Harlech road is bleak; upon the right, the hills are barren; and seaward, beneath the road, is an extensive flat, consisting chiefly of bog land and far from interesting. About a mile and a half from the town, stands the church of Llan Aber, upon the extreme verge of a cliff which overlooks the ocean. The Carnaervonshire mountains have a fine effect stretching into the sea; of which the Rivals,

with their lofty peaks, are noble objects in the distance. Following the chain, the eye rests for a moment upon Garn Bodean, and in the flat between it and Garn Madryn is the town of Pwllhely. The chain is resumed at Rhew mountain, and terminates at Aberdarron point, three leagues from which is Bardsey Island, a conspicuous and interesting object; for there dwelt the bards of old, amongst whom were numbered the fathers of science, the national interpreters, musicians, and legislators, priests, and princes of Cambria. With their oratory they soothed the savage ignorance of mankind into civilization and knowledge, and polished their minds with the powerful aid of music and poetry. After the dreadful slaughter of the monks of Bangor, those who survived took shelter upon this island. A few ruined walls alone remain of the ancient abbey; and the inhabitants, who do not exceed one hundred persons, support themselves chiefly by fishing.

About three miles from Barmouth, upon the summit of the mountain called Dinas Gortin, are the remains of a military encampment, and near to the town there stood a tower, where it is said the Earl of Richmond used to conceal himself, when he visited his secret allies in this part of the country.

Near the military station, are the tombs of the celebrated men of Ardudwy ; who, in imitation of the Roman robbers, made an excursion into Denbighshire, and overcoming the men, forcibly tore the women from their families, and returned in triumph with them to their own country.

But the men of Denbighshire, rallying, pursued the spoilers, and overtaking them in the pass of Drws ardydwy, routed them with great slaughter. But the infatuated women had by this time conceived so extraordinary a passion for their violators, that rather than survive their loss, or perhaps more probably, to escape the fury of their former husbands, they drowned themselves in a lake, which is called the pool of Morwynion.

About two miles further, a road up a steep ascent, conducted us to a fine avenue of trees, through which we passed, and at the termination of it came to a handsome gateway, called Pat Mawr, which admitted us into the mansion of Cors y gedol, which has nothing in it to interest the tourist. The interior of the building is incommodious and inelegant. The drawing-room contains a few wretched portraits and high-backed chairs ; and the rest of the apartments are meanly furnished. The only object of inte-

rest is a window, out of which the Earl of Richmond, afterwards Henry VII, is said to have leaped, when a party of Richard III's soldiers attempted to apprehend him ; it is called the king's window.

We returned to Barmouth by the sea shore, and, after a most delightful drive upon Neptune's boundaries, arrived at the inn, where the evening was passed in conviviality, tempered with prudence, and sweetened by social and interesting conversation. As I had determined upon proceeding to Harlech the following day, my companion was resolved to make the journey as agreeable as possible, and requesting me to forward my knap-sack &c., by the coach, informed me that he would be ready to accompany me in the morning. Requesting him, therefore, to be early at breakfast, we parted for the night.

After despatching a hasty meal next morning, the word was given " to horse and away." My old favourite who bore me so gallantly to the black cataract, was again resigned to my care, and I to his, gentle as a lamb, proud as a war horse and agile as an antelope. I felt like an Arab, on his steed, and I thought I could defy the winds to overtake me. We proceeded once more to Mostyn Hall, which was the appointed spot of rendezvous for a pic-nic party. Here I

had the happiness of meeting some of the choicest flowers of the Welsh Highlands. Youth, beauty, freedom, and innocence, beamed from the laughing eyes and unsullied cheeks of our fair companions. The " how d'ye do's?" " glad to see you," " fine morning," &c. &c., being ended, we moved forward in a formidable cavalcade. Mirth, wit and pleasure played on the lips and sparkled in the eyes of the whole party ; and the animals that bore us seemed to partake of the general feeling, by pricking up their glossy ears, and bounding over the rugged road with more spirit than prudence. Much mirth was occasioned by the opening of gates, and crossing of brooks. At length, the party plunged into a beautiful wood. I paused upon an eminence, to mark the effect as they descended ; it was picturesque in the extreme, as at intervals, through the openings, I caught a partial glimpse of the troop, pursuing their cheerful way down the steep path. Pleased with the sight, I passed the party at a gallop, and arriving at the foot of the hill, remained upon a bridge, close by the woodman's cottage, which crosses a mountain stream, watching their approach.

It was delightful to see them advancing one by one through the thick foliage which hung on

either side of the path, and arching over their heads. On arriving at the foot of the descent, the party drew up, and, had an artist been among us, I am confident he would have produced a picture, which, even on the lifeless canvass, would have delighted the connoisseurs of Somerset House.

The variety of costume, the colour of the horses, the general sensation of delight which lighted up the features of the gay group; the picturesque cottage and bridge, the broad rushing stream, the waving woods, with now and then a glimpse of the sterile mountains, peeping above the beautiful fertility, formed a landscape which Salvator Rosa himself would have been delighted to delineate.

Penetrating through a woody maze, a glen upon our right, and huge wild masses of rock towering above our heads, we passed Crafnant; a house situated in the deep shade of the lonely wood, the residence of Mr. Owen, a surgeon; who, from our not having for a long range of country encountered a civilized residence, barring the woodman's cottage, I felt half inclined to think was only attendant on the quardupeds of the mountain. The rocks now assumed a wild and threatening aspect upon our left, as we emerged into a more open track, and entered

upon the domain of Dolwreiddiog, where Mr. Mawhans has a snug shooting box, a little beyond which, commences perhaps the wildest scenery in North Wales. Descending by a rocky path, we came to

LLYN Y CWM BYCHAM,

or, the lake of the little hollow, on the opposite margin of which, the wild and dismal Carrey-y-Saeth, the rock of the arrow, rears its black head in fearful grandeur. Cwm Bychan, is a grassy dell, surrounded on all sides by the most frightful sterility; which while we gazed with wonder on the sublimity of the scene, made us shudder at the utter desolation it presented. A poor cottage stands on the farther end of the valley, from which, having obtained a plentiful supply of milk, we dismounted, and, fastening our steeds to the gates, we seated ourselves under the shade of two trees, upon the inviting grass, which, like the smiles of the world, proved but too treacherous; many a scream and laugh announcing that the boggy soil had paid no respect to the garments of either sex. Stones were therefore procured, and, having ranged them in a magic circle, the whole party seated themselves to partake of the good cheer, which

a sturdy Welshman had borne upon his shoulders, and who now advanced into the middle of the ring. Knives and forks began to play with astonishing celerity. Fowls, ham, tongue, &c. &c., vanished as if by enchantment; and mirth and good humour added zest to the repast.

In this hollow there dwelt a witch called Janet, and a story is told, which, as its wildness is well adapted to the scenery, I will endeavour to relate. The circumstances are said to have been confessed by old Janet, when under the last torture.

THE WITCH OF CWM BYCHAN.

In the year 1647, when the Parliamentary forces were besieging the castle of Harlech, there happened to be a sturdy trooper, named Jacob Strong-ith-arm, amongst them, a raw-boned man, of about forty years of age, who had a most sanctimonious visage, and a strong nasal twang, which the hypocrites he commanded generally affected as the acceptable tone in which the Lord delighted. He had in his youth been a butcher's boy; but sanctity and the cutting the throats of the royalists had elevated him to the rank of captain in Oliver's army. This man being stationed under General Mytton, during the siege of Harlech Castle, fan-

cied himself in love with Mary Carrol, the daughter of a farmer in the neighbourhood, who was shrewdly suspected of being a favourer of the besieged party. This, however, Jacob did not choose to notice; and, whenever an assault upon the castle was repulsed by the royalists, he returned to lay siege to the heart of Mary Carrol, who had an utter abhorrence to all fanatics and sanctified faces.

"Verily, Mrs. Mary Carrol," he would say, "I love thee!"

"And by the honour of a cavalier," replied the maiden, "I love thee not, Jacob;" for she concealed not her attachment to the royal party, although her father constantly cautioned her to do so.

Long and vainly did Jacob endeavour to obtain the young girl's affections. At length, he bethought himself of Janet, the witch of Cwm Bychan, whose fame was spread for many a mile the country round; and one evening in March a man muffled in a horseman's cloak was seen stumbling over the broken rocks and patches of broom and furze that impeded his way to the cottage where she lived. The moon was obscured by the density of the atmosphere, and small dark remnants of clouds swept midway through the valley, portending heavy rain and

tempest. Often did he kneel and lift his trembling hands, as if in prayer, as he approached the cottage, and many times did he turn round affrighted, believing he heard a brownie brush behind him. At length, he saw a small white dog running towards him, wagging its tail, and looking very glad to see him. Notwithstanding all these tokens of welcome, the teeth of Jacob chattered in his head, as he followed his canine conductor, and his heart sank within him.

When he came to the door, it seemed to fly open without the aid of hands, and, in the middle of the hut, over a turf fire, sat Janet the witch. "Come in!" said she, and repeated these doggerel lines :

> "Thou lovest a young and a pretty bird,
> And little she cares for thee;
> But Mary shall carol, and love thee well,
> If thou'lt give gold to me."

"By the devil and all his imps, Janet," said Jacob, mustering up all the courage he could to support his profanity, "I'll give thee a hundred good pounds if thou wilt make her love me."

"It's a bargain!" quoth Janet, and she griped his hand till he thought he felt all the

blood in his body running out at his fingers ends, and then she gave him this warning :

" When the change is wrought, shouldst thou in aught
'Gainst thy free oath rebel,
Soon shall, in dole, Harlech's bell toll
A sinner's parting knell !"

" Go thou to Mary's cottage to-morrow morning by the ninth hour ; thou shalt find her mind altered, and on the third morning will I call on thee for the fulfilment of thy promise. Away !"

As she spoke, he found himself suddenly whisked away into the centre of a furze bush, where, stuck fast, he stood gaping at the door of the cottage, which closed against him, as if by enchantment, and all was as quiet as before he had entered it, save the whistling wind and the driving rain, which the clouds now discharged in torrents.

A festival was to be held that night on the side of Mount Atlas, and all witches were desired to attend and join in the revelry, at the command of his imperious majesty, Satan himself; and, no sooner had Jacob departed, than old Janet began to anoint herself, singing her incantations all the while.

" To thee, to thee, thou mighty one !
Whose name is big with fear,
I pay my adoration deep,
While I anoint me here ;

And in this ointment I have put
Mixtures of mighty power,
To aid my flight, thorough the night,
To thee, at trysting hour.

The Lady Gordon's fav'rite child
I've roasted for this night,
And thus its fat upon my lids
I drop to aid my sight.

Come dance around, my fav'rite imps,
Robin and Prick-ear come !
Twice must the ocean wide be crossed
Ere we again come home.

With serpents' oil I smear my cheeks,
To smooth my wrinkled skin,
And outward wear the show of youth,
Though all is old within.

With blood of matricide I dye
My lips to ruby red,
And with the deep black soot of hell
The white locks of my head ;

With tints from murdered virgin's face
I gaily deck my own,
Till either cheek appears to wear
A rose flower newly blown ;

Come dance around, my favourite imps,
Robin and Prick-ear come,
Twice must the ocean wide be crossed,
Ere we again come home.

Her preparations being completed, she mounted upon the back of Robin, and attended by Prick-ear, flew through the air to the witches' festival.

The inhabitants of Mauritania, who resided in the vicinity of Mount Atlas, were struck with fear and wonder at the flickering lights and fitful sounds of numerous instruments that were seen and heard upon the mountain's sides. Loud peals of laughter and shouts of merriment astonished the peasantry, for many miles around! Glad enough was the arch-fiend to see old Janet, who was a favourite, and he knew she had done his service ably. She knelt down, and did him homage, repeated the accursed prayer, and recounted to him the deeds she had performed since the last merry meeting,—at which he smiled, and gave her a smack that sounded like the report of a piece of ordnance; and back to back, with arms locked together, did they whisk it about, to the great delight of the assembly; after which, Prick-ear, who had assumed his human shape, led her to the feast, and whispered

soft words into his mistress's ear; and they kissed and toyed, as did the rest; and in mirth, love, and jollity, the night passed rapidly away. But Janet forgot not in her mirth, to beg a boon of Satan, which was, that he would turn the inclinations of Mary Carrol upon the trooper, Jacob Strongith-arm, which being granted, the usual ceremony at parting was performed, and again crossing the ocean, she arrived at Cwm Bychan before the dawn, with her attendant imps.

With a fluttering heart, Jacob knocked at the door of his mistress, on the morning after his adventure with old Janet, and could scarcely believe his good fortune, when he saw Mary, with smiles of delight, hasten to the door, to welcome him; and he inwardly blessed the old witch for having performed her promise so faithfully. He spoke of love to Mary, and she heard him without a frown; and so impatient was the accepted lover, that the third day was appointed for the marriage to take place. But Jacob thought no more of the witch who had brought about his good fortune.

The third morning came, and the bells were ringing merrily the wedding peal for Mary Carrol and Jacob Strongith-arm, and all their friends were seated at breakfast in the bride's cottage,

when, as the clock struck nine, three distinct and heavy knocks were heard at the door, which being opened, old Janet presented herself before the astonished party, for they all believed she had evil communication with Satan.

The bridegroom grew red with shame and passion, and when Janet told him she had come for the payment he promised, he vowed, if she did not quit the house, he would tie her neck and heels, and fling her out of the window. This threat made Janet wrathful, and with heavy maledictions that struck terror into the hearts of all the company, she turned her back upon them, and departed from the house.

No sooner had she quitted it, than a new wonder arose—the bride flew hastily to her apartment, nor could all her friends prevail upon her to quit it. Her former dislike to Jacob returned with redoubled violence. She refused to become his bride, and kneeling down returned thanks to heaven for the fate she had escaped. All was confusion. The disappointed bridegroom with dreadful threats of vengeance, dashed furiously out of the house, in the direction of Cwm Bychan.

Rage subdued fear in his breast, and the pathless rocks, over which he had to scramble, seemed to add fresh fuel to his flames. Long

and loudly did he knock at the door of Janet's hut, until maddened with delay, he with his foot sent it flying from its hinges, and there he saw a figure resembling himself modelled in wax, with a needle passed through the body, placed before a fire—and on a sudden Jacob began to sweat with fear. All the horrors attached to this well known ceremony amongst witches, rushed to memory. He remembered the story of King Duncan of Scotland, which he had often read over, with pious terror, in the pages of Hollingshed, who was in this way tortured by a witch, and, with prayers and ejaculations, he ran from his effigy, stumbling and breaking his knees over the rugged stones, while thorns and briars tore his quivering flesh, as, unconscious of the pain, he scrambled through. At length, in horrid plight, breathless and faint, he reached his quarters in the town of Harlech, where he was shortly after put to bed in extreme agony, both of body and mind.

> ' Weary seven nights, nine times nine,
> Did he dwindle, peak, and pine."

Meanwhile, General Mytton was hotly besieging the castle, which was defended, with almost unprecedented bravery, by William

Owain, the governor, with no more than twenty-eight followers. In vain did the clang of arms strike upon the warlike ears of Jacob ;—he might have exclaimed, in the language of Othello—

> "Farewell the plumed troop, and the big war
> Which makes ambition virtue—oh farewell!

But, as he never read such profane authors, he contented himself with a pious curse or two every second on the witch who had reduced him to such a state of feebleness. He who was once foremost in the onset, whose voice would animate his soldiers with a religious zeal, and oft reclaim the fortune of the fight—the brawny, fearless Presbyterian lay like a puling infant on his bed, wasted and pale, with scarcely breath enough to render himself audible to those around him.

Sorely did Mytton need his aid, his reckless daring in leading an assault—for the stimulating energy of his example was electric.

One night, when he heard the loud shouts of the enemy, and the declining voices of his friends, Jacob grasped his sword, and, starting from his bed, rushed, or rather staggered, to the barbican, which had been scaled by a small body of the

parliament forces, who surprised the warders at the drawbridge, which crossed the fosse upon the inside, when, from the interior a body of the royalists rushed with desperate valour, the assailing party were forced to retreat by opening the massy gate of the barbican, but not without leaving many wounded and dying comrades in the deep fosse, into which they had been thrown during the struggle on the drawbridge. At this critical moment, when disgrace appeared to hang over the banner of his leader, Jacob, *en chemise*, forced his way into the scene of action, striking terror to the foe, who took him for an apparition, and invigorating the hearts of his friends. The royalists, who had advanced, were driven back again in their turn.

But the hope of victory betrayed the besiegers to their ruin. Jacob, determined to take the castle or die, with a huge axe was cutting through the drawbridge to deprive his followers of all hope of escape, by retreating that way; and the battle became furious beneath the double portcullis which crowns the principal entrance. The besieged were driven nearly into the inner court, when the mighty voice of Owain cried aloud—"Let fall the portcullis!" So promptly was this order obeyed, that the outer and inner grating enclosed the besiegers, as in a

cage, and left them entirely at the mercy of their conquerors.

Fortunately for Jacob, his weakness prevented him from carrying his purpose into effect, and he retired, covered with confusion, to his bed, while his companions whom he was forced to leave behind, resigned their arms, through the inner grating, to their enemies, and were then committed to the dungeons of the fortress.

On the morning after this defeat, a party of men, who had been sent into the mountains to forage for goats, sheep, or provender of any kind that might fall in their way, chanced to pass near old Janet's dwelling, and they resolved to revenge the cruel persecution of their captain, if they could light upon the witch, who had occasioned his long sufferings. Accordingly, they entered the cottage, where they perceived, before the dying embers of a turf fire, the waxen image with which she worked the charm, almost wasted away, but still bearing a strong resemblance to Jacob Strongith-arm. This they seized, and instantly committed to the water, placing, at the same time, some dried wood upon the turf, which, with the aid of some gunpowder, was ignited. A quantity of dried furze and heather was then piled upon it, and, in a

short time, the flames communicated with the rafters of every part of the building.

As they turned from the cottage, one of the party perceived an old woman floating upon a plank on the lake, twisting and jumping, capering and splashing, in a manner that made his hair stand on end. It was old Janet herself, whose imps had deserted her, or he would never have been able to detect her at her pastime. There she floated, twirling about, sometimes on one leg, and then upon the other, till all of them being convinced it was the witch, they resolved to seize her, and convey her to the General.

Three of them, named John Brown, James Haddock, and Joseph Stilt, being the most courageous of the party, volunteered to capture her, though the devil himself stood at her elbow, while she, not knowing that her imp, Robin, whose power made her invisible to mortal eyes, had quitted her, kept dancing on, without dreaming of any harm that could befall her from the approach of mortals, although the plank upon which she stood nearly touched the border of the pool. Suddenly, Joseph Stilt, who was the foremost, roared out—"The witch! the witch!—we have her!" Janet then, for the first time, felt afraid; but she still had some

power left, and Joseph Stilt, as he made a spring to come up with her, stuck fast in a quagmire as deep as his chin, close to the edge of the lake, where he remained storming, without the power to extricate himself. James Haddock, who leaped over his head, sank to the bottom, and narrowly escaped drowning. But John Brown, who always carried a verse of scripture in front of his hat, calling on the Virgin for support, alighted on the plank by the witch's side, and, seizing her by the hair, ferried her to a safe landing place, when his comrades, James Haddock, and Joseph Stilt, having been assisted, by their fellows, out of jeopardy, assisted him to convey her to Harlech, where they were told that the dreadful exudations of Jacob had ceased, and, upon comparing their accounts, they found that his recovery commenced at the very moment when they flung his waxen effigy into the water, and set fire to the witch's hut.

When Janet was brought before the General and Jacob Strongith-arm, she laughed to see his once stout frame dwindled as it was, and her laugh frightened them all; so they tied her to a stake, and then began to question her; but she disdained to make any reply. They then tried the torture of the thumb-screw, but Janet only

spat in their faces, for the devil was strong within her ; and James Haddock lost his eye, from the heat of her saliva. The soldiers marvelled at her obstinacy, and Jacob, growing full of ire, commanded them to fire a harquebuss at her, if she persisted in her stubbornness. But this threat only increased the fiendish laugh of old Janet into a yell of scorn. All threats proving useless, the harquebussier fired his piece. But how were they astonished to see the witch grinning defiance at them all, and holding the ball up between her right finger and thumb ! Another was fired at her, which she caught in the left ! Stilt, mad to see her triumph thus, ran at her with his sword, which shivered to pieces upon her breast ; and all this time the witch laughed, and spat at, and reviled them. At length, Brown, who had first arrested her, remembering he had been told that a witch, if bled in any of the veins that cross the temples would soon give up the ghost, walked boldly up to her, when the devil, scared at his intentions, instantly quitted his votaress, and she, left helpless, could only storm, and rave, and curse, and beg for life. But Brown drew the keen blade across the full purple veins, and, with a scream of terror, she fell to the ground.

Many crimes did she confess to the holy man, who attended her last moments ; besides the one just related, which render " the little hollow," a spot of fearful interest to the mountaineer, who, as he passes the lake at nightfall, turns many an anxious glance behind, and fancies that he hears, at times, the sound of unearthly voices in the gale, that sweeps by him in this wild and lonely dell.

The castle was soon after surrendered to the Parliament forces, by its brave commander, who had the honor of knowing, that he was the last, who yielded up the trust confided to him, by his sovereign.

Our repast being concluded, we again mounted our horses, and commenced an ascent up a dank, cheerless hollow, called *Bwlch Tyddiad.* Nothing can exceed the wildness of the scenery, by which we were surrounded. Huge masses of rock, riven by the thunder bolt, or loosened by the frost, lay scattered in every direction, while, towering upon either side, the herbless mountains frowned, barren, black, grey, and terrible.

Our horses, accustomed, I presume, to such excursions, picked their way with the greatest care and safety, and my " Gallant Brown,"

cleared every impediment, as if he had been foaled amongst the Alps, and loved them better than the verdant plain. Drawing nearer to the top of the clift, the shepherds had made a stair-like path of flat stones, along which our cavalcade proceeded with caution; when suddenly we halted upon hearing the distant halloos of travellers ascending the oppos te side of the mountain; and presently three persons, one of whom was leading a wearied animal by the bridle, became distinctly visible. A shout of recognition from our party roused all the echoes of the surrounding hills. The figures, as they became more distinct, seemed magically transported with myself into the heart of the Sierra Morena, where Cardenio, Don Quixote, and Sancho Panza, appeared to me in their proper persons; for never was description better realized, than in the figures that now presented themselves. The first was a handsome, well formed man, with light brown hair, which hung in plentiful thickness upon his shoulders; his untrimmed beard, joined by overhanging moustachios, and the two being united to the upper growth, by a pair of whiskers, the luxuriance of which shewed they were permitted to grow in uninterrupted freedom. His throat was bare, and his dress negligent. The second figure that attracted my

London, Published 1838, by Henry Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

endeavouring to extricate my fly, my foot slipped, and I found myself up to my waist in water, and my foot jammed between two pieces of rock at the bottom, from whence I was glad to extricate it by leaving my shoe behind. It was very unfortunate. I cursed my ill-luck, sat down upon the bank, put up my flies, put my broken rod in its case, and prepared to return to my inn. But—I had only one shoe! I endeavoured to recover the lost one, but in vain. Doubtless it was buffetting its way amongst rushing waters and fragments of rock, full half a mile off by this time. How I should get to the Oakley Arms, through all the uneven stony ways, I knew not. I could not hop all the way, it was very evident; and to attempt to walk with but one shoe, would deprive me of the sole of my foot. At this moment, taking out my silk handkerchief to wipe my brows—ah!—the thing was settled. I bound it as many times doubled as I could round my foot, tying it about with a part of my fishing line, and in this lamentable state, I reached the house.

No routed warrior from the field of battle ever looked more chop-fallen than I, in re-entering my late happy dining-room. It was not an hour—no, not an hour ago—when, all elate and joyous, I walked forth, pregnant with hope and jollity. Look

at me now—'twas lamentable! I rang the bell; the waiter came in, and no sooner cast his eyes on me, than he broke into an uncontrollable laugh. I confess I expected a very different reception, and my first impulse was to kick him out of the room; but casting my eyes upon my handkerchief-bound foot, turned the whole current of my feelings, and I could not forbear joining in the laugh, for the soul of me.

The waiter's view of the case was undoubtedly the correct one. I felt it, and it was actually with difficulty I accounted to him for my present appearance, my ideas had undergone so complete a revolution from tragic to comic!

"Well—'tis a funny world," said I; "bring me a pair of slippers, water to wash, a bottle of port, and a cigar.

I was just in the marrow of my cigar, when two young gentlemen, who had pedestrianized from Llanwrst since the morning, entered the room. They were fair-haired Saxons, and particularly unacquainted with all they had seen in their route. I requested them to join me, and they were pleased to honour me with their company. But their stock of information being remarkably small, I resolved within myself to avoid the route they intended to pursue on the following morning, and understanding they

The animal conducted by the tall, thin gentlemen, before described, started as his fellow quadruped rushed by him, and, freeing himself from control, dashed after him, at an alarming pace; leaving his late master, with eyes starting out of their sockets, and mouth wide open, with affright, his arms spread out, and his whole frame in convulsions of terror, upon the top of a large stone, ludicrously bewildered. My steed, evincing the truth of the proverb, "evil communications" etc. for a moment lost his presence of mind, and despising my efforts to restrain him, bounded over sundry perilous rocky fragments, in desperate pursuit. However, by divers forcible arguments, I at length succeeded in convincing him of his error, and he returned to his duty.

The two runaways were soon out of sight, and as we concluded they had broken their necks, we moved rather solemnly to the bottom of the hollow, where our fears were dissipated, by finding them quietly browsing in the green meadows, where we had before seated ourselves at pic-nic. All here remounted; the sun's rays still lingering upon the heights of *Carreg-y-Saeth*, but the pool below looked black and cheerless. As we proceeded, the beautiful calm light of evening, the cool and refreshing air,

" the shard borne beetle, with his drowsy hum," the forest flies and midges dancing in the clear ether, the murmuring of mountain streams, and the joyous notes of our little party, uniting with the sharp tones of our horses' shoes, clinking against the rocky fragments, formed a combination of pleasing sounds and images in this romantic solitude, which I shall ever remember with feelings of interest and delight. After riding about three miles, surrounded by every charm that could make the time pass pleasantly, we arrived at the place of parting. A road branching to the right led directly to Harlech, a distance of about two miles ; and here, with a feeling of regret, I hardly ever before experienced, I took leave of my kind conductor, and his agreeable friends, a man being appointed to walk with me as far as Harlech, for the purpose of taking back his master's horse.

Slowly and sadly I pursued my solitary ride, nor did I once address my attendant, until I arrived at the inn, where dismounting, I committed to his charge my gallant supporter throughout the day.

CHAPTER VIII.

Harlech—The Inn—The Castle—Anecdote of Dafydd ap Ivan ap Einion—Road to Maentwrog—View—A persevering Cobbler—The Oakley Arms—Pleasures of Fly fishing—New Companions—Angling Stations—An Adventure—Road to Tremadoc—Tan y Bwlch—Port Madoc Breakwater and Mountain Scenery described—Tremadoc—Tan yr Allt—Pont Aber Glas Llyn—Lines written at the Bridge—Beddgelert—The Inn—Story of a Pointer.

"Rise from thy haunt, dread genius of the clime,
Rise, magic spirit of forgotten time!
'Tis thine to burst the mantling clouds of age,
And fling new radiance on Tradition's page:
See at thy call from Fable's varied store,
In shadowy train the mingled visions pour;
Here the wild Briton 'mid his wilder reign,
Spurns the proud yoke and scorns the oppressor's chain,
Here wizard Merlin, where the mighty fell,
Waves the dark wand and chaunts the thrilling spell."

Prize Poem, T. S. S.

HARLECH.

The Blue Lion Inn, built by Sir R. W. Vaug-

han, for the accommodation of travellers and tourists, is most delightfully situated. A carriage road from the north leads round to the front, which faces the sea ; and forming a semicircle, permits the vehicles to drive, through a gate on the south end of the house, again into the high road. Great taste is displayed in the erection of this pleasant building ; the parapet wall, with its circular turrets, in which seats are placed for the accommodation of visitors, and the terrace with its neat shrubberies. I must also acknowledge, that the kind attention of the landlord and his servants, deserves the highest commendation.

The view from the terrace is indescribably beautiful. The sea lies stretched beneath ; the majestic ruins of Harlech Castle stand upon a rocky base, frowning in solitary grandeur upon the right ; and beyond, the long line of Carnaervonshire hills projects, like Cambria's lance, forbidding the waves to make further inroads upon her territories.

Pwlhelli and Port Maddock are distinctly visible from this spot ; and the lovers of fine prospects may remain at the Blue Lion for a week, without wishing to stray further than the terrace in search of the sublime and beautiful. The continual variety of light and shadow, with

...don, Published 1838, by Henry Colburn, 13, Great Marlborough Street.

which the mountains are alternately robed, the freshness of the air, and the solemn majesty of the ruined fortress, form altogether a volume for the mind to peruse with intense and unwearied interest.

HARLECH CASTLE.

The present castle was built by Edward I. in 1283, upon the ruins of one erected by *Maelgwn Gwynedd*, Prince of North Wales, in 530. It was seized by the Welsh hero, Owen Glyndwr, during his struggle for freedom against Henry IV, and was retaken about four years afterwards, by an army sent by that monarch into Wales. After the defeat of Henry VI. at Northampton, this castle afforded a retreat for his queen; but being hotly pursued by the Lord Stanley, she was compelled to fly from hence with great precipitation, leaving her jewels and other valuables behind her.

In 1468, this place was in possession of Dafydd-ap-Ivan-ap-Einion, a man of singular strength and beauty, and of unconquerable bravery. Being a firm friend to the Lancastrian line, the Earl William of Pembroke was despatched to reduce the fortress; and, after encountering incredible difficulties, marching

through the very heart of the British Alps, he at length invested the castle, and committed the management of the siege to his brother Sir Richard Herbert, a man equal in size and prowess to the British commandant. The reply of the Welshman, when called upon to surrender, deserves to be handed down as a specimen of bravery and loyalty. He had never acknowledged the sovereignty of Edward; and for nine years, had defied his threats. His answer was in keeping with the line of conduct he had adopted: "Tell your leader," said he to the messenger, "that some years ago I held a castle in France against its besiegers so long, that all the old women in Wales talked of me: tell your commander, that I intend to defend this Welsh castle now, until all the old women in France shall hear of it."

Famine, however, at last subdued him; but he yielded only upon honourable terms, Sir Richard pledging himself for his safety. The king at first refused to subscribe to the conditions; but Sir Richard, with a spirit that cannot be sufficiently applauded, instantly informed his majesty that he must take his own life first; for if he lived he would certainly replace the Welsh chieftain in his strong hold again. The king was too well acquainted with the value of Sir

Richard's services and scrupulous honour, to persist in his unjust intentions. He therefore, ratified the conditions, and pardoned the chief. But the brave Englishman was soon after recalled from his military command.

In the civil wars of Charles I. Harlech Castle was the last that held out for the king, under the command of William Owain, who surrendered on the ninth of March, 1647.

Upon the side which faces the sea, the castle must have been impregnable ; the walls are scarcely distinguishable from the rocky base, the whole being a continued surface of dark grey masonry ; and the north and south sides appear nearly as inaccessible. The gateway upon the eastward side is situated between two immense rounders, resembling those of Conway and Carnaervon. The form of the castle is a square, each side measuring seventy yards, and at each corner is a round tower ; but the turrets that were once attached to them the unsparing hand of Time has destroyed. Before the entrance is a deep fosse, cut in the solid rock ; across which a drawbridge was constructed for security and convenience.

The principal apartments are on the eastward, or entrance, side of the inner court. The banqueting hall is opposite ; the windows

of which look out upon the green surface of the sea; and, on the right of the court, there formerly stood a small chapel; the ruins of which are still visible, the pointed window remaining entire. It is impossible to conceive a finer view than is obtained from the towers of Harlech Castle. With a clear atmosphere, the monarch of the Welsh mountains may be distinctly seen, towering above his subject hills. The promontories of Lleyn and Cricaeth Castle, are likewise objects of considerable interest; the latter forming a head to a long neck of land that juts into the sea from the Carnaervonshire coast, backed by a chain of noble mountains. This castle likewise owes it foundation to Edward I.

Harlech is one of those places the traveller leaves with regret, and a feeling that he can never see any so beautiful again; and from this place to the village of Maentwrog, the road increases in beauty every mile.

The Bay of Cardigan, expanding to the ocean, lies beneath, on the left; upon the right, wild rocks and woody hills alternately diversify the prospect, and, approaching the northern extremity of the bay, the Traith Mawr and Traith Bach, two arms of the sea (the former running up to Port Madoc, and the latter into the vale of Maentwrog), are noble objects.

The Traith Bach, bounded by mountains upon either side, prepares the tourist for the heavenly quietude which reigns eternally in the bosom of this earthly paradise ; and, about two miles from the village, near a farm house called Cemlyn, one of the most beautiful views of the valley lies stretched before him. A woody dingle opens on the right, down which the Velin Rhyd rushes impetuously, mingling its bright waters with the smoothly meandering Dwyryd, which commingling, flow gracefully into Cardigan Bay.

In front, and upon the right of the vale, lies the little picturesque village of Maentwrog, reposing at the foot of a lofty mountain. Fine green meadow lands enrich the centre of the valley, through which the river, like a silver serpent, " drags its slow length along." Upon the opposite side is seen the mansion of Tan y Bwlch, backed by a mountain forest, and ornamented by a noble terrace in front, with pleasure grounds and walks, which the eye loves to rest upon.

The road to Festiniog, at the extreme point of the landscape, winds up the enclosing hills that fill up the back ground. To be appreciated, the view must be seen : the most glowing description would fall incalculably short of the reality.

At this spot I was accosted by a very inquisitive personage.

"Fine evening, sir."

"Yes."

"Walking far to-day, sir?"

"Yes."

"A great many gentlemen come from London to see this valley, sir."

"I suppose so," (trying to shake him off, but it would not do).

"You come from London, I think, sir?"

"Why do you think so?"

"Only because a great many London people come this way, sir."

"But do not many other travellers come this road, who are not Londoners?"

"Oh yes, sir, but I took you for a Londoner by the cut of your coat. You've come a long way to-day, sir?"

"I have, but how should you know that?"

"By the condition of your boots, sir."

This was a hit I did not anticipate; for, truth to say I was nearly bootless, at least the *soles* had nearly left their *bodies*, upper leathers I mean, and stood mortally in need of regeneration; and, as I had not provided myself with a second pair, thinking they would prove cumbersome in my knapsack, his remark was felt from toe to heel.

" You'll want these repaired, I dare say, sir, while you remain at the Oakley Arms—comfortable inn—capital beds, sir."

" Why I think I shall, my friend ; perhaps you can recommend me to a cobbler, in the village yonder," (pointing to Maen Twrog).

" I am a boot maker, sir, in the village, and have cobbled, as you are pleased to call it, the soles of all strangers in need, for the last twenty years. My father performed that office before me ; and I may say, my all (awl) of life depends upon the gentlemen who visit our beautiful valley."

" You are not employed then by the inhabitants of your native village ?"

" I *was*, sir ; but a new comer, who wrote over his door ' leather cutter,' cut me out ; for I never found business enough to set up a shop, and so, sir, I am obliged to watch for customers, to keep up my trade. Those boots of yours, sir, will give me dinners for half the week, if you will only let me give them welts, soles, and heeltaps. You've got a fine foot, sir."

This piece of gross flattery did not prevent my telling him to follow me to the inn, and receive the reward of his perseverance and industry.

THE OAKLEY ARMS.

TAN Y BWLCH.

I was tired, and gladly resigned my dilapidated boots to the care of my *soles'* physician; who, with a most respectful bow, promised to let me have them by eight o'clock on the following morning.

Having partaken of a most excellent dish of fish, a small portion of roasted mutton, strawberry tartlet, cheese, celery, &c., I thought I should like to try my fortune in the lovely stream of Dwyryd. I therefore requested the waiter to procure me the loan of a pair of shoes or boots, suitable for the purpose, proposing to pay for the accommodation. I was soon supplied, and, anticipating a delightful evening's sport, sallied forth with complete apparatus.

How deceitful are the views of man! I cast my line—it was a fatal cast—I struck at an imaginary or real rise, and in an instant all my hopes were crushed; for my rod broke off at the second joint, and sailing down the stream, was suddenly brought up by one of the flies hooking a fragment of rock. With much trouble I recovered the shattered top pieces, but in

attention, was a very tall and extremely thin young man, with a serious cast of features, that would have done honor to the knight of the woful countenance. In his hand he led a jaded hack, which in the ascent seemed to have yielded up three parts of its existence. Here then was the Rosinante of Cervantes in a breathing form; while, by his side, a short good humoured little man, with a huge portmanteau buckled on his back, walked like a faithful squire, and made an admirable substitute for the immortal Sancho; and, as he turned his eyes from precipice to glen, it required no great stretch of imagination, to think they were wandering in search of his beloved Dapple. We met upon a patch of green moss; and here our hamper was again unpacked, to cheer the hearts of these toil worn travellers.

By their advice, we ascended to the summit of the mountain, the view from which was grand and extensive. To the eastward, a vast country lies beneath, bounded by Cader Idris, the two Arrenigs, and a long range of mountains. Immediately under the lofty eminence, upon which we rested, was a small round lake, and the pass Ardudwy, which exceeds even the celebrated Llanberris in rugged grandeur. The way by which our new companions ascended was both

laborious and dangerous; but they would not have sacrificed the prospect now presented to them on any account. North and south the eye glances over the summits of wild mountains, and to the west the Carnaervonshire chain, cut in two, as it were, by a high mountain, immediately before us, forms the shore of a noble sheet of water, resembling a spacious lake, where the sea stretches its arm, into the vale of Maentwrog, out of Cardigan Bay. The declining sun gave us warning that it was time to quit these wilds, and make the best of our way to the foot of the mountain.

The return is extremely hazardous on horseback. The ladies of the party, therefore, resigning their steeds to the conduct of some mountaineers, and the gentlemen leading their horses by the bridle, commenced the descent. But as I could not, from lameness, advantage myself by like caution, and feeling confident in the tact, strength, and docility of my favourite, I led the way, without experiencing the slightest symptom of uneasiness.

When we had proceeded about half way down, a circumstance occurred, that occasioned some unpleasantness. A horse had broken loose from one of the leaders, and at full speed came galloping down the steep and rugged descent.

meant to visit Harlech Castle, I informed them I should pursue my way to Tremadoc. As I could not extract any information from these tourists, I called for pen, ink and paper, and amused myself with putting down the events of the day, while one of the young men flung his legs upon the sofa, and the other placed his feet on the fender. Deep sonorous notes soon succeeded this arrangement, and I pursued my task without any other interruption, until my attention was drawn to the heavy pattering of rain against the window, and the whistling of a keen wind through the passage. I felt chilly, and drew nearer the fire. The task I imposed upon myself being finished, and the servant having brought me my bed candlestick, I retired to rest, leaving my agreeable companions in the midst of a nasal duet.

Oh, the comforts of a clean room, clean sheets, and a good bed! These I experienced at the Oakley Arms; and I arose refreshed, and eager to commence my walk; but I was doomed to disappointment, for on drawing up the blind of my window, a dark and dismal morning presented itself, the rain falling in torrents, and the lovely valley transformed into a gloomy gorge of rolling clouds. What's to be done? thought I; jump into bed again, answered my careful spirit. I

obeyed the suggestion, and slept another hour, when I again awoke, and on inspection found the day still melancholy and tearful.

I descended to the breakfast room, and there I found my quondam companions in precisely the same attitudes I had left them on the preceding night ;—as motionless and silent, but their musical instruments were out of order, I suppose, as they no longer sent forth their former deep tones, and their eyes indeed were differently directed ; the gentleman on the sofa inspecting the ceiling ; the other profoundly scrutinizing a Dutch figure on the chimney-piece, with a foaming pot of porter in one hand, and a short pipe in the other. It was neither Souter Johnny, nor Toby Philpot ; but I involuntarily roared out " dear Tom, this brown jug," &c. It was like an electric shock to the tourists. One leaped from the sofa, and the other withdrew his feet from the fender with precipitation ; first stared at each other, and then both at me, in mute astonishment. I cheerfully bade them good-morrow, and we sat down to breakfast.

Never did I pray more heartily for a shelter from the storm, than I did now for a gleam of sunshine to cheer me in this horrid calm. These rival Incubuses fretted me.—Ha ! who's that curtseying to me as she passes?—Oh she opens

her basket, intimating she has something to sell; they are hose, I perceive. The rain increases rather than abates its violence.

"Come hither, my girl," said I, as I beckoned her to come in. "She will assist in beguiling the tedious morning,

> "That like a foul and ugly witch
> Does limp so tediously away."

And, having nothing better to do, I put the events of our interview into rhyme.

TRAVELLER

> "Where art thou going, pretty lass?
> The rain falls thick and fast;
> Come in, and dry thy mantle, maid,
> And shun the bleak cold blast."

GIRL.

> "I heed not, sir, the mountain gale,
> Nor thickly falling rain;
> For my poor mother lies at home
> In sickness and in pain;
> And I must haste to sell my work,
> And much I have to spare,
> That I may purchase winter store
> To free her mind from care.

For she is old, and quite infirm,
And child hath none but me,
And oh her heart is yearning now
My face again to see."

TRAVELLER.

" Cold is the heart that would not beat
To see that face of thine,
Where sweet simplicity hath traced
Her lineaments divine."
She turned away her head to hide
A tear upon her cheek;
While piety beamed in her eye,
And resignation meek.

GIRL.

" Oh do not, do not stay me, sir,
For I must to the fair,
To sell my hose, and purchase food,
And things for winter wear."

TRAVELLER.

" I'll buy thy hose; thou shalt not walk
Beneath the drenching rain,
But tarry here until the sun
Shines brightly forth again."
Her hose were bought, she sought her home
With smiles upon her face;
Her heart was light, her eyes were bright
Her every motion, grace.

And happy was the traveller's heart
When bidding her farewell;
Her glance of gratitude, said all,
And more, than tongue could tell.

By the time I had committed this little effusion to paper, the sun shone out gloriously; and it had the astonishing effect of giving a sort of animation to the mute gentlemen, who absolutely rose from their drowsy postures and walked to the window. Thank heaven! I mentally exclaimed; I have a chance now of getting rid of my "musty superfluity;" but I was mistaken.

"You will now be able to start for Harlech," said I.

"Why a—" drawled one, "I am afraid it's too late, as we wish to get to bed early to-night. What do you say, Tom?"

"Why I think so too, Dick; and so we'll be happy to join you, sir, in your walk, as I think you said you intended proceeding to Tremadoc."

I said I should be happy, with a smile, that extracted from one of them the question, "Ain't you well, sir?"

Without replying, I proceeded to put up my little all in the knapsack; having first desired the waiter to bring my bill.

" You'd better put it all together, and we can divide it," said they.

I agreed, and it being discharged, after paying for the shoes which I borrowed for my evening's sport, and for the repairing, which was excellently performed by my loquacious cobbler, I started with my two hopeful friends for Tremadoc. We however, first went to view the grounds of Tan-y-bwlch, the seat of W. G. Oakley Esq. The name signifies " below the pass :" it is situated on the side of a hill which overlooks the vale.

From the terrace of this mansion you command one of the most romantic views in Wales. Harlech Castle is visible upon the right; the Merionethshire mountains tower in the distance, and the entire valley, from Festiniog to Traeth Bychen, watered by the river Dwyryd, is interesting beyond description. Lord Lyttleton tells us, in his observations upon this valley, that an honest Welsh farmer, who died there at 105 years of age, had by his first wife thirty children, ten by his second, and four by his third. His eldest son was eighty-one years older than his youngest, and 800 persons, descended from his body, attended his funeral.

I should be doing injustice to the worthy landlord of the Maentwrog Inn, whose house I used

upon my second visit to this delightful valley, did I not speak in praise of his attention to the comforts of all travellers. Good beds, civil waiters, excellent fare, and cheap charges, render this one of the very best inns in Wales. And hear, ye lingering tourists! you may have bed and board for the inconsiderable sum of one guinea per week; which I think a very considerable temptation to remain at it a month, for there is sufficient in the neighbourhood to interest the most phlegmatic of Adam's progeny. From hence may be visited the following interesting places. The village of Festiniog, three miles, where there are two good inns, the Pengwern Arms, and the Newborough Arms, where post horses and cars are always in readiness; there is also a good boarding-house kept by Miss Owen. The falls of Cynfael, two and a half; the slate quarries, five and a half; the cataracts of the Rhaiadr Du and Ravenfall, two miles; Llyn Llyanyrch, three and a half, where the trout are excellent; Cwmorddin Pool, lies to the northward, about four and a half miles, to which the tourist may be conducted by the railroad. There is a house at each end of the lake where the angler will find accommodation from the hospitable owners for a trifling remuneration. Lynn Mannot contains very large trout, and is six miles from Maent-

wrog, and Llyn Morwynion is about the same distance.

We proceeded along the lower road by the north side of the salts, as the inhabitants of the valley call the arm of the sea, which here has the appearance of a lake begirt with mountains, craggy cliffs, and shadowing woods. Here we bade adieu to the delightful valley of Festiniog, and, after walking about four miles along a pleasant road, a noble sheet of water met our eyes, which appeared to be hemmed in by inaccessible mountains, differing in form from those we had left behind, being more conical, and some shooting upwards like pyramids into the clouds.

As we proceeded, we discovered it to be the Traeth Mawr, which as the sea is hidden from us by a breakwater, has the appearance of a broad lake.

Upon this breakwater, which extends across the bay, is a railroad which conveys slates from the quarries at Festiniog to Port Madoc, where it is calculated ten thousand tons are shipped annually. Port Madoc receives its name from the late William Alexander Maddoc Esq., of Tan-y-allt, as does the town of Tremadoc.

The extraordinary efforts of this enterprising man caused him to be looked up to as the

Prince of the soil. He redeemed, by constructing an embankment of nearly one mile in length from north to south, across the Traeth Mawr, at the eastern extremity of Cardigan Bay, a tract of more than 2,700 acres of land. This enterprise was completed in 1811, and cost upwards of £100,000; so that, with the lands previously recovered, no less than 7000 acres have been regained, 6000 of which are cultivated.

The view from the breakwater is perhaps the finest in North Wales for distant mountain scenery. When the tourist has reached the centre of it, let him turn his back upon the sea, and upon his right he will perceive a hill, called Plas Newedd, from which a range of Alpine scenery stretches up to the monarch of Snowdonia, who towers pre-eminent in the distance. Upon his left another range, commencing with a hill called Moel Ghaist, leads up to the same grand object, and the extraordinary variety displayed in the formation of these wonderful masses with varying lights and shadows that adorn them with sunny crowns or misty mantles, produce a sublimity of effect I never before experienced. A bridge joins the breakwater to the quay at Port Madoc, under which the tide rushes with great impetuosity, covering a vast extent of ground at the flood, which is left nearly

dry at the ebb. About half a mile from Port Madoc, upon a rising ground, stands a handsome house, once the property, though not the principal residence, of the great speculator, which is now inhabited by Mr. Williams, a solicitor, and agent to the creditors of the deceased. Proceeding along the road, in a short time the tourist obtains a peep at the little town of Tremadoc ; but before reaching it he perceives the church, an elegant building, with a tower and lofty spire, which forms a principal object in the landscape. The archway, under which the church is approached, is a beautiful specimen of workmanship, and does equal credit to the taste of the founder and execution of the builder. Divine service is read here in the English language every Sunday, which is a great accommodation to the English families residing in the neighbourhood, as there is no other church within twenty miles where it is so performed.

TREMADOC

or the town of Madoc, is built quadrangularly, and in the centre of the square is a column with a pedestal, round which are twelve steps. On the eastern side is a commodious market house,

above which are the assembly rooms. A market is held here on Fridays, and the Barmouth and Carnaervon coach passes through three times a-week.

Having refreshed ourselves with a luncheon of salad and cold meat, we three trudged off together, in spite of wind and weather, which threatened a speedy commencement of hostilities. Large masses of vapoury clouds were driven above our heads; the swallows skimmed the surface of the river, and brushed the standing corn with their swift wings, as they flew along in the pursuit of their prey; and the wind blew loud and shrilly, as in the month of November. At a short distance from the town, upon the Beddgelert road, is a lofty hill, the base of which is planted with fir trees; through which a path winds up to the mansion of Tan-yr-allt, the late beautiful residence of Mr. Madocks. We had not proceeded far, when we were compelled to seek shelter in a hollow, of which there are many at the feet of the enormous precipices which overhang the road.

The transient storm having passed away, and sunshine once more lighting up the valley, we again pushed forward. The Merionethshire mountains upon the right, decked in their countless hues of rock and heather, over which the de-

parting storm swept with its rolling clouds, in dark magnificence, formed a noble subject for the artist's pencil. The road is elevated above the meadows which enrich the centre of the vale ; and the river, which flows through them, having risen above its banks and spread itself over a considerable tract of country, resembled an extensive lake.

About half way between Tremadoc and Beddgelert, is a small dingle upon the left of the road, with a neat lodge at the entrance, and a path leading up to the shrubbery, beneath which a mountain stream flows rapidly, and empties itself into the Rhine. The path leads up to the residence of Capt. Parry. As we proceeded, numerous falls dashed down the mountains and plunging into hollows underneath the road, emerged again upon the other side. We were several times forced to take shelter from the heavy showers under fallen blocks of rock ; and once as the storm abated, and we looked anxiously out to see if it was clear enough to pursue our journey, a glorious rainbow, stretching across the valley, its points resting upon the mountains on either side, struck even my snow-models of men with something like sensibility ; for as they crept out of their sheltering rock, they observed with infantine simplicity, "Well, really that's

very pretty." We now proceeded at a rapid pace, and the river became more deep and narrow, and the circling eddies, as they floated down the stream, announced to us that we were approaching the fall of a great body of water, when suddenly—whizz, whirr, clash, splash, dash, astounding and astonishing—

ABER GLAS LLYNN,

with all its world of horrors, burst at once upon our view. I felt a tremulous sensation within me; a contraction of the muscles of my throat; an hysterical sob, and a desire to weep. I stood stone still; while my edifying companions pursued their way without making a single observation. I halted upon the centre of the bridge, and gave vent to my feelings in pencilling down the following

LINES

WRITTEN ON THE BRIDGE AT ABER GLAS LLYNN.

Thou of the stormy soul, who left behind
The love of sunny skies and smiling vales,

With thy fresh boyhood ; thou upon whose brow
Stern care hath written gloom, and worldly wrongs
Made darksome ; hither bend thy leaden steps,
And find a home here in this wild abyss !—
Abode congenial to thy lightless mind.
Ye black huge rocks, drear, mountainous, and stern,
First-born of chaos, everlasting piles
And monuments of the creation—hail !
Around your heads the thunder rolls in vain,
And the fierce lightnings from your summits bare
Turn harmless. Frown, frown on, ye giants stern,
Majestic emblems of eternity !
The torrents are your tongues, and with their roar
Talk of your dignity for ever. Hail !
White foaming, thundering, falls the boiling flood ;
Rocks clash, and echo mocks the horrid din,
While man appalled, stands breathless, in amaze,
And, filled with awe, exalts his thoughts to Him,
Who was, who is, and aye must be supreme !

Just above the bridge is a semicircular rock, which forms a salmon-leap, over which the salmon, at spawning time, first lodge themselves at the height of five or six yards. Proceeding through the pass, at every step new wonders met the eye. The late heavy rains had swollen the mountain waterfalls, and caused a terrific torrent to roar and struggle through a narrow channel ; for the mountains, forming this southern end of the vale, approach so near to each other, that

they only afford a contracted flow for the river, and a narrow road, while their rocky sides rise so perpendicularly, that their summits are scarcely farther distant from each other than their foundations. The rushing river was a pure sheet of white ; furious, uncontrollable ; nothing but the immense blocks riven from the mountain's craggy sides could withstand its dreadful impetuosity. A few stunted fir and larch trees at the commencement of the pass were seen starting from the dark clefts upon either side, which threw a deeper shade upon this awful valley.

Cradock calls this pass " the noblest specimen of the *finely horrid* the eye can possibly behold. The poet," he continues, " has not described, nor the painter pictured so gloomy a retreat. 'Tis the last approach to the mansion of Pluto, through the regions of Despair." I could have stopped for hours to admire this splendid example of the sublimity of Nature, but time pressed, so I pushed on to Beddgelert which is not more than a mile and a half from the bridge. A solitary mountain ash which grows about half way up the pass, is the sole bright thing in this abode of terror, and looks like Beauty in desolation. Emerging from the pass there is a stone

which is called the chair of Rhys Gôch o'r' Ryri; a famous mountain bard who lived in the time of Owen Glyndwr. He resided at the entrance into the Traeth Mawr Sands, from whence he used to walk, and sitting upon this stone compose his poems. He died in 1420, at the advanced age of 120 years; he was a gentleman of property, and was buried in the ancient priory at

BEDDGELERT.

Some are of opinion that this word should be written Celert or Cilert, Bedd-Cilert, or Cilert's grave; supposing that a monk or saint of that name was buried here. Another celebrated bard was entombed at this place, named Daffydd Nanmor, who died about the year 1460.

The Goat is an excellent inn, and every attention the traveller can desire is paid with the greatest celerity. Twenty post horses are kept at this inn for travellers, and eight or ten ponys for the accommodation of those visitors who wish to ascend Snowdon with ease and safety.*

At nine o'clock, I strolled from the inn to the bridge, where I was joined by a peasant, who, by his appearance, promised to be communica-

* See appendix.

tive. It was a lovely evening; there was no moon, but the clear sky displayed its burning host, in beautiful array. No breath of air disturbed the silent slumbers of the peaceful woods. The lull of rippling waters alone struck upon the ear, yielding a solemn tone like the deep swell of the organ, breaking upon the deepest solitude.

In such a situation how indescribable is the feeling which takes possession of us! What language can express, what tongue can utter it? My very breathing seemed to disturb the excessive sweetness of nature's melody.

"This is a very pretty place, sir," said the peasant, interrupting my reverie.

"It is indeed," I replied.

"I suppose, sir, you've been to visit the grave of Gelert, Llewellyn's hound?"

"I have. Do you believe the legend?"

"Indeed, sir, I do," said he with a sigh; "but I never thought a man could feel so much for the death of a brute, until last year—*hai how!*"

This observation made me inquisitive to know what had so suddenly changed his opinions.

"What has caused you, my friend, to believe

in a legend so suddenly, which you never gave any credence to before?"

"Why sir, I'll tell you; you must know that I had a favourite pointer bitch, *Truan Bac*. Oh, she was the beautifullest creature you ever saw. She was the pride of the country; and gentlemen would come to me and say, 'William, will you lend me your little bitch to go a shooting on the mountains—*only for a day?* Because you see, sir, there was not her equal in all Wales, for a single dog; ay, and she'd back as staunch as any on 'em, and a better retriever never went into a field. Such a nose! ah! poor wench; I never knew thy equal! You must think, sir, I was very loath to let her go without me, for I bred her, and broke her in—though very little breaking she wanted;—and you know, sir, a good dog is soon spoilt by a bad sportsman, and the creatures be as fond of a good shot, as he be fond of shooting to a good dog. No day was too long for her when the scent lay. The motion of your hand was enough for her; to the right, or left, or take the fences. She'd never baulk her game, or make a false point; if the birds had just gone off, you might know she was doubtful by a *leetle* motion in her

tail. But, if she stood stiff and staunch, you might bet a guinea to a mushroom that there was game before her, and you'd nothing to do but to go up and take your shot. Down she was to charge, and, if you bade her, she would bring your bird without ruffling a feather. Well, sir, the beginning of last August unfortunately she had a litter of pups. 'Twas a cross breed, *ysywaith!*—and I got the butcher's boy to destroy them, which he did, and buried them in the muck heap, at the back of the stable. From that time, she would never stir from her bed, that was under the manger. My dame took her her food as usual, and placed it just inside the stable door. My little boy, Billy, went next day, with a mess of potatoes and barley meal, but told his mother that Rose had'nt eat up her yesterday's mess. Ah! she cried, she'll eat it when she's hungry, I warrant her. Billy went next evening, but her victuals were untouched, and, when he went to coax her, she growled at him, and showed her teeth—a thing she never in her life had done before to any living being; so he was frightened, and told me of it next morning, and I went to the stable to see her. Her meat was all dried up in the tub, and, when I went to her, she seemed nothing but skin and

bones. I called her Rose! poor Rose! she slowly raised up her head, opened her bloodshot eyes, and moaned so piteously! I thought she was dying. I held her a little milk; she just moistened her tongue, and gave one wag of her tail, as much as to say, thank you, master; and her head dropt again, and her eyes closed. I knew 'twas four days since she had eaten any thing. I put some food by her, and went to my work. When I returned at night, the first thing I did was to go into the stable, where I found the food untouched and my poor little bitch dead, cold and stiff. I shall never forget it—*wela! wela!*—I drew her from under the manger, and what do you think, sir? I'll be shot, if there warn't her five little pups that the butcher's boy had kill'd!—she had dug them out of the dung hill one by one, and laid them in her kennel, and, fearing they would be taken from her again she concealed them with her body, and died through starvation, rather than give 'em up! Wasn't that nature, sir? I'm almost ashamed to say it; but indeed, sir, I wiped away tears from my cheeks, when I saw that sight. I took her up in my arms, and buried her and her young litter in the same grave; and since that time I never refuse my belief to the stories I hear of

surprising instances of devoted affection, gratitude, and instinct, in any of her race. *Wela ! wela !*

"But sir, if you should come this way on your return, and should want a day or two's good sport on the mountains, I've got a dog that's second to none in the country, and I shall be proud to serve you."

I promised, if I should find it convenient to return by the first of September, to engage his dog, if not previously hired; and bidding him follow me to the Goat, I ordered for him a tumbler of whiskey-punch, which spirit is as much esteemed in Snowdonia as in the mountains of Wicklow.

CHAPTER IX.

Departure from Beddgelert—Vortigern's Hill—Snowdon—Llynn Gwynant—Lines written upon Llynn Gwynant—Gwrydd—Public Houses—Lake Fishing—A Night Adventure—Pass of Llanberis—Legend of the Giant's Night-Cap—The Lakes—The Castle of Dolbadarn and Legend—View of the Lakes.

"Oh, who hath stood on Snowdon's side,
And glanced o'er Mona's virgin pride;
And gazed on fatal Moel y don,
But thought of those once there undone?
When Saxons, and their foreign band,
Were crushed by the sons of the mountain land."

T. J. Llewelyn Grichard.

On the following morning I quitted the inn, where every attention was shewn that a traveller could desire, and proceeded over the Ivy bridge, through which the Gwynant flowed,

deep and smooth as glass, without an obstruction to ruffle its clear waters, that glided along, kissing its verdant banks, like the stream of a happy life. Quietude reigned in this region uninterrupted. About half a mile from Beddgelert, a rocky eminence projects into the road, called *Vortigern's Hill*, or *Dinas Emrys*, a magician, who was sent for to this place by Vortigern, when he found himself hated by his subjects, and fled from their just anger to this secluded spot. Passing this memorable place, a round clump of rock attracts the eye, rising as it were in the centre of the valley, and called *Moel Wynn*. Looking backward, *Moel Hebog*, the Hawk hill, rises majestically and closes up the entrance to Beddgelert. Moel Shebbod towers in front, and, as we pursued our delightful path, about two miles and a half from Beddgelert, an opening of the hills upon the left displayed a deep gorge, and the base of Snowdon, whose high peak, rising in the unclouded skies, held up the holy symbol of christianity, as in adoration of the Creator. At length, I reached *Llynn Dinas*, a lake of about three quarters of a mile in extent, through which the Gwynant runs; it is surrounded by lofty mountains of a deeper tint than is usually seen upon the Welsh hills. A

beautifully situated cottage here at the far end of the lake, belonging to Mr. Sampson, nestles among the protecting woods, and forms a delightful object. The river which feeds the lake, winds through the verdant and undulating grounds which form a miniature park, between the cottage and the lake. Following up the course of the stream, I left Llynn Dinas behind me, and proceeded by a gradual ascent through the most delightful scenery I ever beheld, until I caught glimpses through the plantations of

LLYNN GWYNANT,

and after a while beheld it stretching beneath me upon my left hand. The valley forms a bowl among the hills. The bottom is a small grassy plain, dotted with trees, which has obtained the appellation of Beauty sleeping in the lap of Terror. The mountains that surround the vale, have a wild and rugged appearance. As I proceeded along the road towards the head of the valley, a horn was sounded from the mountain, and I perceived a Welsh girl standing upon a projecting eminence : bare headed and bare footed, was this nymph of Cambria ; her cheeks were swelled out with her occupation, and she

looked like a female *Boreas*, bursting with the wind she was sending forth by degrees to alarm the *world*.

She eyed me with glances of curiosity all the while, and I thought she could perhaps give me some information about the valley, which might be interesting; so quitting the direct road, I scrambled up the hill side, and asked her the meaning of her sounding the horn so loudly? But she either did not, or would not, understand me; and after vainly endeavouring to extract any thing from her, I quietly sat myself down, delighted by the splendid view beneath me, and gave vent to my feelings in the following lines:

LLYNN GWYNANT.

Llynn Gwynant, Llynn Gwynant! how bless'd should I be,
When the winter of life crowns my temples with snow,
To rest on thy margin, with her who loves me,
And children whose love gathers strength as they grow.

There are mountains whose peaks rise more lofty by far,
And valleys more spacious and fertile to view,
But of all the high hills and green glens that there are,
Llynn Gwynant give me, with its waters of blue.

Lynn Gwynant, Lynn Gwynant! I bid thee farewell,
Where peace in the beauty of solitude glows,
Again in the cold hearted city to dwell,
And pine for the calm of thy blissful repose.

Farewell to the lake with the surface of glass,
Brown heath and blue mountains—abode of the free!
This heart, like the flood from the high *Ffynnon Las*,*
Will leap from its gloom to find rapture in thee.

Having nearly reached the extremity of this valley, I gazed, from my elevated situation, upon the dark and perpendicular rocks on the opposite side; and towering in the air immediately over the centre of the valley was an eagle with expanded wings, apparently motionless. Presently it rose a little higher, but without the slightest visible exertion, then stooped again, mounted once more, and, as fast as the eye could follow, swept round the huge buttresses of sharp ridged cliffs, that hang over the entrance of the pass of Llanberis.

As Llynn Gwynant is gradually shut out from the lingering gaze of the traveller, (who it may

* The Blue Well, one of the pools in the recesses of the great mountain, which discharges its waters into Llynn Gwynant.

be said during the whole of the ascent, should turn his eyes behind him), and he at length looks forward in the direction of Llanberris, a new scene of grandeur bursts upon him. He has left beauty behind in its loveliest form;—but the sublime and wonderful now call forth all the springs of admiration.

Snowdon again appears in all his splendor! Mountains that by comparison looked like hillocks rise round his regal waist, in groups numerous and picturesque. The deep black crags that form the western side of the valley make a magnificent fore-ground, and open here like nature's gates, to disclose the secrets of her bosom.

The accompanying etching, gives an admirable idea of this imposing scene. About a mile from hence is a place called Gwrydd, where there is a small public house, with a sign signifying nothing. Here I resolved to "rough it" for a day, intending to fish the lakes, situated immediately above this spot, as nature's cisterns to water the pleasant valleys.

The public house possesses a small parlour, carpetted, with half a dozen hair-bottomed chairs, and a mahogany table. A silent but most importunate monitor urged me to dis-

cover what food this mountain chalet could produce. "Eggs and bacon," was the expected reply to my question; and I soon had the pleasure of seeing this humble, but most grateful, fare placed before me, and in spite of the indifferent style of the cooking, I partook of it eagerly, having that incomparable sauce "a good appetite."

After I had repaired my broken rod, I ascended the mountain at the back of the house, and arrived at a large oval lake, in which the black and sterile rocks that form inaccessible ramparts on one side are reflected in its generally unruffled surface. The scene is wild and desolate, such as Despair herself would select for her abode. There are plenty of fish in this lake, but they are all small and extremely shy. I remained upon its margin until the shadows of night gave me warning to attend to my safety, and make the best of my way to my lodging, where I speedily ascended by a ladder-like staircase to a kind of cock-loft which was divided into two compartments, one for the accommodation of the family, man, wife, children and servants, the other fitted up for travellers. Sleep soon overtook me, and I should have continued

to sleep, I have no doubt, until breakfast time, had I not been awakened by a trifling accident.

"At the mid hour of night, when stars were weeping,"

and ghosts of the mighty walk upon the hills, with a variety of other interesting objects that poets and nursery maids have described infinitely better than I can pretend to do, I was visited by a dream in which the ghost of a lobster popped his head out of a salad bowl, and demanded upon what authority I had presumed to make mince-meat of his body, when a loud crash roused me from my slumber, and I found myself with my knees, doubled up to my chin upon the floor; the bedstead having broken in the middle, and deposited me in this unenviable position. I need not say that for the remaining part of the night, I was wholly left to waking reveries, and uncontrollable desires for the blessings of daylight, which at last greeted my longing eyes, and hurrying on my clothes, I descended and walked forth to scent the morning air, in the direction of Llanberris. The mists rolled like troubled lakes in the valleys, and the black bleak rocks looked cheerless and for-

bidding. The breeze was keen and piercing, and I started at a round pace to get myself warm by exercise. Having reached the summit of the roadway, I plunged at once into the pass of Llanberis, wild and gloomy. The precipices on my left looked truly terrible, like the shadow of death wrapped in a vapoury shroud. This pass is above four miles in length, and is a fine specimen of rugged grandeur. Not a single tree enlivens with its verdure this tremendous chasm. Range above range of rocks tower over the traveller upon either side, bearing various tints of black, brown, green and purple, according to the disposition of the sun's rays, and the distances of the ponderous masses. The rocks on both sides are nearly perpendicular; and, about two miles down the pass, the tourist will perceive some prodigious masses of rock upon his right hand that have fallen from the overhanging cliffs, which, when he pauses to look upon, will strike a feeling of terror into his heart, as he inwardly exclaims, "could any one have witnessed the descent of this tremendous mass?" The accompanying sketch gives a most accurate description.

I stood contemplating this scene, and suddenly a wild shout roused me from my reverie.

" Halloo, halloo ! over—over—over!"

I turned my eyes up the mountain to my left, and there saw a shepherd, forming a speaking trumpet with his hands, and shouting to a dog (of what kind heaven knows, but in my opinion a thorough bred mongrel), and the fleet animal was dashing down the hill in the direction to where I stood. In an instant, he had passed me. It was a perfect nondescript ! a thing that looked like the offspring of a French poodle and a Welsh goat ; such a mass of hair, rags and wool, I never before beheld. I sat watching his progress, which was exceedingly rapid, and as I marked him, as he scrambled up the opposite craggs, I could not help admiring the instinct (or training) of the wretched looking animal. Sheep after sheep did it pursue, and drive down into the hollow from which they had strayed—some of them leading him a chase (of no enviable description) nearly to the summit of the barren mountain ; but, with untired feet and unceasing bark, he tracked and outstripped them all, and, in conclusion, forced them into the bounds allotted for them at the bottom of the vale, where a scanty supply of grass served for them to browse upon. This duty done, the

faithful animal left them, and again crossing the valley, rushed by me and rejoined his master.

I was about to pursue my journey, when I perceived a man fishing in the stream beneath. I descended to learn what sport he had met with, and found he had not been fortunate. I asked him if he remembered the time, when the huge rock, I have before noticed, fell from the brow of the precipice?

"It would be hard for me to do that, sir," said the fisherman, who laying his rod upon the ground, seemed desirous of saying something more upon the subject.

"Is there any legend about it?" I inquired.

"Indeed, sir, there is," replied he; "and, if you'll only stop till I put up my tackle, as I suppose you're going to Llanberis, I'll tell you as much as I know about the matter."

I remarked, as he spoke, an expression of countenance that told me he thought tale telling might prove more profitable than trout fishing; but I readily agreed to his proposition, and in a few minutes we were trudging, side by side, along the road towards the village.

I dare say, sir, you havn't come so far, without seeing *Cader Idris*, or the *Chair of Idris*,

as it is called, for Idris *Gawr* you must know, sir, was a famous giant of his day, but whether you have or not, he had a brother, sir, as I've been told, *Dyn Ddu o'r' Craig*, which means the black man of the craig, who had a very fine castle upon the top of that precipice, at the foot of which you noticed those large pieces of rock. Well, sir, he never loved his brother, but he had a great liking for his niece; one of the prettiest girls, 'twas thought, ever seen in this part of the country; but she was to be married to a fine young hero, one of the knights of King Arthur's round table, who had done wonders for her sake, and made all the world confess *Merch Idris* was the most beautiful creature in the world.

Well, sir, she was mortally afraid of her uncle, for he had a head as big as the top of Snowdon, and a forest of whiskers, and a beard that a man might take a day's shooting in, without tearing his coat with the branches; so that he never could be conquered, having so much game in him, ha! ha! ha!—You'll excuse me, sir, but what a comfortable thing it must be for a man to catch birds enough in his whiskers, to serve him for dinner!—Well, sir, it happened that Merch Idris was benighted

between Capel Curig and her father's castle, and, as she had only one attendant, and he was a poor weak coward, you may easily suppose she was for getting home as fast as possible; but a storm came on, and the night closed round them, and by some means or other they lost their way; for you know, sir, at that time there were no turnpike roads, as there are now, and they wandered about upon their merlins until nightfall, without knowing what part of the world they were in; when all of a sudden, the servant's beast, who went first, sank into a bog, up to his neck; and his rider began to roar for help so loudly, that the lady's animal took fright, set off at full speed, and never stopped until they came to the gates of a large castle. The night was so dark, she couldn't make out whether she had ever seen it before or not; however, she thought it would be better to blow the horn at the gate, and ask for shelter, than wander about the mountains all night, at the risk of breaking her neck, or being smothered in a quagmire. So she blew a blast (for at that time o' day every great lady played upon some instrument or other, and this young lady surpassed all others upon the horn) so loud, that presently a warden called out from the top of a

tower. "Who's there?" Well, she mustered up courage enough to say, she was "A lady in great distress."

"Oho!" says the warden, and off he set. Now the young lady scarcely knew how to take the salutation of the warden, whether it was meant friendly or otherwise. She had not pondered long upon those mysterious sounds, when the portcullis was raised, and the first living thing she saw was her tremendous uncle Dyn Ddu o'r' Craig! with a hundred torches behind him, ready to welcome her into his castle. You may be sure she was not much pleased at his presence, and regretted that she had not held out till the morning. But she had gone too far, and so she went in, and the iron grating was closed again, with a sound that struck terror into her pretty heart. Now it so happened that Sir Tristram (that was the name of her lover) was staying with her father, Idris Gawr; and they were both of them puzzled what to think when Merch Idris didn't reach home at the time they expected her. So the knight mounted his charger and gallopped off one way, and Idris took up his club and walked off the other, to search for her. All this time, the villain of an uncle was trying to wheedle the fair

maid, his niece, to marry him; and, when he found her deaf to his monstrous wishes, he flew into a mighty passion, and dragged her to the top of the precipice, by the hair of her head, and swore, in a most unchristian manner, that he would pitch her over, if she didn't consent.

But just as he was about to put his threat into execution, he heard a horse at full gallop behind him; so he turned round just time enough to avoid the slashing sword of Sir Tristram, who made a determined cut at his head, that would have taken it clean off, if he hadn't have ducked. Well, he was fain to let go the lady to save himself from the fury of the knight, although he didn't think much of him. But he pulled up a tree, and he made a mighty blow at him, which the knight, by the blessing of providence, escaped; but the horse wasn't so fortunate, for it fell upon the poor creature's head, and smashed it to atoms. Well, the knight began to think the giant "too much of a horse" for him; and so he blew three notes upon his bugle, which was the appointed signal between him and Idris, and no sooner had he done so, than it was answered.

"And now," said Sir Tristram, "my fine fel-

low, you'll have your match in a minute ; and sure enough, as he spoke, Dyn Ddu o'r' Craig saw his brother running at the rate of half a mile a stride. Well, he was greatly perplexed what to do ; but he thought he had better get into the castle. So, he took Merch Idris under his left arm, and kept the knight off with the roots of the tree. However, he couldn't reach the gates in time.

"And now," says Idris to his brother, "you ruffian," says he, "what are you going to do with my daughter ? Put her down, or I'll smash you, as I do this tower !" and with that he hit a turret of the castle, and it flew about in all directions. "Why then," says the other, "I think I can do as great a feat as that." So he knocked the other turret on the head, and drove it clean down into the earth, so that not a brick of it was seen above ground ! Well, with that the two giants began to bang each other with their cudgels, till they were black and blue, while Sir Tristram and the lady ran off to Cader Idris, as fast as they could, to get out of harm's way.

Idris was the stronger giant of the two, and after three hours' hard fighting, you wouldn't have known them for human beings ; but Idris

having got Dyn with his back to the precipice, (where he threatened to throw the poor young lady over) hit him, with all his force, such a blow on the nose as made him stagger back and roll right over the edge of the craig. Well, he rolled and he rolled, till he got to the place where you were standing, and then he stopped; but he was quite dead. Then the famous Idris, seeing his brother lie like a huge bundle of rags, without motion, by the side of the stream, tore off a large piece from the top of the mountain, and throwing it with great force, it lit full upon the giant as he lay, while his conqueror roared out, in a voice that was heard at Carnaervon,—"Good rest to you, brother Dyn! there's a nightcap for you!"

And ever since, that piece of rock has been called "the Giant's Nightcap."

We soon obtained a view of the lakes that spread themselves before us—viz: Lyn Peris and Lyn Padarn, with the romantic castle of Dolbadarn upon its rocky promontory. On issuing from a pass on our left, as my companion informed me, is a valuable copper mine, and a stream of water conveyed over the road,

by the aid of a wooden conduit, into the lake, which stream, he said, was for the use of the mine.

At length, I reached the inn, called Victoria, and satisfying my companion with a gratuity which was more profitable than fishing, I entered and ordered breakfast, and procured an admittance to the castle of Dolbadarn. This ancient fortress is supposed to have been built by one Padarn Beisrydd ap Idwal, for the purpose of guarding the mountain pass which I had just quitted. A single round tower is all that remains of the castle, although traces are left of a much more extensive building. Here Owen Goch was imprisoned twenty years by his brother Llewellyn, the last Prince of Wales of the British line ; and an ode is still extant, written by Howel-Voel, wherein his captivity is affectionately lamented.

The view from the castle is truly sublime, comprising the two lakes, and the tremendous range of mountains, that seem to admit no outlet from the vale. But the most beautiful prospect is from the lake in front of the promontory on which the castle stands, and is reflected in the smooth waters beneath, while the majestic Snowdon towers in the distance.

In the twelfth century, it is said there lived a celebrated beauty, whose father was the lord of

this castle, and of whom something like the following legend is related :

LEGEND OF DOLBADARN.

Margaret of Dolbadarn was one of the fairest damsels of whom Cambria ever boasted at court or tourney ;—fair without vanity, high-born without ostentation, she exhibited the simplicity of nobility.

Like others of her rank, she had many knights who owned her power, and panted to put lance in rest for the peerless Margaret ; but in the number there was but one whom her eye followed through the glittering throng, and whose approach made her heart beat, and the mounting blood turn the delicate pink upon her cheek to crimson ; and William of Montgomery was the happy knight.

But her father had other views, and Hector of March-lyn-Mawr was proposed by him to be her husband—a youth of noble presence, but ignoble mind. His lands extended far and near, and skirted those of the Lord of Dolbadarn, who was, from that circumstance, doubly anxious to have the union consummated.

He was, however, a tender guardian ; he

loved his daughter, and was by her loved tenderly in return. Both knights had free access to Margaret, and both were anxious to deserve her favour. William was young, valiant, handsome, and honest; Hector was bold, gloomy, uncourtly and subtle. The Baron saw the decided preference his daughter gave to William of Montgomery, and grieved in his heart that it was not bestowed upon his more wealthy rival. He therefore resolved to put a proposal to his daughter, which was, that at the ensuing tournament to be given at his castle, the knights should prove their skill upon each other, and that he who was proclaimed the most accomplished master of his weapons, should receive her hand as the reward. For, though he was desirous of an alliance with the wealthy and powerful house of March Lyn Mawr, he was by no means insensible to the merits of Montgomery, whose name stood high in the lists of chivalry, and whose engaging manners won friends for him wherever he appeared. With a heavy heart did Margaret submit to the proposal of her father, although a feeling of confidence within her bosom told her the object of her attachment would prove the victor. Far different emotions agitated the hearts of the rivals, when they were informed of the Baron's deter-

mination. William of Montgomery flung himself upon his knees before the old man, exclaiming with enthusiasm,

"By bath, and bed, and white chemise,* I will for ever be a true knight to thee for this especial favour, my good Lord of Dolbadarn! My lance and blade are yours at command, and," turning to his rival, "Hector, if I bear thee not over thy charger's croup, why say my heart and hand shook with fear in the encounter. —But, if thou gainest the field, I'll give thee a grey palfrey for thy bride, to bear her to the church yonder, by thy side."

"Agreed," said Hector; "and noble Lord of Dolbadarn, if heaven desert me not in the hour of trial, I doubt not my success in winning thy daughter for my bride. Yet, should I fail, I promise thee, William of Montgomery, to give thee a steed, fleeter than any in thy stables, to bear the Lady Margaret as thy bride to church, nor will I bear thee any ill will shouldst thou prove conqueror, but drink a health to thee and thine, with a kind heart and true."

At this time, there dwelt an old woman in the pass of Llanberis who was dreaded by all the country people, for she was accounted a witch;

* See appendix.

and on the night of that same day the storm raged furiously, and the tall trees were cracking in the forest, when a horseman was seen galloping up the pass. He stopped at the witch's hut, and knocking loudly, he cried, "Ho! mother witch! open the door! for thy devil's counsel is needed."

The door was then opened, and the knight fastened his coal-black steed, dripping with rain and sweat, to a withered ash, and strode into the cabin. The fire reflected in his suit of steel made him appear a knight of flame; and, as he stamped his armed heels upon the floor, his armour rang with a muffled sound, like the death bell which tolls for the great, who die in the odour of sanctity: and the old hag laughed; her spirit was glad—for she knew that a deed of damning crime was shortly to be committed!

He sat him down upon the three-legged stool, and said, "Dame, I am ill at ease; for I love a maid whose heart I cannot win. Attend to me;—the gallant and high-minded Montgomery I must encounter for her in the lists; and, should he conquer, he will bear away the prize I am burning to possess; but, if the chance be mine, her own consent waits on her father's choice, whose wishes are for me. Doubts on the issue

urge me to seek thy aid. May my saint desert me if I would not rather shake hands with the foul fiend himself, than give a palfrey for my Margaret to ride to church upon, with any but myself."

The witch laughed aloud, till he jumped from the stool, to see her old sides shake. "Hector of March Lyn Mawr," quoth she, "fear not that Margaret of Dolbadarn will ever become the bride of Montgomery; for shouldst thou be overcome in the lists, (and my power will not assist thee in the joust) call aloud 'Hell kite! hell kite!' and presently shall a gallant palfrey come and raise thee from the ground, which being done, present it to thy foe, and thou shalt see the issue." He thanked her, dropped his purse upon the floor, mounted his steed, and vanished down the pass.

There was a great assemblage of people at the castle of Dolbadarn, to witness the jousting; and knights from all quarters arrived, to break a lance with merry England's best, for glory and lady love.

The tilting ground was enclosed by galleries erected for the ladies and nobles who wished to be spectators of the games. Upon the plain, at the end of the vale, fifty shields were hung up

by the knights who wished to signalize themselves. Three score of coursers, with a squire of honour, first entered the lists; then followed as many knights in jousting harness, led in silver chains, by the same number of ladies, richly clad, to the sound of clarions, and trumpets, and minstrelsy. When the ladies ascended the galleries, the squires dismounted, and the knights vaulted gaily into their saddles. The scaffoldings were hung with tapestry, and embroideries of gold and silver; and the scene was animated and costly in the extreme. Joy lighted up the eyes of all, save those of Margaret and her two lovers. She sat a lily among roses, pale and dejected. Sometimes, indeed, she lifted her dark eyes, and her snowy neck took for a moment the carnation's hue when she beheld the form of Montgomery, which yet faded as quickly as it came, and the Parian marble was left pure as before.

Sir William walked, with a bold and lofty mien, along the line of shields, glancing at them with indifference, until he stopped before that which bore the arms of Hector, and then a smile of scorn played upon his lips, and he passed on. Hector marked that smile, and his cheeks flushed with anger. Great skill was

displayed by youthful knights decked in ladies' favours. But, when the time arrived for the trial between Sir William of Montgomery and Hector of March Lyn Mawr, a hum of unusual interest arose among the gallant and beauteous auditory. From the opposed lists they passed each other, to determine the length of the course, with visors up. Sir William smiled gaily, but Hector wore a sad and mournful look, as though he feared or doubted the event of the trial.

This ceremony of preparation being over, each took his post assigned, awaiting the signal for the charge. The Lady Margaret was pale as death, but none around her noticed it, they being all intent upon the two knights, who wore no outward favours, though one possessed an amulet which he had placed near his heart, beneath his vest. It was a white rose, which the fair Margaret had taken from her bosom, and given him an hour before in secret.

The nominal prize for the victor was a jewelled sword, but the prize on which their hearts were set was a gem transcendant—the all-surpassing Margaret!

And now the heralds sounded the charge, and the combatants met in mid career. The lance

of Hector was shivered upon the breast of Montgomery; but Sir William's struck full upon the visor of Hector, which made him bend his plume backwards. In the second course, Hector struck the coronal of Sir William's helmet a skilful stroke. Margaret fainted, and the ladies about her were busy in applying restoratives; but none attempted to remove her, being too much interested in the event of the joust. Montgomery cast a look of fire up to the spot, and then re-closed his visor for the third course. His opponent was resolved to make it a decisive one. Striking their spurs into their chargers' sides, like arrows shot from opposing bows, they flew along. Then was a clash, a glittering flash! and the prize was won—for Hector of March Lyn Mawr lay, stunned and motionless, upon the ground, borne from his saddle by the lance of the victorious Sir William of Montgomery!

Margaret, being restored to her senses, wept tears of joy, and spoke most sweet words, when her lover riding beneath the platform, demanded from her hand the honourable prize.

But a wonder now appeared, which turned all eyes to the spot where Hector lay o'erthrown; for a milk-white palfrey, of the most exquisite

form, had galloped into the lists, and drawn him from beneath his charger, which had fallen with him in the violent concussion. His helmet being loosed, he soon partially recovered, and seeing the beautiful animal frisking and curvetting, as though overjoyed at his escape, he led it by the mane to his rival, saying,

"William of Montgomery, I give to thee this palfrey. Present it to thy bride, to whom I now resign all claim, and only request that she will, for my sake, let my favourite bear her to the church, where your union is to be celebrated."

It was a lovely thing to look upon, and the maiden promised to use no other on that happy day.

The church of Llanberis was, at this time, about a mile from the castle of Dolbadarn, and the road, upon the bridal morning, resembled a mosaic pavement, when viewed from the mountain, it was so thickly studded with the fantastic dresses of the company, spectators, and gay flags and streamers waving in the air. The minstrels struck up their boldest notes of war, or delighted the ears and hearts of the female holiday makers with the soft songs of love. All was mirth, feasting, and jollity, while the air

rung with the combined names of Margaret of Dolbadarn and William of Montgomery.

At length, the bridal procession issued forth from the castle gateway; the heralds led, the minstrels followed. Then came comely maidens with baskets of flowers, which they strewed around them, as they passed along. A body of armed knights followed and after them their esquires. Then appeared a troop of dancing girls, adorned with flowers, and clad in purest white; and a second band of minstrels struck their harps before the bridegroom and the happy bride, who rode gaily, side by side. She was dressed in rich attire; jewels glittered upon her robes and in her hair; and she rode upon the beautiful steed presented by March Lyn Mawr. The palfrey seemed proud of its lovely burthen, and gentle as the unweaned lamb. The bridegroom was clad in a light tunic and hose, and peaked boots; a many-coloured plume fluttered in his bonnet, and many sweet words did he whisper in Margaret's ear. As the assembled multitude shouted their gratulations, he bent even to his saddle bow, to thank them for their courtesy. Young Hector rode upon her left, and he laughed, too, and he bowed low; but in his laugh there was a fiendish sound, and in his

bow a scorn. Then followed the Lord of Dolbadarn, his long white locks waving in the summer breeze, surrounded by his relatives and friends. A troop of squires and pages followed, while all the retainers of his noble house brought up the rear.

The bride and bridegroom passed along, and thousands cheered them on their way, with shouts and praises. The sun shone brightly above their heads, and joy was in their hearts. On they went, until a turning in the road brought them at once in sight of the church; but here the palfrey grew restive, and Sir William seized the bridle, thinking to control him. This answered but for a short distance; for they had no sooner reached the gate, over which was carved a cross, than, even while the groom held the stirrup for her to alight, away, away, away flew the palfrey, like a falcon, down the wind. The Lady Margaret was a good horsewoman, but she could not control the enchanted steed. She, however, kept her seat well, and hoped the unruly animal would soon relax his speed.

A hundred horsemen galloped after her, the bridegroom taking the lead, who, being mounted on the swiftest horse, soon left the rest behind,

although unable yet to overtake the bride. The palfrey first dashed forward in the direction of Carnaervon, but suddenly turned off to the right, and galloped up the mountain. Hundreds of the peasantry were trampled under foot by the horses of the pursuers; some bruised, some crippled, and some killed, while the old Lord of Dolbadarn wrung his withered hands, and tore his grey locks, in frantic agony. He accused Hector as the author of all this misery, and vented his curses upon him, which the infuriated mob hearing, they seized upon the astonished knight, and almost in an instant tossed him upon their spikes into the air. He fell to the ground again, but not to rise; his plume, besmeared with blood, was scattered in every direction; his body, pierced with twenty wounds, spouted forth blood in fountains; blows fell upon his harness thick as hail; while a ferocious smith, with one stroke of an axe, severed the head from the body, and placing it upon a pike, bore the dripping trophy of vengeance above the applauding and infuriated wretches who had suffered in the tumult.

Those who could govern their horses flew over the broken country in pursuit, while fleeter than a startled hind, the palfrey dashed along—

at times abating his swift flight, to give the laggards hope, who furiously spurred their chargers forward

After the knight,
And lady bright.

But away, away flew the enchanted steed over moss and moor, o'er hill and dale, through ford and forest; while of those who followed up the chase some were smothered, horse and rider, in the deep morass; some broke their necks in attempting to leap stone walls; some dangled from the boughs in woody dell, or perished in the river, dashed by the torrent against broken rocks; and they cursed, and died as they cursed.

But Sir William of Montgomery pricked on his horse all foaming, and, as the strength of the noble animal began to fail, he cried aloud upon his patron saint to aid him. It was a charm of power, for it was a holy one; and the creature shook the foam from his mouth, and with recovered strength, dashed on in the pursuit. That charm, too, struck upon the heart of the palfrey, which began to fail him, and he tried in vain to keep the speed he had hitherto maintained. But the impetuous knight, seeing that he gained upon his lady love, furiously urged on

his charger, and with desperate rashness, burying his rowels in his side, exclaimed—"Hell kite, speed on!"—the very words the witch had given as a charm to Hector, and the name of the palfrey.

No sooner was it pronounced, than his speed returned, and away, away the enchanted steed rushed on, as swiftly as before! The lady was, by this time, nearly senseless; her eyes were dimmed from the effect of the air, as she cut through it; and her heart trembled within her, like a fluttering dove. She cast an imploring look behind upon her lover, and raised one snowy arm beseechingly. He saw the action, and fancied he heard her voice, faintly calling upon him for aid. But it was to Him who governs all, she prayed; and again the wild horse felt the sacred power. But he had nearly reached the goal. With voice and spur the gallant knight pressed on up the rising ground, the summit of which, unknown to Margaret, or the knight, looked over the broad ocean;—it was the terrific Penman Maur.

Nearer and nearer did the knight approach; his charger's foam was on the palfrey's flanks. Another bound, and he was at the side of Margaret—another, and there was one loud wild scream

that startled the eagles from their nests. Montgomery had clasped his lady round her waist, and borne her to his saddle bow. It was the movement of an instant—but, in that instant, steeds, knight, and lady plunged from the precipice's edge! The first fall of fifty feet crushed the palfrey and war-horse; and the foul spirit, quitting the enchanted steed, like a dark cormorant hovered over the group.

The knight still clasped the maiden in his arms, whose shrieks were answered by the eagles' screams; and the lovers were dashed from rock to rock, battered and bloody. The maiden fainted; but Sir William held her with the tenacious grasp of despair, with one arm to his breast, and with his right hand seized a dwarfish thorn—the only one that grew out of the rifted rock! But still there was no resting place for feet to stand upon, while the broken fragments of the cliff, disturbed by the weight of the fall, thundered downwards from above, and around them in every direction. One large mass struck the unhappy knight; the fragile thorn gave way, and the next moment beheld the loving pair, mutilated carcasses, floating upon the reckless waves! The eagles gorged upon their flesh, and not a vestige of the lost ones

was left. A white scarf which Margaret wore, and which streamed, like the banner of death, from the blasted thorn, alone remained to tell the fate of Sir William of Montgomery, and his blooming bride!

CHAPTER X.

The church of Llanberis—Monumental inscriptions—Story of little John Closs—The Pellings—Capel Curig—Moel Siabod—Castle of Dolwyddélan—Falls of Benclog—Llyn Ogwen—Llyn Idwal—Story of Idwal—Route to Llanwrst—Falls of Rhaiadr y Wennol—Bettws y Coed—The church—Monuments—Pont y Pair—Ogo ap Shenkin, a Legend—Glee, "Shenkin was a noble fellow!"

"Of a noble race was Shenkin!
Thrum, thrum, thrum,
Of the line of Owen Tudor,
Thrum, thrum, thrum,
But her renown was fled and gone,
Thrum, thrum, thrum,
But her renown was fled and gone,
Since cruel love pursued her!"

JOHN DRYDEN.

RETURNING to the Victoria, I partook of the refreshments provided, and then retracing my steps, I visited the little rustic church of Llanberis, which, for its simplicity, is well worthy of attention. Upon entering the doorway, there

is a small stone font placed upon a pedestal which is approached by three stone steps : it resembles a small washing tub, and its cover is much like a copper-lid. Advancing into the interior, the music loft is upon the left, under which is a dilapidated screen, opposite to the font. A doorway in the centre of the screen leads into the body of the church, where ancient oaken benches are ranged upon either side, and the pulpit and communion table are immediately in front. The old arched roof is held together by iron pins, which project on each side of the timbers, and the whole interior is whitewashed. The only pew in the church adjoins the communion table, both of which have suffered materially by the worm and time. The few monuments in this simple structure are upon small slate slabs, about the size of a school-boy's, and are hung up on the wooden beams. There are two of wood, with letters cut deeply into the small square, thus :

Ina
Tan ! hun ! Ofe ! mae
Gorwedd ! Corph
ROE ! ei oed ! 60
Y Dudd ! Y Cladd wud
E brill ! 10 ! 1719.

The other, immediately facing the pulpit, is a black piece of board, ornamented with an undertaker's tablet of gilt copper, in the centre of which, upon black japan, is—

Thos. Williams
Died Oct. 25
1836.
Aged 74.

On leaving the church, there is a monumental slate slab on the left of the path, bearing the following inscription and verses :

Underneath
Lieth the remains
Of John, the son of
Robert Closs, who was
Interred Decr. 1st.
1805, aged 7 years.

Ar ben mynydd dydd-y-daith oî hoywder
A che dodd y maith
Gadewais (gwelais goeg waith)
Drueni'r Byd ar unwaith.

O erfel fu uchel a chos, i augau
Llyn ingol i'mddangos
Mantell niwl mewn lywyll nos
A dychrymad dechreunos.

Upon returning to my inn at Gwrydd, I discovered that the landlady was sister to little John Closs; and from her I learnt the story of his melancholy fate. It is as follows:

John was a pretty boy, about seven years of age, with fair hair and blue eyes, of a sweet-temper, adored by his parents, and loving them most affectionately in return. Indeed, little John Closs was the talk of the parish, and held up as a pattern of filial love and reverence to all the children in the village. His uncle had a small farm at Nant Bettwys; and John's father having sent him to reside there, for a few months, the fond mother would often cross the mountain to see her son and her sister, returning home in the evening of the same day. Little John got tired of living away from home, and one night, after his mother had quitted the cottage to return to Llanberis, he wept so bitterly, and prayed so earnestly to be permitted to follow her home, that the good people at Bettwys permitted him to try and overtake her,

which they considered he might easily do, as she had not left the house ten minutes before he started.

The mother reached Llanberis in safety ; but the poor boy lost his way in a snow storm on Moel Einion, and was not heard of for more than a week afterwards ; when, one day, a man crossing the mountain, found the child stretched on the ground in a slumbering position, his face towards the earth, buried in his hands, and quite dead.

On the evening when he lost his way, a shepherd, by the name of John Davis, said he had heard cries, like those of a child, upon the mountain, which in his ignorance he believed to be the voice of a fairy ; and, terrified at the idea of encountering some supernatural being, he took to his heels in a contrary direction, with all the speed he could make, while the poor sufferer, cold and dying, vainly exerted himself in straining his innocent voice for succour.

The inhabitants of this neighbourhood have, from time immemorial, held a strong belief in fairies ; and there are many families now living that are said to have descended from this race, from their having intermarried, in the olden time, with their ancestors. They are called

Pellings, from a fairy who was named Penelope, and who, while dancing, one moonlight night, upon the shores of a lake called Cwellyn, was surprised and seized by a young farmer, who, in spite of her screams, bore her to his own house, called Yestrad, near Bettws, where he treated her with so much kindness, that she became contented to live with him; and they were married, upon the condition that he should never strike her with iron; for if he did, she would vanish, and he would never see her again. (I here thought of the tale told me by the old man in the valley of Drwstynrnt and was struck with the similarity they bore to each other.) Unfortunately, as the farmer and his wife went out into the field one day, to catch his horse, he accidentally hit her with the buckle of his bridle, and she was never seen after. Her descendants are called Pellings, as are all who imagine they derive their origin from this fabulous lady. Mr. William Williams, in his observations upon the Snowdon mountains, says—"The best blood in my own veins is this fairy's."

This belief, existing so strongly in the breasts of many people in this district, will account for the pusillanimity of the shepherd who fled from the cries of poor little John Closs.

The following morning, I proceeded towards Capel Curig, but this road is very uninteresting. The tourist is, however, amply gratified, if it happen to be tolerably clear weather, on his arrival at an ancient stone bridge which crosses a stream that tumbles over some black rocks on the right, and winds its way in graceful variety, forming a pleasing spot to rest upon. Looking back towards Llanberis, the mountain scenery is very fine; and I here took my farewell look of Snowdon and Snowdonia.

CAPEL CURIG

Is in the parish of Llandegai. It derives its name from a man who was canonized, and founded a chapel in this mountainous region. He was the son of Llendden Llenddog, of Edinburgh. There are here two lakes, and some tolerable fishing may be had, if you take a boat; but from the banks it is quite useless to attempt it. From this spot, excursions may be made to Llanberis and

MOEL SIABOD,

From the summit of which a magnificent view is obtained of the mountains of Snowdonia, of

nine different lakes, and the sea beyond Carnaervon. The distance from the inn to the apex of this mountain does not exceed three miles and a half.

DOLWYDDELAN CASTLE,

Situated about five miles from Capel Curig, and on the eastward side of Moel Siabod, deserves notice. It is built upon a lofty rock, which on one side is inaccessible. There are two square towers, and a court in the middle. It is surrounded by mountains, and must in ancient days have been a fortress of considerable importance. It is said, Llewellyn the great was born in the castle; and this fact is sufficient to interest the stranger who is capable of appreciating and feeling reverence for a hero, who so long struggled with unwearied assiduity and unconquerable bravery, for his native land, and who fought and died in the sacred cause of liberty.

Within four miles of Capel Curig is an oval lake, of about three miles in circumference, called *Llyn Ogwen*, which must by no means be overlooked. The scenery around is delightful,

and the waters are well stored with excellent trout of fine flavour, and surpassing all others in that respect, in the Carnaervonshire lakes.

At the western end of this lake, are the falls of *Benglog*, (being three in number and upwards of one hundred feet in height) from whence the waters take their course through Beavers' Hollow, a wild and romantic glen, rocky and barren.

Powel, in his History of North Wales, says, "In Tevi, above all the rivers in Wales, were, in Giraldus's time, a great number of castels, which may be Englished beavers, and are called in Welsh avane, which name onlie remaineth in Wales at this daie, but what it is, very few can tell. It is a beast not much unlike an otter, but that it is bigger, all hearie saving the taile, which is like a fishe taile as broad as a man's hand. This beast useth as well the water as the land; and hath a voice, sharp teeth, and biteth cruellie till he perceives the bones cracke* * * * He that will learn what strong nests they make, which Giraldus calleth castells, which they build upon the face of the water with great bowes, which they cut with their teeth, and how some lie upon their backs holding the wood with their fore feet, which the other draweth

with a crosse stick, the which he holdeth in his mouth, to the water's side, and other particularities of their natures, let him read Giraldus in his Topographie of Wales."

In this stream are found the fresh water muscle, which the country people call *cregyn deluw*, i. e. *shells of the deluge*, supposed to have been brought into it by Noah's flood.

On the left of the lake are the *Crags of Trifaen;* huge shattered ridges, which overhang the pool and keep it in continual shadow, while the sides of Braich-ddu slope gradually to the lake's margin. The Francôn mountains, in the distance, are astonishingly grand, and altogether this lake scene may be considered the finest in Caernarvonshire.

A gentleman in the winter of 1831, was driving along the road which skirts the borders of the lake, when upwards of a thousand tons of rock fell from the heights of Benclog, a little below the falls into Nant Francôn, a short time after he had passed them, and he beheld one portion roll into the valley and river, while the other rested upon the road he had just travelled, rendering it impossible for any carriage to proceed by that route, until the obstruction was removed.

A mile distant from Llyn Ogwen is another lake, well worthy of being visited, which lies in a deep hollow of the Glyder mountains called

LLYN IDWAL,

where the gloomy horror of the scenery is most appalling ; particularly the terrific chasm of *Twll Ddu*, or the Black Cleft. This spot derived its name from the following crime, which was perpetrated here.

Prince Owain Gwynedd, who reigned in the twelfth century, had a favourite called *Nefydd Hardd*, to whose care he intrusted his son *Idwal*, and who betraying his trust, commanded his son *Dunawt* to destroy the young prince, a crime which he too faithfully obeyed, perpetrating the cruel deed at this place. But, being discovered, Nefydd, and his posterity, were degraded from the rank of nobles to bondsmen, and Rhun, the son of Dunawt, who again became possessed of the property of his ancestors, granted the ground upon which the church of Llanrwst now stands, as an expiatory gift for the foul crime imputed to his father. The grave of Idwal is still pointed out by the inhabitants, close to the lake.

The scenery around is well calculated to in-

spire fear in the timid, as being adapted to the committal of atrocity of any kind. Bleak, black, desolate and stern, it thrills the beholder with an indescribable sensation of terror.

The lake is well stored with fish, of a darker colour than those in the Ogwen, and of a less delicate flavour. These lakes are in the parish of Llan Tegai, so called from its patron saint *Tegai*, the son of *Ithol Hael*, a nobleman of Amorica, brother to Credifael and Flewin, who built Penmynydd and Llanflewin, in Anglesea, about the year 636. *See Roland's Mona Antiqua Rest. p.* 189.

After a delightful day's ramble amongst this wild and sublime scenery, I returned to the inn at Capel Curig, and on the following morning took the road to Llanrwst, which in a short time becomes particularly interesting. The dark and comfortless sterility is exchanged for a delightful valley, with luxuriant woods, which stretch to the summit of the hills upon either side; and near the two mile stone is one of the most picturesque cottages imaginable, placed on the side of a hill above the bridge, which crosses the river Llugwy, and gives additional beauty to the romantic dell. Half a mile beyond is an observatory, which stands upon the highest point

of a towering cliff, a portion of whose summit is clothed with purple heath, and the remainder presents a face of grey barren rock, while beneath a forest of rich foliage creeps from its base far up the craggy sides.

Within a mile of this place are the celebrated waterfalls, called

RHAIADR Y WENNOL,

i. e. the Spout of the Swallow—a cataract of about sixty feet in width. The river, at the top of the first fall, flows in an unbroken sheet, but soon becomes dispersed in various streams that dash and struggle through the impending masses of rock, charming the ear with their complicated roar. At the second fall, it rushes in a collected volume into the boiling vortex, from whence, at the third, it is dispersed in spray. A small wicket gate by the road side, leads to a footpath through the grounds, to the falls, where the visitor cannot fail to find an adequate reward for his digression. The old oak trees that overhang the ravine are beautifully grouped. On one side, a large rock rises perpendicularly nearly 500 feet, and the earth is clothed with velvet moss and decked with wild flowers. Fancy

would picture just such a retreat, for a wandering sylph ! while the rays of light, darting through the greenwoods, remind us of the flittings of Sir John Wynne's ghost, which was said to haunt this glen for many years, but is now laid at rest in the depths of the lower fall. Journeying onward, I reached the village of

BETTWS Y COED,

which being translated is, the Station in the Wood ; and a most delightful station it is. The Shrewsbury and Holyhead road run through it, and the junction of the Llugwy and the Conway rivers is at no great distance. The church is a venerable structure, and contains an old monument, erected to the memory of Griffith, the son of David Gôch, who was a natural son of David, the brother of Llywellyn, the last Prince of Wales. He died in the fourteenth century, and a stone statue of him is in a recess on the north side of the church, with this inscription : " Hic jacet Gruffydd ap Davyd Gôch, agnus Dei misere mei."

At about a mile from Bettws is an iron bridge of one arch, which carries the Holyhead road over the river Conway. Its span is 105 feet,

and it is called the Waterloo Bridge, from its having been erected in the year that tremendous battle was fought. But the principal object is,

PONT-Y-PAIR,

the Bridge of the Caldron. It has four arches, and the natural rock supplies it with piers, that seem to defy the efforts of time or the fury of the waters. Immediately above the bridge is the fall and salmon leap. The river rolls and plunges into a deep reservoir below. The grandeur of the scene during the floods, I was informed, surpasses imagination, and, unfortunately for me, the heat of the sun had dried them up, when I visited this celebrated spot.

For this bridge the inhabitants are indebted to one Howell, a mason, who resided at Penllyn in the year 1468; and, having occasion to attend the assizes at Conway, he was unexpectedly prevented from passing the Lleder by the fury of the flood. That a similar disappointment might not occur to others, he erected a wooden bridge across that river, and trusted to the generosity of travellers to remunerate him. The success of this attempt encouraged him to erect the bridge

at Bettws y Coed, which is now called Pont y Pair, but he died before it was completed.

Upon the right of this bridge is Carrey y Gwalch, or the Rock of the Falcon, well clothed with trees, through which the bald cliffs peep, like a body of sharp shooters from a brush wood, anxious to escape detection. In this rock is a recess called the cave of Shenkin, a celebrated outlaw, who found shelter here from the unremitting efforts of justice during the reign of Edward IV.

The entrance to this spot is blocked up by a large piece of rock, and the following legend is seriously related by the old women of the neighbourhood.

OGO AP SHENKIN.

In the reign of our seventh Henry, when the civil wars which desolated the hearths of rich and poor, ceased to afflict the nation, and peace and plenty once more spread their smiling influence throughout the land, there lived near this village a man, called Jordan ap Jordan, a wood-cutter and goatherd, whose time was occupied between watching his goats upon the

mountains, and felling trees in the forest. He was a short square built man, with a squint eye and a blue nose. He was thought to be half distracted between the desires of a miser, and the vices of a drunkard; for, whenever one passion predominated, he raved like a bedlamite at the other, and he who shunned him in the morning for his sordid qualities would fairly take to his heels at full speed, to avoid him in the evening when he was in his cups.

Jordan was, therefore, generally shunned by his neighbours, and would often repair to the bridge of the Caldron, to meditate upon future wealth, or to roar out his bacchanalian stanzas to his unwearied companion the waterfall. He was fond of a thundering accompaniment, and here he was gratified to his heart's fondest wish. The superstitious peasantry were often alarmed, as they passed the bridge after twilight, to their several homes, to hear his unearthly raving mingled with the sound of the cataracts, and to see his ungainly form perched upon the parapet of the bridge, which they often mistook for an evil spirit. One morning, before daybreak, as he was gradually recovering from his evening's excess, the grasping fiend of avarice seized upon his heart, as was often the case, when he re-

flected on his extravagance on the foregoing night; and, after venting many bitter curses upon all earthly spirits (alias drams) prayed most devoutly to all spirits, celestial, for a plentiful accession of worldly pelf, to add to his store, which he had concealed in the hollow of a certain tree; when "a still small voice," which even the roar of the torrent permitted him to hear, whispered to him that Ogo ap Shenkin might contain "something worth seeking for."

This cave, as I have before mentioned, was the retreat of the celebrated Shenkin; and, although the bold outlaw had long ceased to commit his depredations, the place of his resort was held in dread by the superstitious peasantry, who firmly believed that his spirit was to be seen every night, prowling about the gap, to terrify and torment all poor souls who ventured to wander near this haunted ground.

The woodman pricked up his ears at the sound of the voice, and, after turning the thing over and over again in his mind, and weighing the pros and cons in the scale of his bewildered judgment, he determined to venture on the experiment. "For," thought he, "though ghosts walk by night, I never heard of their venturing out by day;" and hastening home he replenished his

bottle, which he thought it prudent to take with him in case of frights and sights, which an application to it might enable him to endure with fortitude.

It was yet grey morning, and the mist still lay in the valley, as Jordan ap Jordan advanced his *blue light* in the direction of Shenkin's cave; one eye peering in the direction of the hollow, and the other traversing the craggy mountain tops and down the hills' sides, like a vagrant scout watching the enemy's motions or looking out for squalls.

The heavy fog was now fast rising on the mountain's side, obscuring the mouth of the cave so completely that Jordan was very often compelled to apply his mouth to the flask, in order to rectify the effects of the unwholesome dew, which he inhaled by gallons.

Thicker and thicker came on the fog, and lighter and lighter became the flask; until what with one thing, and the other, he scarce knew whether his track lay to the right, or to the left; and, but for the consolation of the spirit, he would infallibly have been *routed by terror;* but as it was, he only acknowledged to being *overcome with liquor*, and his reluctance to confess so much was only conquered on finding himself

stretched half way into the cave, without the power of resuming his standing position. While he lay thus sprawling and unable to rise, gazing with " lack lustre eye" into the gloomy recess, he fancied he beheld some lights flickering at a distance, dancing up and down, and running to and fro ! His hair stood on end with fright, his eyes almost started from his head with curiosity, and the liquor evaporating, as his terror became stronger, he miraculously recovered the use of his legs, which he instantly endeavoured to make use of in escaping from the cavern. But, to his utter consternation, he discovered that the entrance was closed up, and an appalling noise of a long drawn, ba-a-a-a-a ! made him look once more in the direction of the lights.

He now fancied he saw only two, but they grew larger and larger, till they resembled two moons. And presently he heard a buzzing sound, as if a thousand bees were about his ears ; and on a sudden the cave became lighted up with a thousand torches, for it seemed to have expanded to an incredible magnitude ; and, in the centre, upon a huge oaken chest well bound with iron clasps, stood a goat of prodigious size, with a beard which seemed to be of

ten times the magnitude commonly given by artists to Aaron the high priest. Full, shaggy, and venerable did it appear. His horns, like mighty corkscrews, issued from his forehead, terminating in two portentous points; and his eyes,—for they were his eyes, which Jordan's disconcerted vision had mistaken for moons—were fixed upon a clasped book, the leaves of which he was deliberately turning over with his right fore hoof, as if he cared no more for Jordan ap Jordan's proximity, than if he had been one of his own species.

The woodman being by this time perfectly sober, felt his desire of wealth grow stronger than fear; and he could not help thinking that the oaken chest contained the treasure he so much coveted.

"You're perfectly right," said the goat, answering to the thought of Jordan, without taking his eyes off the book he was perusing; "and you shall see the treasure." Then touching a spring with his fore paw, the side of the chest flew open, and Jordan saw more gold than he ever thought the world contained, and every piece stamped with the king's head. Jordan, with his natural impulse, rushed forward to grasp some of the shining coin! but, the goat

presented his horns to him, saying, " If you touch any of this coin before it is properly prepared, instant death will be your fate," and then, with a loud ba-a-a-a-a, he summoned a number of grave elders about him, to whom he gave suitable directions, and these presently kindled some dry wood upon a slab of rock, and put an iron pot with a spout to it over the flames, while Jordan wondered to see them use their cloven feet so cleverly in adjusting matters as occasion required. These preparations being completed, they took from the chest large bags full of gold, and emptied them into the iron pot, one after the other, until it was completely full; and then commenced dancing round it on their hinder legs, ba-a-a-a-ing most inharmoniously. This ceremony continued some time, when lo! the coin being fusible, melted, and became a burning liquid.

" Now," said the monster goat to Jordan-ap-Jordan, " I will make thee a man of gold! Thou dost thirst for gold and shalt have more than thou desirest. Swallow thou this pot of boiling metal, and fear not. The heat will have no effect upon thee—so drink—drink and be wealthy!"

Jordan looked upon the molten gold as it sparkled and became agitated in the vessel, and, stooping to take a closer inspection, was surprised to find it destitute of heat, though still retaining its liquidity! Having ascertained this fact, he made no hesitation in obeying the goat's commands, and took huge draughts of the precious fluid, which, like warm jelly, flowed smoothly and agreeably into his capacious maw. No sooner had he drained the measure, than the venerable goat leaped from the chest, and presenting his terrific horns, cried, "Now Jordan, fly for your life;" at the same time, making a charge upon his rear, which completely ejected him from the cavern at full speed. No sooner had he passed the cavern's mouth, than he tumbled with violence to the ground; and at the same moment a huge mass of rock fell from the summit of the hill, and effectually blocked up the entrance of Ogo ap Shenkin.

It was mid-day when Jordan quitted the cave, and the sun shone in all its brilliant beauty. Filled with wealth and wonder, he hastened towards his cottage, calculating all the way the prodigious extent of his riches.

"I must take care of myself now," said Jor-

dan, " for, if by any chance, my secret should be discovered, I shall share the fate of the goose that laid the golden eggs."

This reflection made him uneasy; and as he was frequently hailed, in sport or ridicule, by the shepherd lads from the mountains, he quickened his speed to avoid observation.

For ten years after this, Jordan was never seen except at night, and then it was only for a moment and upon the bridge. He was like a phantom there—and gone in an instant. No one saw him in his former occupation; his cottage was deserted, and he lived, no one knew where.

The gradual decay of his wardrobe was noticed, as at various times he was recognised by those to whom he was formerly known; until, at length, he was entirely destitute of every article of clothing; and a village curate was, one bleak and wintry night, roused from his bed, by the moaning of some human creature, apparently at the threshold of his door. He let him in, pale, emaciated, naked, and ghost like. He placed him, shivering, on his bed; and the dying creature glared wildly about the apartment, as he exclaimed in terror,

"Take care they don't steal me."

"Who?" inquired the good curate.

"The world—all the world, are looking for me," replied the wretch; "but I shall escape them yet. You are a good man; you would not rob the dead, would you?"

"Heaven forbid," he replied.

"Ay, ay, you fear Heaven—you fear its curses here, and its vengeance hereafter. I think I may trust you, as I have not above an hour to live. Look at me! don't you see what they hunt me for? I'm all gold!—a man of gold!—robbers seek for me, to buy them food! —Spendthrifts hunt after me, to pay their debts! —Women grasp at me, to purchase jewels!— And kings lay snares for me, to gorge and fatten!"

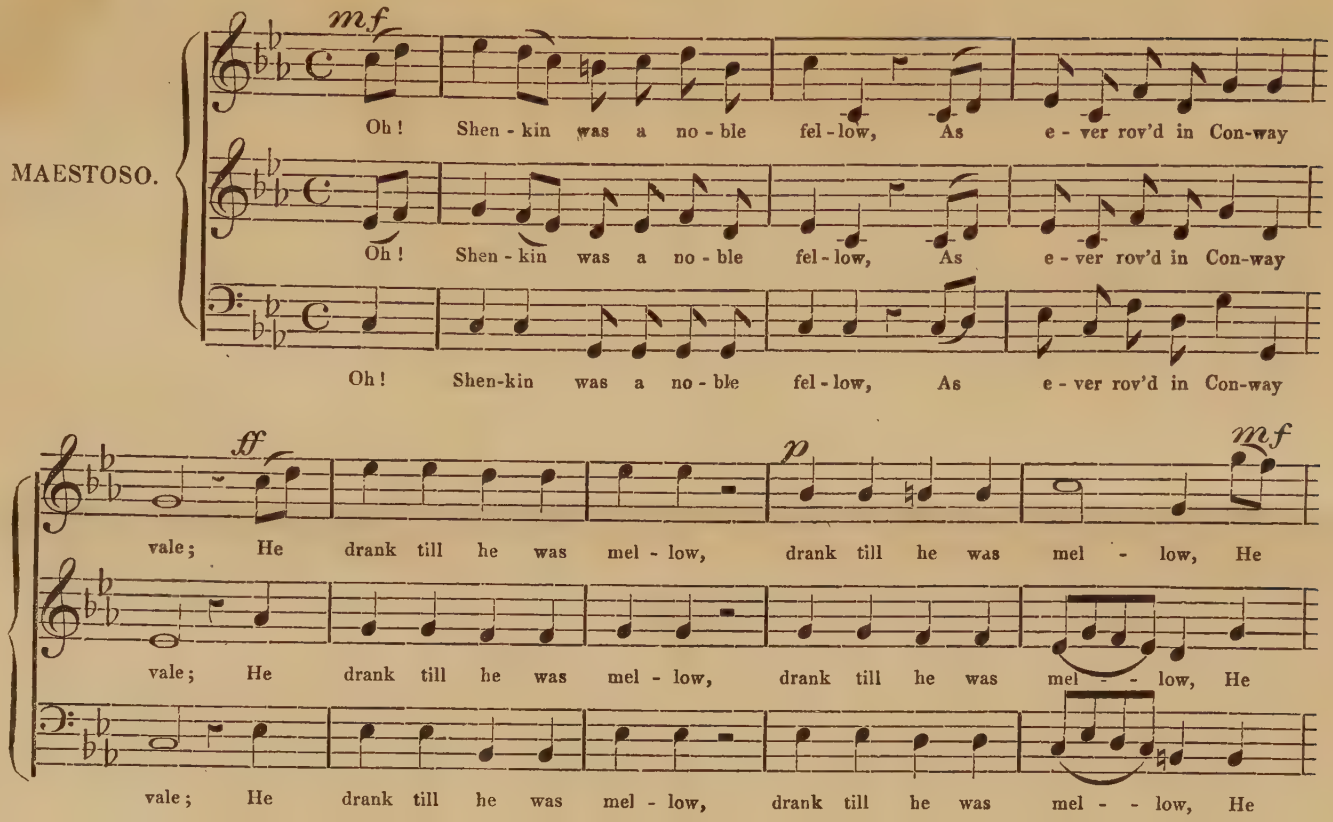
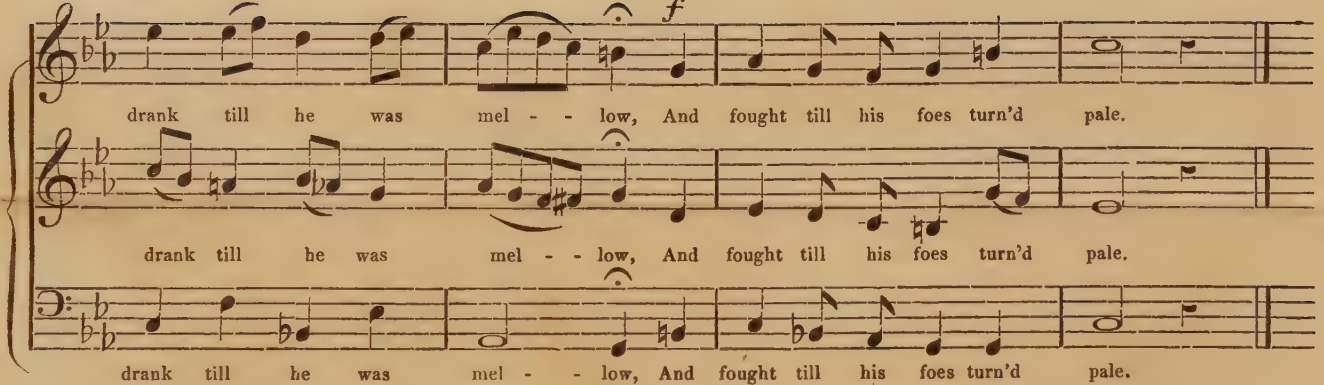
He then related his wonderful adventure in Ogo ap Shenkin; and, as he concluded it, exclaimed,

"Bury me safely. You make take my little finger, that will pay all expenses, but don't break up my body—to—to—to—" and the hypochondriac expired.

There is no doubt that the vision of the goat

DAFYDD AP SHENKIN. (For Three Voices.)

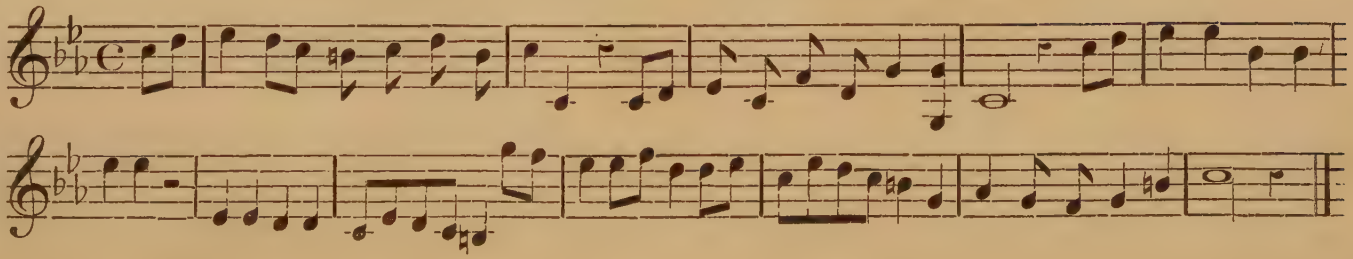
Arranged by W. FORDE.


MAESTOSO.
mf
Oh! Shen - kin was a no - ble fel - low, As e - ver rov'd in Con-way
Oh! Shen - kin was a no - ble fel - low, As e - ver rov'd in Con-way
Oh! Shen-kin was a no - ble fel - low, As e - ver rov'd in Con-way
ff
p
mf
vale; He drank till he was mel - low, drank till he was mel - low, He
vale; He drank till he was mel - low, drank till he was mel - - low, He
vale; He drank till he was mel - low, drank till he was mel - - low, He

drank till he was mel - - low, And fought till his foes turn'd pale.
drank till he was mel - - low, And fought till his foes turn'd pale.
drank till he was mel - - low, And fought till his foes turn'd pale.

Well did he strike for merry freedom,
And England fear'd his great renown,
For laws—himself decreed 'em,
And gallantly held his own.

Then drink boys to the outlaw'd ranger,
And let us seek old Dafydd's cave,
Where oft he cheer'd the stranger,
And dug for his foes a grave.

DAFYDD AP SHENKIN. (Original Air, for One Voice.)



and the chest of wealth, was a dream after one of Jordan's drunken bouts, which produced so powerful an impression upon his mind, that it banished the few wits intoxication had left him.

CHAPTER XI.

A Mistake—Road to Llanrwst—Gwydir Castle—Llanrwst Shaking Bridge—Inn—The Theatre—Town Hall—Free Schools—Alms Houses—Rhaiadr y Parc Mawr—Llynn Giwionydd—Taliesin—Trefriw—Slate Quarries—Conway—The Suspension Bridge—The Castle—Local Customs—A Phrenologist—Excursion to the Ormes' Head—The Smuggler—The Bump of *Order*.

> "On a rock whose haughty brow
> Frowned o'er old Conway's foaming flood,
> Rob'd in a sable garb of woe,
> With haggard eye, the poet stood."
>
> GRAY.

As I stood taking a farewell look of this beautiful village, with my knapsack on my back, and fishing rod in my hand, I was suddenly roused from my reverie, by a slap on the shoulder, and, on turning my head, I perceived an old woman, who held out to me some half dozen, much soiled, silver tea spoons, addressing me at the same time in Welsh: she might as well

have spoken to me in the language of the ancient Chaldees. However, I took the spoons in my hands, and, after turning them over and over for some time, and endeavouring to elicit her meaning without success, I shook my head as gravely as my Lord Burleigh is made to do, in Sheridan's entertainment of the Critic, and returned them to their venerable owner. Disappointment made the wrinkles of her aged forehead deeper than usual, and I was turning to resume my journey, when a flash of intelligence crossed her smoke-dried visage, and, making a sign for me to stop, she ran into her cottage, and presently returned, her face glowing like a hot coal, with an old umbrella in her hand, which she displayed fantastically in every way she thought likely to attract my notice, making use of sundry pantomimic gestures, none of which could I understand ; and I began to think myself in company with some unhappy creature escaped from Bedlam. I again attempted to proceed with more earnestness than before, when, to my astonishment, a pair of grey, much worn, inexpressibles were held up to my eyes, while the gesticulations of the old woman became stronger and stronger, and I at length discovered, that I had been mistaken for

a travelling pedlar by the old beldam, who wished to exchange the articles she produced for something with which she imagined my knapsack was furnished!

Within half a mile from the town of Llanrwst is

GWYDIR CASTLE,

the property of Lord Willoughby d'Eresby, a family mansion of no very attractive appearance. It is situated on the right of the road, which winds between it and a lofty wood-clad precipice, called Carreg-y-Gwalch, or the Rock of the Falcon. It was built by John Wynne ab Meredydd, in 1555, and has lately undergone some alteration. The breakfast parlour contains a curious carving of the arms of the Gwydir family, supported by Julius Cæsar and Augustus; the former holding his commentaries in one hand, and his sword in the other; the latter, his sword only. The dining-room has some specimens of carving, that are worthy of observation; but throughout the mansion there is very little of what belonged to it originally. The chairs, panelling, and even tables, being coloured for the purpose of giving

the apartments the appearance of antique splendour, which, until lately, they wanted.

The drawing-room is spacious and lofty, and is lighted by a double row of windows, which gives it a heavy look: this unusual arrangement was caused by the removal of the dormitory, to give height to this room. Over the fire place is a finely executed carving of Julius Cæsar in oak. At the N.W. end of the room, a piece of tapestry represents a vintage, and at the S.E. another specimen of needlework commemorates the landing of Charles V at Grenada.

The coronation chair of George II is shewn in this apartment, and the footstool used by Queen Caroline on her trial at Westminster Hall. There is a centre table, very richly ornamented with carved work; and another, which in shape exactly resembles the slab and pedestal of a tombstone, so that the visitor, naturally enough walks up to it, expecting to see the customary, "Hic jacet" etc.

The cradle of Sir Richard Wynne, bearing the date 1634, completes the list of curiosities contained in this room.

The garden, which is extensive, contains some valuable plants and shrubs, and the terrace is a pleasant promenade, sloping from which are

beds of exceedingly beautiful flowers, of various classes and descriptions. After satisfying the housekeeper with a trifling gratuity, I proceeded to Llanrwst, but halted upon the bridge to take a view of the Conway (over which beautiful river its arches expand), and the town to which it leads. I was here accosted by an old man, who asked me, "if I should like to feel the bridge shake?" As I answered in the affirmative, he desired me to place my back against the side over the centre arch, and striking the opposite parapet rather heavily with his own, a tremulous motion was distinctly felt; on this account, it is called the Shaking Bridge. It was built in 1636, from a plan of the celebrated Inigo Jones, and cost £1000, which was defrayed by the counties of Denbighshire and Caenarvonshire, which it unites.

LLANRWST

is built upon the Denbighshire side of the river. The Three Eagles is the most commodious inn in the town; and, being rather fatigued, I threw my limbs upon a sofa, and resigned myself to the drowsy god, first taking especial care to order a substantial repast to be in readiness for

me on my return from the land of Nod. My last waking recollection was the words of Mr. Lover's favourite song,

"There's no use at all in my going to bed,
For it's dhrames and not sleep, that comes into my head."

Dreams, however, did not picture my slumbers, and I awoke to the unrivalled delight of a weary and hungry traveller—an excellent hot dinner. While the waiter cleared the table, and put on the desert, I took a glance from the windows at the market-place and town-hall ; against the latter were pasted sundry bills, some of which bore, I thought, a strong resemblance to the dramatic announcements.

"What bills are those?" said I to the waiter, as he placed my pint of port before me.

"Play bills, sir."

"What, have you a theatre here?" said I, opening my eyes with astonishment.

The man stared, appeared confused and stammered, and, supposing me shocked at the immoral announcement, proceeded to assure me, that although the players were tolerated, they had very little patronage, "Indeed, sir," continued he, "such vagabonds do a great deal of

harm to business; we feel it, sir. Now to-night there is a bespeak, which will do us a serious injury, for we have no less than six visitors who are going!"

"A bespeak, eh! and who bespoke the play?"

"Oh, sir, 'tis Mr——."

"Mr. ——!" I exclaimed, with a sort of inquiring glance, which occasioned the waiter to look more ridiculous than ever.

"Do you mean Mr. ——, of Belmont?"

"Yes, sir, that's the gentleman."

No sooner had I received this information, than filling my glass, "His honored health!" I cried, adding the words of the bard,

> "May never-fading laurels flourish round him,
> And consecrate his name ev'n to Time's end!"

"Bring me a bill of the play," said I. The man withdrew with much apparent reluctance, but shortly returned with one, which, snatching from his hand, I began eagerly to peruse, until perceiving the increasing wonderment which stupified the eyes of the waiter, I followed up the foregoing quotation with ano-

ther, which I addressed to him in seeming wrath.

> " The Devil damn thee black, thou cream-faced loon !
> Where got'st thou that goose look ?"

which had the desired effect, and relieved me from his presence.

A month had passed away since I had visited a temple dedicated to Thalia or Melpomene, and, with all the enthusiasm such divinities inspire, I hastened to arrange my dress in the best manner possible, to pay them my devoirs.

The play was announced to begin at half past seven o'clock. The time had nearly arrived, and fully anticipating much gratification I reached the Town Hall. A staircase, not of the cleanest, led to the theatre on the first floor, and passing some hanging of green-baize, which formed a narrow passage to the pit and gallery, I was ushered into the former, which being set apart for the *gentry*, consisted of about six forms, such as are used in schools, and ranged behind each other. A barrier of the most unostentatious fabric stretched across the room from wall to wall, behind which were about the same number of forms, arranged in like manner, this back por-

tion being denominated the gallery. As I entered, I perceived a fine portly gentleman, seated in a large elbow chair at the extremity of the first form, whose countenance was lighted up by half a dozen candles, that flared magnificently within three feet of the front row, and divided the stage from the audience. "There needed no ghost" to tell me that this was the gentleman who had honored the theatre by his patronage on that occasion, and to whom I was the bearer of a letter of introduction, then in my pocket-book. The proscenium was of painted canvass, and a green curtain of the same material scantily screened the mysteries which were preparing on the stage. Upon the right of the room, a temporary box contained the band. Those who have heard the burst of melodious sounds thunder forth from the orchestra of the opera, which startles the uninitiated, in an overture of Mozart's, or in the wild and stormy grandeur which characterizes the compositions of Weber, may have some idea of the overpowering effect produced by a violin, played by a boy about twelve years of age, who was leader of the band, consisting of one old man of sixty, who rasped fearfully on a violincello, and an enthusiastic trombone player, who successfully drowned the unskilful efforts

of the other two with the tremendous roar of his elongating distracter. The front of the house was illuminated by three tallow candles, one on each side, stuck in tin candlesticks and nailed against the wall, and one at the extremity of the room. The first piece to be acted was the *Midnight Hour*; after which, I thought it high time to retire.

The following morning I employed in paying my respects to the different gentlemen to whom I had letters, and in gaining what information I could respecting the objects most worthy of notice in the town, and surrounding neighbourhood.

The church and chapel adjoining, were the first subjects to engage my attention. In the former there is nothing interesting, excepting an oaken screen, exquisitely carved, which was taken from the Abbey of Maenan, the gallery for the singers being above it. On the opposite side is the

GWYDIR CHAPEL.

This beautiful structure was erected in the year 1633, by Sir Richard Wynne, of Gwydir, from a design of Inigo Jones, and was for many

years the burial place of the illustrious family of Gwydir. At the sides of the chapel, fixed in panels of wood, are several engravings on brass, illustrative of the personages who are interred below; and in the east corner is a tablet of white marble, containing the following remarkable pedigree, comprising a period of 500 years.

" This chapel was erected A. D. 1633, by Sir Richard Wynne of Gwydir, in the county of Carnaervon, Knight and Baronet, Treasurer to the High and Mighty Princess Henrietta Maria, Queen of England, Daughter of Henry the Fourth, King of France, and Wife to our Sovereign Lord King Charles; where lyeth buried his father Sir John Wynne, of Gwydir, Knight and Baronet, son and heir to Morris Wynne, son and heir to John Wynne, son and heir to Meredith Wynne, which three lie buried in the Church of Dolwyddelen, with tombs over them. This Meredith was son and heir to Evan, son and heir to Robert, son and heir to Meredith, son and heir to Howell, son and heir to David, son and heir to Griffith, son and heir to Cradock, son and heir to Roderick, Lord of Anglesea, son to Owen Gwynedd, Prince of

Wales, and younger brother to David, Prince of Wales, who married Emma Plantaginet, sister to King Henry the Second. There succeeded this David three princes ; His nephew Leolinus Magnus, who married Joan daughter to King John,—David his son, nephew to King Henry the Third,—and Llewelyn the last Prince of Wales of that House and line, who lived in King Edward the First's time. Sir John Wynne married Sydney, who lyeth buried here, daughter of Sir William Gerrard, Knight, Lord Chancellor of Ireland, by whom he had issue, Sir John Wynne, who died at Lucca, in Italy, Sir Richard Wynne now living, Thomas Wynne who lyeth here, Owen Wynne now living, Robert Wynne who lyeth here, Roger Wynne who lyeth here, William Wynne now living, Maurice Wynne now living, Ellis Wynne who lyeth buried at Whitford, in the county of Flint, Henry Wynne now living, Roger Wynne who lyeth here, and two daughters, Mary now living, married to Sir Roger Mostyn, in the county of Flint, Knight, and Elizabeth now living, married to Sir John Bodville, in the County of Carnaervon, Knight."

Beneath this is a superb engraving of Dame

Sarah Wynne, one of the daughters of the old Chevalier Sir Thomas Middleton of Chirk Castle, and wife of the above mentioned Sir Richard Wynne ; she died June 16th, 1671. This piece of engraving was executed by one William Vaughan, in a style of elegance hardly to be met with, and may be justly reckoned among the first productions of the age in which he lived.

On the south side are too stately pyramidical columns of variegated marble, decorated with martial insignias ; one to the memory of Meredith Wynne, the other to Sir John Wynne and Sydney his wife ; on their pedestals are Latin inscriptions on black marble, which have been thus translated :

"To the Memory of Meredith Wynne, a descendant of Owen Gwynedd, Prince of Wales, who, under happy auspices, founded the House of Gwydir, removed and endowed the Church of Sant Gwyddelen, during the third tournean expedition, in the fifth year of Henry the Eighth. He died in the month of March 1525."

" To the Memory of John Wynne of Gwydir, Knight and Baronet, with Sydney the daughter of William Gerrard, Knight, Chancellor of the Kingdom of Ireland, the wife of his youth, to

The Coffin of Gordianus Magnus.

In the [illegible] Page 3.

whom she bore eleven sons, and two daughters; they lie here waiting the appearance of Christ in Glory."

Between the above Monuments is a small Tablet of white marble to the Memory of John Wynne ap Meredith, with a Latin inscription to the following effect:

"John Wynne ap Meredith, an Inheritor of his Father's virtues, a just and pious Man, to whom Euna his wife brought five sons and two daughters. He died the 9th of July 1559."

On the floor is a stone effigy in armour, with the feet resting on a lion couchant, of Howell Coetmore ap Griffith Vychan ap Dafydd Gam, alias Gôch, natural son to David, Prince of Wales, from whose descendants, according to tradition, Gwydir was purchased by the Wynnes.

Near to the effigy of Howell Coetmore is the underpart of a stone coffin in which Llewelyn ap Iorwerth, surnamed the Great, the son-in-law of King John, was buried at the Abbey of Conwy; to the coffin is fixed a piece of brass with this inscription:

"This is the coffin of Leolinus Magnus, Prince of Wales, who was buried at the Abbey of Conwy, which upon the dissolution was removed thence."

On going from the chapel to the church, you pass over a large square flag of free stone, having on its sides a Latin inscription thus translated:

"To the Memory of the Sons of John Wynne of Gwydir, Knight and Baronet, who died during their father's life time: John Knight, was buried at Lucca, in the free State of Italy, in the year of his age 30, of our Lord 1613. Robert, who had entered into holy orders, in the year of his age 24, of our Lord 1617. Thomas, Roger, Thomas, in their minority.—Death! a vapour! Behold! we have existed."

In the chancel, between the reading desk and the communion table, is a flag of freestone on the remains of Margaret Vaughan, heiress of Caergai; she was esteemed the Sappho of her age; many of her poetical productions are still extant.

The gallery over the reading desk is said to

have been removed here from the Abbey of Aber-llechog or Maenan Abbey, upon the dissolution of that religious house.

Under the reading desk in the Church, in a pew belonging to Kyffdy, is a Latin epitaph to the memory of Griffith Lloyd, of Bryniog, Rector of this parish; this is said to have been written by himself, and has been much admired for its singularity:—it runs thus:

"Once the undeserving School-master,
Then the more undeserving Lecturer,
And last of all, the most undeserving Rector of this Parish.
Do not think, speak, or write any thing evil of the Dead."

There is a Market Hall, Town Hall, free schools and alms houses. The latter were erected by Sir John Wynne, in 1610, and received the name of Jesus Hospital. He endowed them for the reception of twelve poor men, by ceding the rectorial tithes of Eglwys Fach, which are valued at £200 per annum. Within a mile of Llanwrst there is a spring, which is much esteemed for its healthful qualities. The water is soft, and a drop of sal-volatile mixed with a cup of it, turns it white as milk, while oil of tartar causes it to assume a pearl colour. If during the tourist's visit to Llanrwst there

should chance to fall much rain, I would advise him by all means to view the cataract called

RHAIADR-Y-PARC MAWR,

in the valley of Nant Bwlch yr Haiarn, near Gwydir, but otherwise the minuteness of the stream occasions no extraordinary effect from this fall, which is about one hundred feet in height. The chief object of interest, however, in this vicinity, is the celebrated lakes, called

LLYN GEIRIONYDD,

upon the borders of which once lived the chief of the Welsh bards, *Taliesin*. At the eastern side of the lake is a mound, upon the summit of which there is a kind of hollow, and in it are the remains of an ancient edifice, which was probably the residence of Taliesin, in the reign of Maelgwn Gwynedd, king of Britain. Taliesin when an infant was found by Prince Elphin by the side of a wear belonging to his father Gwyddno Garanhir, lord of Cantrev Gwaelod. The prince fostered the infant, and had it liberally educated ; and, at a proper age, introduced him to the court of his father Gwyddno. Upon this occasion, Taliesin presented the king with a poem,

the subject of which was his own history, and another to the prince, which he called Dyhuddiant Elphin, or the consolation of Elphin, a translation of which is in Evan's specimens of Welsh poetry.

Taliesin had an opportunity of being serviceable to his benefactor; for once, when the prince was imprisoned by his uncle Maelgwn, in the castle of Tejanwy, the magic of his muse effected his release.

This celebrated bard was the preceptor of Myrddin ap Merfryn, and to him the lovers of poetry are indebted for five new metres, while the historian and antiquary are equally benefitted by his accurate description of the manners and customs of the ancient Britons.

I quitted Llanrwst on the following morning, and took the road to Conway: two miles and a half brought me to the pretty village of

TREFRIW,

which presents an animated scene. It is situated upon the banks of the beautiful river Conway, which is navigable up to this point for vessels of fifty tons burthen, that supply the town and neighbourhood with coals, lime, gro-

ceries, &c. &c. and return laden with slate, supplied from the adjacent mines and quarries.

A number of small boats, called coracles, used by the fishermen, are seen studding the delightful stream, while the larger vessels, towed against the wind or sailing before it, present a pleasing picture.

From this place to Conway there is nothing particularly to attract attention, until you arrive within a mile of that celebrated town, when from the brow of a hill, is obtained a view of the venerable fortress erected by the first Edward, and the strongly fortified walls, completely encompassing the town, and strengthened by massive towers. They are coeval with the castle, and are built in the form of a Welsh harp, like those of Caernarvon; but here there are no environs, and the town presents the same appearance as when the chivalric monarch first fortified it.

CONWAY.

The town derives its name from Cyn (chief) and Wy (river).

The principal inn is the Castle, which affords every accommodation the traveller can desire.

The Wynnes are celebrated here, as in all parts of North Wales. In the interior of the town stands *Plas Mawr*, which was erected in 1585, and is still a remarkable structure; its founder was Robert Wynne of Gwydir, the uncle of Sir John Wynne the historian. Over the grand entrance is inscribed, in Greek characters, "*bear and forbear*," over which in Roman characters, "J. H. S. X. P. S." (Jesus Hominum Salvator et populi salus). The old college is in Castle Street, and the church is built from the remains of the ancient Cistercian Abbey, which was founded here by Llewellyn ap Jorwerth, 1185. It contains a rich baptismal font of gothic structure, with a tablet to the memory of Nicholas Hookes of the town of Conway, who was the forty-first child of William and Alice Hookes, and who was himself the father of twenty-seven children.

During my short stay in Conway, I endeavoured to discover the best view of the town, which I think is from the eastern side of the river, about midway between the chain bridge and the mansion of Sir John Hilton. Nothing can be more interesting. The variety of small craft, sailing and anchored, before its warlike screen; the castle, with its towers and turrets,

rising in hostile grandeur upon its rocky base; the bridge, and lovely scenery beyond of purple hills and thriving villages; and the bright waters sporting with the luxuriant foliage of its woody margin, create a sensation of delight in the pursuer of picturesque scenery, which he has probably seldom before experienced.

Another delightful view may be obtained by ascending the rock, which overhangs the lodge of the bridge upon its eastern side. A flight of steps conducts to the summit, where a seat is most conveniently placed for the accommodation of the lovers of romantic beauty; and the bridge, although inferior in magnitude to the stupendous work of art which stretches over Bangor Ferry, commands the admiration of the spectator. But the chief object of interest is the castle, which surpasses in picturesque grandeur any building of the kind I ever beheld. I thought Carnaervon Castle the most beautiful of ruins, but it is not, in my opinion, to be compared with Conway. The solidity of its structure, and its expansive site, resembling the fortresses of Syria and the Holy Land, give to its exterior all that the most romantic imagination could desire. Its foundation is a rock of slate, and its works are impregnable. Nothing

but famine could, at the time it was erected, have had power to subdue it. Its walls are from ten to twelve feet in thickness, and it had formerly a deep and broad moat, on the west and north west sides; which with the sea washing its base on the east and south, formed insurmountable barriers to the assailants,

It was evening when I first entered this noble ruin. The porteress very ungraciously left me to my meditations after admitting me, locking the gate after her, and leaving me like a state prisoner in the royal fortress. I confess I was little pleased with the manners of my conductress and the solitary situation in which I was placed, and sensations arose within me like those which a school boy feels when passing a churchyard at midnight.

The sun had set, and the deep-shadows of eve were darkening into night, as I stood alone in the court yard, and flitting visions arose before me of those who crossed its space in distant bygone ages — "the plumed troops," and courtly dames, and all the glitter of the olden times. As I thus stood amongst the ruins, a deep drawn sigh, close by my ear, made my heart leap into my throat, as I turned to discover from whence it proceeded. But all was solitude

around. The huge festoons of ivy, unruffled by a breath of air, hung heavily in funereal grandeur on the walls. As I passed into what had been the banqueting hall, the darkness increased. It was a noble apartment, and measured 130 feet in length, and thirty in breadth, in height twenty. Nine windows looked southward, up the river, and two into the courtyard. In the recesses were stone seats, capable of accommodating twelve persons ; and, as I seated myself in one of these, my delusion of other days came over me. Here sat the first Edward, the hero of Palestine ; here was the monarch besieged, and almost reduced by famine ; here Hotspur and King Richard held a conference ; and the latter, putting himself into the power of Northumberland, was betrayed by him, and sent a prisoner to the usurper Bolingbroke.

> " Life's but a walking shadow—a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,
> And then is heard no more !"

As I made this apt quotation, another deep and heavy sigh, and a rustling in the ivy, startled me, and the bird of solitude, the lonely owl, flapped his heavy wings, and flew past me to a

remoter corner of the ruined hall. I arose, and walked to a small chamber, where there was an open ornamented casement, and which, as I was afterwards informed, bears the name of the queen's oriel; from which there is a pleasant prospect of part of the ruin and scenery beyond.

I then proceeded to the terrace, at the south western extremity, which is on the surface of the rock; and the prospect from this spot, interesting at all times, is doubly so by moonlight. The supension bridge beneath, the ocean on the left, and this fertile valley on the right, with the sparkling Conway meandering through it, compose a scene of unexampled beauty.

In the year 1290, when Edward was engaged in a dispute with the King of France, and was determined to revenge himself upon that potentate, in order to obtain supplies, he made the experiment of taxing his newly acquired Welsh subjects; which they resented by hanging Roger de Pulesdon, who had been appointed to collect the tax; and by defeating the English forces, who attempted to enforce them.

Alarmed at a revolt, which was now rising into importance, and which threatened to wrest from him his new dominions, Edward entered North Wales, to conduct the war in person.

Having proceeded in his march to Conway, he crossed that arm of the sea with a part of his forces, and retiring into the castle with them, awaited the arrival of the remainder. In his passage he lost many waggons, and other carriages, loaded with provisions, which were intercepted by the Welsh, who came down in multitudes from the mountains, and invested the castle, upon the land side, while a sudden rise in the Conway, which prevented his troops from crossing the river and rendering him assistance, made his situation extremely alarming. He was surrounded by water and the enemy, cut off from his army, and threatened with famine.

The good fortune of Edward, however, returned to him in the hour of need. The river subsided, and his forces being able to cross to his relief, the Welsh again retired to the mountains, and the English monarch passed his Christmas holidays without interruption at the castle.

In 1665, the Earl of Conway, under pretence of its being for his majesty's service, stripped the castle of all its furniture, iron and lead, and shipped them off to Ireland, otherwise it might have remained as firm and entire at the present day, as when it was first erected.

If these Goths were aware of the ignominy they attached to their shields by acts so disgraceful, they might perhaps have permitted beauty and grandeur to remain undefiled by their sacrilegious touch.

The young men still keep up many of the ancient local customs; amongst which, on Nos Calanmai, or, the eve of the first of May, they hang on the houses of their sweethearts bunches of rosemary and ribbons.

At the door of a prude they tie a penglog, or part of a horse's skeleton. There is likewise a custom preserved called Stocsio. Upon Easter Sunday, a great number of boys and men assemble on Pentwthil, with wands of gorse, to proclaim the laws and regulations which are to be observed upon the following morning. The last married person is sought to perform this office, who, mounted on a heap of stones, issues his mandate, while the rest listen with silent attention. He decrees that all men under sixty years of age are to appear in the street before six o'clock on the following morning; and all under forty, before four; and all under twenty are commanded not to go to bed at all, under penalty of being put into the stocks.

The orator then descends, amidst loud cheering, and the assembled parties separate; the younger branches to form plans of amusement, and the graver to secure their carts, waggons, and wheelbarrows, with chains and locks, to prevent their being seized upon the following day; a very necessary precaution, as every vehicle, unmanacled, or otherwise unsecured, is sure of being pressed before dawn of day into the service of the light-hearted youths, who are not over careful of their neighbour's property during the uproarious period of their festivity.

Early in the morning, the stocks are placed at one end of the street, and a party, marching to the inspiring music of a drum and fife, parade the town, in order to convey to the place of punishment all seceders from this ancient law of custom. When they arrive at a house where a rebel resides, the storming party endeavour by all practicable means to gain admittance; such as climbing in at the windows, forcing open the back door, &c., and they generally secure the culprit; who, if he be caught in bed, is allowed sufficient time to dress himself, and then hurried away to the stocks, amid the exulting shouts of the assembled multitude.

His feet being secured, one of the party gives him a severe lecture upon the sin of idleness, and of breaking old established customs. Then taking his right hand, he puts questions to him; such as, whether he would rather kiss the mistress or the maid?—whether he prefers buttermilk or strong ale?—and the more satisfactory his answers are to the party, the more thickly his hand is plaistered with mud, until at length he is released, and, with loud cheering, permitted to join the forces, as they march off in search of another rebel.

There is a pearl fishery at Conway, and many poor families are supported by gathering the muscles, which contain these gems.

The fish is called by Linnæus *myd margaritefera*. The produce is transmitted to London in the pure natural state, and easily finds a market amongst the jewellers, who purchase them by weight, but in the neighbourhood of Conway the purposes they are appropriated to are unknown.

It was my good fortune to meet with a brother tourist at the Castle Inn; who, after acquainting me with the above facts, offered to conduct me in the morning to Llandudno, which

offer I thankfully accepted; and, before the sun had finished his draught of mountain dew, we had crossed the bridge, and were pursuing our course to the appointed spot. The tide was at low ebb, and a pleasant walk of three quarters of a mile upon the hard sand brought us to

DINAS GONWY

"The fort of the Conway." By the English, it is called the Gannoc and by the common people in the neighbourhood "Y Faer dre."

The ruins of an ancient castle are to be seen at a short distance, situated upon two hillocks, near the shore. From thence we crossed by Eglwy's Rhôs, where Maelgwn Gwynedd is said to have taken refuge to avoid the yellow fever, which was committing great havoc in all parts of Europe. Gloddaeth, the residence of Lady Mostyn Champneys, is sweetly situated near this place. It was built by her ancestors in the reign of Elizabeth, and is celebrated for the Welsh manuscripts contained in the library. The grounds are most tastefully laid out, and the tourist will find himself amply rewarded for

his pains while viewing the extreme beauty of the scenes around.

LLANDUDNO

is built upon a huge mass of rock which projects into the sea, called The Great Orme's Head; a small village, where formerly a great deal of smuggling was carried on; and, as we stood gazing upon the frightful precipice beneath us, at the base of which the ocean breaks its mighty bulk, and foams as if enraged at opposition, my companion related a story of a fisherman's daughter and her lover, the circumstances of which took place within view of the position we then occupied.

THE SMUGGLER.

It was my fortune, or rather my misfortune, said my companion, some forty years ago, to take up my quarters at a fisherman's hut in the village, who was a widower with one child, a lovely girl of about sixteen years of age. She performed all the household duties for her father with the greatest neatness and cheerfulness, and

at evening was looked upon by the youth of the surrounding neighbourhood, as the gayest and handsomest lass that tripped upon the hard sands to the music of a blind harper, who lived in the vicinity. Many a time as I stood and saw her light feet moving in the inspiring dance, have I said to myself, it would be a pity now if so light a foot should ever carry a heavy heart. Poor Jane! she was the sweetest wild flower of the cliff—nursed in storm and tempest, yet in her simplicity more winning to the heart and eye than the proudest exotic luxury could produce. I took a pleasing interest in her; and for the attention she paid me, resolved upon improving her education to the extent of my ability, which I considered an easy task, for the organ of veneration, I observed, was large, which induced me to think she respected those who took an interest in her welfare. Benevolence and hope were equally prominent, and, when this happy association appears, the leading feature of such persons' characters may be perceived in the religious obedience they pay to all those who are anxious to instruct their minds and purify their thoughts. I felt notwithstanding, considerable anxiety for her future welfare; for at the lower part and back of the head, between the *mastoid processes*

and the *occipital bone*, I had noticed an enlargement, which I knew, combined as it was with the moral sentiments and the organs of adhesiveness, strongly developed, would either prove the blessing or the bane of her existence, as these opposites depended not only upon the man's disposition to whom she might yield her affections, but to the destiny of that man, successful or disastrous. And I had frequent opportunities of observing that she had a strong partiality for a youth who was possessed of personal and mental qualifications far beyond those of his associates, but who was wild, with the bump of marvellousness extremely prominent."

"Zounds," said I, "if you cover your story with so many excrescences, I shall never be able to remember one half of it."

My companion smiled benevolently, as he replied, I perceive you lack the organ of *individuality*; and then resumed the thread of his discourse. After remaining with them nearly three months, during which I may give myself credit for having made good use of my time in improving the manners and intellect of my docile pupil, I took leave of the fisherman and his daughter, promising to pay them a visit in the course of a month, before I returned to

merry England. Tears stood in the eyes of poor Jane as I turned to quit the cottage, and the old father squeezed my hand with a cordiality that effectually stopped the circulation of my blood in that extremity. Mark, her lover, seemed neither sorry nor pleased, but leaning his broad back against the white-washed wall of the cottage, whistled with the greatest composure, "The jovial fellow's farewell."

After a month's ramble, I returned to this spot on a dark, stormy day in October;—it was indeed a dreary evening. The rain fell in torrents, and the hoarse sound of the surge came heavily upon my ear as I approached the cottage of my late worthy host; when suddenly, as I lifted my eyes from the ground, I perceived a number of persons walking in slow procession, as from a funeral, and a cold shudder came over me as I recognised the father of Jane; his white locks exposed to the beating rain, his head bent to the ground, and his hands clasped upon his breast, in the action of mental agony.

Thinking my visit would prove ill-timed, I proceeded to a small public-house, and, while my garments were drying at the fire, I managed to extract from the landlord, that the funeral of Jane Morgan had just taken place. Astonishment

and sorrow chained my tongue for some time; I shall never forget the sensations I experienced at this mournful relation. I sat motionless in my chair, without uttering a syllable for a full hour, or noticing anything that transpired around me during that time. I could think of nothing but Jane Morgan; I could see nothing but her young blooming face and yellow locks, which used to glitter like threads of gold in the sunbeams, as the fresh sea breeze blew them into a thousand fantastic waves; her airy form, as it flew along the sand on which her light foot scarcely left a print; her simple dress; all this I brought to my "mind's eye," and afterwards the church-yard where she was laid a corpse—I burst into tears.

Her lover, Mark Bratts, who had for more than a twelvemonth paid courtship to poor Jane, had obtained her father's consent to their union, whenever he could realize a sufficient sum to begin the world with in a prudent and respectable way. The precarious life of a fisherman, however, appeared to Mark to hold out but little prospect of wealth enough either to gain or to support a wife; and he resolved upon obtaining the object of his wishes as speedily as possible in some other way.

A man named Simpson, a notorious smuggler in the neighbourhood, was known to have amassed a considerable property, and Mark resolved to offer himself to serve as one of the crew on board his lugger; hoping, that in a trip or two, he might earn sufficient to claim his promised bride. He was accepted aboard; and the day following the little vessel spread her light sails to the breeze, and took her course for Holland. Mark possessed a little money which he laid out in a venture, trusting thereby to clear so much as would enable him to claim as his bride the object of his love.

It was a stormy day when the inhabitants of Llandudno were roused by the report of guns from seaward, the wind blowing furiously right on shore. It was about the time that the smuggler's vessel was expected, and those interested in her safe arrival hastily ran to this promontory to ascertain if she was in sight, or in danger, for a king's cutter was known to be cruising on the coast. It was just dawn; the sea was running mountains high; and within a league of the rocks they perceived two vessels within half a mile of each other. The first was a small lugger, carrying a press of canvass that seemed to run her hull under as she made directly for

the headland, and her masts bent like reeds to the fury of the tempest. As she approached the headland, a number of kegs piled one upon another on the decks, were observed to vanish into the deep by dozens, being flung overboard by the busy crew. They were within a mile of the shore, when the revenue cutter, hauling her wind, poured a broadside of grape shot into the smuggler, so well directed that several were seen to fall from their stations in various parts of the vessel. Still they carried every stitch of canvass, knowing that there was water enough for the light lugger to cross the bar after they had rounded the point, and that the revenue cutter would be sure to strike upon the sands if she attempted to follow them half a mile further, being of much heavier tonnage. Besides, she was already in some peril, by venturing so far in shore, with a gale blowing heavily from the north east.

She was soon within hail of the head, and the cliffs were covered with human beings, gazing eagerly upon the little craft beneath it, when suddenly, a chain shot from the cutter carried away her mainmast, which fell over the side. To cut away the stays and clear the wreck, was the work of a minute, and the smuggler's bark

swept like a sea bird round the great Ormes head into the Bay of Conway, but not until their pursuers had sent another broadside into her hull as they stood off shore. As the Typhon, the name of the king's vessel turned from the pursuit; the daring outlaws sent up a shout of triumph, which was echoed from those upon the rocks, and after a slight shock which the lugger received, as she crossed the sand-bank, they floated safely in smooth water.

But where was Jane? Foremost of that crowd which gathered on the rocks, when the firing was first heard, flew the light form of the loving maiden, like a young eagle glaring for its mate. She stood upon the extreme verge of the cliff, unconscious of every thing, save the peril of her lover, her eyes fixed upon the vessels, straining as they would crack their strings, to discover the form of him who had her heart in keeping; and, as the vessel glided under the headland, she hung over the brink of the precipice, gazing upon the dead and dying, with whom the decks were strewed. But she saw him not. With the swiftness of the seamew, she followed the course of the smuggler along the shore; and when at last she saw the white sails gathered to the yards, and the vessel riding safely at anchor in the

rocky bay, she leaped into a boat, and rowed herself to its side. A moment, and she jumped upon the deck, calling wildly for poor Mark. But no one answered her. With hair dishevelled, and eyes glancing fire, she turned each dead man's face up to the sky. At length, a headless trunk met her distracted gaze. A bright gold ringlet of hair, tinged with the smuggler's blood, and fastened to the breast of his shirt, the blue pea-jacket she gave Mark at his departure, and the brass buckles which her father wore, and presented to him as a pledge of future favour, all flashed conviction on her mind, that it was the mutilated form of her lover. A wild scream, which struck terror into the hearts of the daring crew, proclaimed her heart was broken; and falling on his mangled corse she instantly expired.

This was the melancholy end of the lovers. And you may remember that I said her happiness or misery would depend not only on the disposition of the man she loved, but upon his future destiny; the organs of amativeness and adhesiveness being so largely developed.

Here an object attracted his attention at a short distance, and he suddenly left off speaking

to examine the scull of a melancholy donkey, which stood gazing upon the waste of waters.

Having carefully examined the animal's peri-cranium, on which he made some scientific remarks, elaborately pointing out the distinguishing characteristics of the quadruped and biped race, I reminded him that it was high time to retrace our steps to Conway, and, as we trudged along, he related a story of rather a whimsical nature, which, as it tended to illustrate his favorite science, afforded me much amusement.

THE BUMP OF ORDER.

He lived, he said, at one time opposite to a house where resided a newly married couple. The house had the appearance of particular neatness, the flag stones before the door being white as snow, as were those supporting the railing of the area. The ledges of the windows were in keeping with the rest, and the windows themselves were perfectly unstained. The curtains below were of green damask, and above of elegant chintz, with pink linings. A variety of plants bloomed in the balcony, and the pots were ranged in precise order.

It greatly excited his curiosity, that every week, for upwards of a twelvemonth, he saw one or two new servants. It appeared that one week was the longest period the lady ever permitted any menial to remain in the house.

This circumstance created some surprise, as, during the time, he had never observed a single gentleman or lady knock at their door.

He had an opera glass, through which he took every opportunity of examining their heads across the street. At length, his bump of curiosity overmastering every other consideration, determined him to seek an occasion of becoming acquainted with the lady of the house. For this purpose, he dressed himself with peculiar nicety, and stepping over, intimated by a rat-tat-tat that he was at the door. A female servant answered the summons, and ushered him into the parlour, where the lady was seated gazing with a vacant stare upon some pots of geraniums, which occupied a niche in the apartment. When a lady receives a visit from a gentleman she has never been introduced to, it is natural for her to look in his face, and an opinion is too frequently formed by the Lavater-loving sex, of the character, at first sight, of the being before them. But Mrs. —— took a very different view of my

philosophical friend; for her eyes fell from the geraniums to the toes of her visitor, as if she had the art of discovering the character of a man by the state of his boots.

"I hope you will excuse the appearance of a stranger at"—

The lady interrupted him with, "None of the cleanest, indeed, Mr. Thingumbob. Good God, Susan, why did'nt you tell him to wipe his feet on the mat!"

"I beg you will excuse,"—continued my friend, apologizing.

"Well, I suppose I must excuse. My gracious! what are you doing, sir? you've put your nasty wet hat upon my beautiful rose-wood table! Why, Susan, I say, bring a cloth—who could ever believe that any man would bring his hat into a parlour! you stupid girl, is that the way to rub a table? use a little elbow grease, you intolerable slow coach—there, get away and let me do it myself!" and with that the lady snatched the cloth from the hands of her domestic, and began rubbing and puffing in a style which sufficiently proved she was capable of *giving*, if not *receiving* a polish.

After ten minutes' exercise, the lady returned the rubber to the servant, and with a face ruddy

as the full moon at its rising, seated herself upon the chair, and cast a look of satisfaction round the room at the peculiar neatness of its appearance.

"I perceive, madam," said my friend, "you take particular delight in seeing your apartments kept clean and neat, and the arrangement of this room does honour to your taste;" he had touched the string that vibrated to her heart.

"I confess, sir, I feel a pride in seeing every thing in its place, and cleanliness is an indispensable qualification in the servant I engage. Will you believe me, sir, when I tell you that this girl you just saw, is the forty-ninth I have had in the last twelvemonth, and I have no more idea of keeping her than I have of taking back any of her predecessors."

"Ah madam, servants are sad plagues!"

"Plagues, sir, they are devils. Why, it was but yesterday, when I thought my house, from the attic to the kitchen, was so clean, that not a speck of dirt could be visible to a fly, I was obliged to upset a whole boiler full of the most delicious pea-soup into the middle of the kitchen!"

The phrenologist lifted up his legs, by instinct,

as if he felt the sprinkling of it upon them, and exclaimed, "How unfortunate!"

"Unfortunate, sir, it was insupportable," cried the lady; "but I made her clean it up again!"

My learned friend was then put to a nonplus; he could not for the life of him, make out why Mrs. —— should have taken the trouble to upset a boiler of pea-soup into the middle of the clean kitchen; and this he politely requested her to explain.

"Why, I'll tell you, sir, it is my pleasure to see every thing in its place, and a grease spot to me is as bad as a plague spot to many. Now, sir, although the kitchen looked better, I'll be bound to say, than any other kitchen in town, yet I was anxious to see if my servant had obeyed my orders in taking a spot of grease out of the boards, which by accident fell upon them the day before; so lifting up the oil-cloth—judge of my horror and dismay to find it untouched! I inquired the reason. The servants had the impudence to tell me, they had not time, at which, I made no more ado, but threw the boiler of soup upon it, which took them a good two hours to clean up again. I *will* have every thing done, and in order."

" Indeed, madam," said my friend, " I perceive the admirable effects of your system—this room is in admirable order."

" This room, sir! have the goodness to walk into my bed-room up stairs!"

My phrenological friend, although he had passed the meridian of life, could not help thinking this invitation rather extraordinary, more particularly so, when the lady desired him to take off his shoes.

" For," said she, " I never allow even my husband to come up stairs in his shoes."

Now it so happened that my friend had a particular reason for wishing to avoid this ceremony, having walked a hole in one of his stockings the day before, and the laundress was in possession of his *other* pair. Nothing, however, could alter her determination of exhibiting her cleanliness. She protested he should see her bed-room, and insisted on his taking off his shoes!

With a shrug *à la française*, he submitted, but had not ascended half way up the stair-case before the lady who followed, perceived the injury his hose had sustained, and with a cry of horror exclaimed, " Susan! bring up a needle and thread!" the words were scarcely uttered,

when the girl appeared, and without hesitation (without asking him to draw off his hose) seizing him by the foot, compelled him to submit to her needle's operation; blushing and confounded at the awkward position his unjustifiable curiosity had drawn him into; having completed her orders, the girl descended to the kitchen, while he ascended to a square landing place on the first floor. On the outside of the window was a veranda filled with the choicest plants and flowers; the casement being open a delightful breeze entered the house, bringing with it the odours of the little garden; and he was about making a complimentary observation upon the admirable arrangement of her bough-pots, when, helter-skelter, in, through the casement, bolted a large tabby cat, and with a spring, clearing my friend's shoulders, alighted upon the elegantly laced cap of the precise Mrs. ——. They had not time to recover from their first alarm, when down tumbled all the roses, lignum vitæs, rhododandrums, geraniums and myrtles, being dislodged by a huge tom-cat rushing in, in pursuit of the aforesaid timid feline intruder. Crash, crash! went the bough-pots—squall, squall, went the lady. Damnation! exclaimed the gentleman. The lady's foot slipped, and she slid

and bumped to the bottom of the stairs; the phrenologist, endeavouring to save her, blundered completely over the lady. The two cats scampered round and athwart the elegantly arranged parlour, dislodging every ornament from the chimney-piece; and at length, my friend, having recovered his shoes, hastily snatched up his hat and cane, and made a precipitate escape from the house of a lady, who was unfortunate in having the bump of *order* too strongly developed.

We arrived at the castle in Conway greatly fatigued, and equally delighted with our day's ramble.

CHAPTER XII.

Route to Aber—Penmaen Mawr—The pet Goat—Aber—Legend of Llewllyn and the Captive Knight—Road from Aber to Bangor—Penrhyn Castle—Bangor—Inns—The Cathedral—The Castle—Free Schools—The Menai Bridge—Song, Farewell to North Wales, air, Ar Hyd y Nos—Conclusion.

"When the heathen trumpets clang
Round beleaguer'd Chester rang,
Veiled nun and friar grey
March'd from Bangor's fair Abbaye:
High their holy Anthem sounds,
Cestria's vale the hymn rebounds,
Floating down the silver Dee,
O Miserere Domine!"

SIR WALTER SCOTT.

On the following morning, we started for Aber. The coast scenery is extremely grand;

and passing, the promontory of Penmaen Bach, a semicircular range of mountains, stretching tc the overpeering height of Penmaen Mawr, from a delightful shelter to one of the most beautiful coast retreats in North Wales.

The present road winds round the waist of Penmaen Mawr, and nothing can exceed the terrors that, above and underneath it, meet the eye of the traveller. A few goats are generally seen wandering among the shingly surface ; and their motions, though so light, send the loose fragments down, like the fall of a glacier. As I stood gazing on the awful depth beneath, four large pieces of rock rolled into the centre of the road, not ten yards from the place where I was standing, the smallest of which, had it touched me, would have caused instant death, or disabled me in such a manner as to have prevented my venturing upon a second tour. I turned my eyes above, and thought upon the legend of Dolbadarn ; and my blood chilled to think, if, by any chance, a steed and rider should be precipitated over its brow—what a spectacle they would exhibit at its base ! But, at the time of the legend, there was scarce footing for a goat to pass along, and nothing to interrupt the parties from finally plunging into the sea.

"When last I visited this spot," said my companion, "I observed a man sitting by the road side, with his hands clasped, his elbows resting upon his knees, and his face bespeaking feelings of deep sorrow. I have a strong aversion to intruding on the secrets of others; but this lorn man, seated in such a solitary situation, and forming so interesting a foreground in the picture, made me desirous of entering into conversation with him, in order to discover the source of his grief.

"'You seem to be in grief, my friend; can I do anything to relieve it?'

"'God bless you, sir, you cannot.'

"'May be otherwise, if you will tell me the cause.'

"'I'll tell you, sir; but it is out of your power to repair my loss.'

"He then feelingly related the following simple tale."

THE PET GOAT.

About three years ago, sir, I married one of the prettiest girls you ever saw—an inhabitant of the neighbouring village. Her good heart was light, and her hand always open to the

stranger and the poor, as far as our means could afford. We were married in the little church of Aber, and a merry one was our wedding day. Her mother gave me a young kid upon the occasion, which we took home with us and brought up in the cottage, as you would a dog that you loved for the giver's sake ; and for its own sake I loved the pretty animal. It was as playful and as gentle as a kitten ; and I taught it a number of tricks that greatly amused all our neighbours. Truan hyny ! At length, my poor Mary brought me a boy, but she, poor girl, was too delicate to suckle the infant, and my gentle goat, that had lately brought forth two kids, supplied us with milk for the child, who did well, and God be praised, still does well ;—my poor pet was the saving of his life. Well, I went to my work, as usual, and Mary made my home a heaven upon earth ;—for she was an angel, and furnished me with every comfort that mortal could desire. God bless her !—and she is blessed, if goodness finds bliss in heaven, which no one doubts.

Well, sir, a second year flew away quickly, and my partner brought me forth twins—the sweetest babes eyes ever looked upon, and so like each other, you couldn't tell which was

which ; so we tied a ribbon upon Mary's arm, to distinguish her from Kate. Well, my poor pet goat again stood wet nurse to the offspring ; and my wife recovered her health and beautiful looks ; our evenings passed in talking of what we should do for them, when they grew up. Ah, sir, it would have done your heart good to have seen her blue eyes turned up to the sky, imploring blessings upon their innocent heads, and every night kneel down to pray to her Creator, for mercy on herself and me ! although He knows better than I do, that she was as free from soil as the waters of the rocky rill, and you might see her heart as clearly as the pebbles at its bottom. Ah ! that was a sight for good men to look upon, and be thankful that they had seen it. You'll excuse me, sir ; but I can't help shedding tears, when I think upon the fate of poor Mary !—gwae ! gwae !

The pet goat, sir, was wandering upon the shelving rocks which now hang over us, and there were many others above. Do you see that, sir, with one of its horns nearly straight, just upon the edge of that projecting mass ? Just beneath that she was browsing, when, all of a sudden, a large piece fell from the brow of the mountain, and, lighting upon the body of my

favourite, she was dashed into the centre of the road, just where we are now standing; and, when I ran to her the look of her bright grey eyes went to my heart—poor thing! I never saw anything more affectionate in a christian; for her looks spoke more than any words I ever heard in the way of gratitude; and she licked my hand, poor dumb beast! and sighed, and died without a groan, poor thing! poor thing! (and he wept in the bitterness of his feeling.)

You may wonder, sir, that I should cry so, when I tell you about the death of a goat; but it is the consequences attendant upon it that wring the tears from my eyes. When poor pet died, my wife was obliged to nurse her young twins, for no woman could be found in the neighbourhood to assist her, and I couldn't afford to buy another goat, and I couldn't bear to ask for milk which I wasn't able to pay for, for all somehow went wrong with me after the loss of our favourite. Mary grew weaker and weaker every day, and I couldn't go to my work, and leave her, without any one to watch over her. My spirit was broken, and I cared for nothing in the world, but attending the sick bed of Mary and the children. To be sure, I managed to get enough for the support of life; but

the twins couldn't eat the food I brought them. The mother had not milk enough to support them; and I saw her, day by day, sinking under the affliction I had no power to soften. At length, my two pretty babes died, one after the other, and Mary's heart broke to see the stroke of Providence. She died too, sir, and with her all that made life dear to me, except my poor little boy. I shall never, never recover! and I know that the sod will shortly be laid upon my head, by the side of the grave where rest the bones of my dear Mary.

The numerous accidents that have happened on this mountain render it an object of awful interest. Mr. Pennant, in his tour, relates the following circumstances:

"The Rev. Mr. Jones, who in 1762 was the Rector of Llanelian in the Isle of Anglesea, fell, with his horse and a midwife behind him, down the steepest part. The *sage-femme* perished, as did the nag. The divine, however, with great philosophy, unsaddled the steed, and marched off with the trappings, exulting at his preservation."

He relates another accident, that occurred here, in the following words:

"I have often heard of another accident,

attended with such romantic circumstances, that I would not venture to mention it, had I not the strongest traditional authority to this day, in the mouth of every one in the parish of Llanfair Fechan, in which this promontory stands. Sion Humphreys, of this parish, paid his addresses to Ann Thomas, of Creuddyn, on the other side of the Conway river. They had made an appointment to meet at a fair in the town of Conway. He in his way fell over Penmaen Mawr. She was overset in the ferry boat, and was the only person saved out of fourscore! They were married, and lived very long together in the parish of Llanfair. She was buried April 11th, 1744, aged 116. He survived her five years, and was buried Dec. 1749, close by her in the parish church yard, where their graves are familiarly shown to this day."

On the summit of a hill, in the neighbourhood of Penmaen Mawr, are the ruins of an ancient British camp, of vast magnitude, which was deemed impregnable. It is a site of considerable interest, as well for its antiquity, as for the magnificent prospect which it commands of the ocean, the Isle of Anglesea, the straits, the Ormes head, the island of Priestholm, the beau-

tiful town of Beaumauris, and the chain of Snowdonia, of which it is the terminating link.

Having passed round the frightful promontory of Penmaen Mawr, by the admirable road which, with incredible labour, has been cut by government, at the expense of £10,000, and forms a belt to the mountain, the country becomes more fertile; the plantations are larger, and more numerous, and the hills are clothed with verdure, which never appears upon the wild forehead of that frowning mass; and hedges rise on either side of the road, through which the eye is pleased with the sight of waving fields of grain, until we reach the picturesque village of

ABER.

The name of the inn here is the Bulkley Arms, and a more comfortable hostel, for one who travels in search of the beauties of nature, cannot be desired; although, to the fastidious, it may, perhaps, be thought too small, and to the luxurious it may not offer the viands which he covets. For myself, give me the room overlooking the beautiful little garden which sends its thousand perfumes into the apartment, when the sun goes down and the

moon lights up the Menai with her silver beams! Let me sit, silent and alone, there—there, where "heavenly pensive contemplation dwells." At the entrance to the glen, upon its eastern side, is a very high artificial mound, flat at the top, which is said to be the site of a castle belonging to Llewellyn the great. On it stands the house of Mr. Crawley, a sketch of which, with the glen, is annexed. It was taken from under the arch of the bridge, and gives a better idea of the scene than words have power to convey.

The mountain, on the eastern side of the vale is clothed with oak and ash trees; but, upon the west, there is no foliage. The river rushes with great impetuosity after a flood, from its mountain fall, into the Menai straits, winding through the glen, and encircling several rocky islets in its course. The fall is about a mile and a half up the stream, and, at the extremity of the vale, a convex mountain rises, down which it leaps, from a height of about sixty feet; and there is said to be a large stone here, on which the army of Llewellyn sharpened their spears and arrows; and the marks are still shown to the tourist.

But the prospect from the bridge, which crosses the stream, on the road to Conway, is

the most interesting; from this spot you command a view of the river, at its greatest magnitude, sparkling along its rock-impeded course, and behold it dancing and foaming, as if with joy, into the salts, like a child bounding to its mother.

The following short poem is founded upon a tradition connected with this place. It was twilight when the muse flew in at the window, and at that endearing time I yielded to her influence. The story is well known to every villager of this delightful neighbourhood.

LLEWELYN AND THE CAPTIVE KNIGHT.

Oh! who is he that rides along
So proudly on his charger strong,
Amid yon gay and gallant throng
Through Aber's lonely vale?

With plumed casque upon his head,
And mace at saddle bow so red,
And battle brand, the foeman's dread,
And glittering shirt of mail?

'Tis ancient Cambria's pride and boast,
Her hope, her strength, her chief, her host,
Whose fame she spreads from coast to coast,
And trumpets to the sky!

And Saxon blood is on his mace,
And gouts his shining blade deface,
Hail, bravest of the bravest race!
And pride of chivalry!

And who is she, so peerless fair,
With full dark eye, of lustre rare,
And snowy neck, and raven hair,
On palfrey by his side?

With native gems upon her vest,
Snowdonia's own—Snowdonia's best,
Rising and sinking on her breast,
And glance of royal pride?

The noblest lady of the land,
(For she with him joined hand to hand
In wedlock's stout and holy band),
Llewelyn's noble dame.

For her do bards their praises sing,
And minstrels strike the sounding string,
Till mountains high and valleys ring
With fair Johanna's name!

And who is he with drooping plume,
And golden locks, and brow of gloom,
Whose cheek hath lost its manly bloom,
And sorrow speaking eye?

William de Breos is he hight,
A courtier fair and gallant knight,
Ta'en by Llewelyn in the fight
Before Montgomery.

Oh! 'tis a glorious sight to see
The marshalled ranks of liberty,
With banners waving high and free,
Wind down the hollow vale;

Their broad swords flashing in the sun,
And spears too bright to look upon,
Returning from the field they've won,
And from the foeman pale.

The prince within his castle wall,
There rose a shout from one and all,
That shook the mountain's rocky hall,
And made the welkin ring.

And gaily passed the wassail bowl,
While bards poured out the song of soul,
And martial music crowned the whole,
Time moved on pleasure's wing.

But pleasure's wing may sometimes lose
Its plumage bright, of varied hues,
And time grow dark with sorrow's dews,
And cloak itself in care.

And eyes that wanton love inspire,
And blaze with light of fierce desire
Be quenched in floods of anguish dire,
And wither in despair!

Months rolled away, and while in war,
Llewelyn shone the leading star,
The knight and dame, in pleasure's car,
Rolled rapidly along.

Guilt smiled upon their couch of down,
But o'er them was an angel's frown,
Till their adult'ry, bolder grown,
Became a ribald song.

Llewelyn to his home returned,
Unconscious of his wrong, and burn'd
To meet the welcome he had earned
In glory's sanguine field.

Cold was the heart he thought his own,
And colder had his welcome grown,
And on his forehead sat a frown,
Which half his fears revealed.

Unransomed to his Saxon home,
With promises of gifts to come,
Southward he bade De Breos roam,
And gave him friendly grasp.

The lady wept, Llewelyn smiled,
"Yield not, sweet wife, to sorrow wild,
For friendship is a feeling mild;
Her hand De Breos clasp."

The Knight departed on his steed,
With twenty horsemen for his need,
To guard him over mount and mead,
To fair Montgomory.

But, when he saw the Knight depart,
Full jealous grew Llewelyn's heart,
"Oh can dissimulation's dart
Live in Johanna's eye?"

Dark rumours reached his tortured ear,
He gazed upon his lady near,
And vengeance whispered " Chieftain, here
Must the foul spoiler die."

A month had scarcely rolled away,
When to the Knight, so proud and gay,
Predestined for revenge's prey
He sent a Herald light.

With soothing speech, and present rare,
And invitation to repair
With speed of horse, and heedful care,
To Aber's Castle bright.

The Herald well De Breos knew,
On wings of guilty love he flew,
His foul dishonour to renew
With great Llewelyn's dame.

But fatal was the meeting now,
Llewelyn knit his dreadful brow,
His angry blood began to glow,
And in his eye was flame.

" Down with the slave to dungeon dark !
Disgrace to knighthood, hear and mark !
Upon the gibbet, cold and stark,
To-morrow shalt thou hang.

" No more to whisper, fawn and lie—
No more to gaze with wanton eye,
No more to mix with chivalry,
Or hear its martial clang."

Johanna knows not of the fate
That on her paramour doth wait;
But e'er the sun through heaven's gate
Rolls forth to gild the sea;

Three taps upon her chamber door,
Hath roused her from her dreams of yore,
And stern upon her rush-strewn floor
Llewelyn doth she see.

He seized her by the raven hair
"What wouldst thou give, my lady fair,
To see that Knight, so debonair,
De Breos, once again?"

"Strong Aber's castle which we dwell in,
Wales, fair England, and Llewelyn,
All I'd give to see my Gwilym,
But ah I wish in vain."

He dragged her from her secret bower,
While thunder on his brow did lower,
And pointed to the falcon tower,
"Behold, false dame," he cried,

"Behold once more the traitor fell,
On gallows hung, while fiends in hell
Are shouting forth his passing knell."
The lady looked—and died.

The road from Aber to Bangor is replete with interesting scenery. The mountains assume a

dark and gloomy grandeur, half clad in rolling vapours, which at intervals reveal their black and purple forms, their barren summits and deep hollows, to the eye. Towering above them all, Benclog rises conspicuous, into whose threatening gorge the road to Capel Curig winds, like a snake venturing into some monster's jaws which appears ready to devour it. Upon the right, the shores of Anglesea, with its luxuriant woods, are seen stretching down to the Menai, and agreeably diversify the scene. Before us rose the lofty towers of Penrhyn Castle, with Port Penrhyn and its shipping in the distance. Altogether, the prospect is glorious, and the finest effects I ever saw produced by mountain scenery are continually varying here; for, however bright the day may be upon the straights, and along their shores, the Canaervonshire mountains are generally half concealed by mists, upon which the sunbeams fall, causing them to assume countless hues of the most brilliant nature, which contrast finely with the ponderous forms round which they play in never ceasing variety.

Near the spot where the London road branches off from the Chester, is the grand entrance to Penrhyn Castle, the property of G. H. D. Pen-

nant Esq. The lodge is a beautiful specimen of substantial architecture; it is protected by a corresponding gateway, massive and imposing. The park wall extends circularly seven miles, and is thirteen feet high. To describe the magnificence of the interior of the castle I feel would prove a vain effort, and I earnestly recommend all tourists who take this route not to quit the neighbourhood without seeing it, or they will be reproached for slighting one of the grandest treats old Cambria can afford them.

BANGOR.

This town derives its name from Ban Cor, which means the high choir.

We stopped at the Penrhyn Arms, a most commodious inn, which is capable, it is said, of making up one hundred beds nightly. It occupies a commanding situation, and from the back premises embraces a noble prospect—the straights, the shore of Anglesea, the bay of Beaumauris, Penrhyn Castle, Puffin Island, Paenman Mawr, and the Great Orme's Head, with the ocean in the distance.

There are other excellent inns in the town,

namely the Castle, the Liverpool arms, and the Albion: the latter, kept by Hughs, is extremely comfortable, and the landlord civil and obliging, as I most willingly testify from experience. There is no place in Wales so well calculated for a tourist to make his head quarters as Bangor. The various spots he may visit by appropriating a day to each, would supply him with gratification for a month at least.

THE CATHEDRAL

was founded by Maelgwn Gwynedd, King of Wales, of whom I have had occasion to speak before, as the patron of Taliesin, the celebrated Welsh bard.

The original edifice, which was erected in 525, was destroyed in 1071, and rebuilt shortly after, but was again reduced to ruins by Owen Glyndwr, and for ninety years was neglected, until Bishop Dean restored the choir, and the body of the tower was rebuilt by Bishop Skeffington, in 1532, which still remains in a perfect state of preservation. The free school was founded in 1557, by Dr. Jeffry Glynn, upon the site of an ancient parish church, built by King Edgar,

within about 400 yards of the present cathedral, and is considered an excellent preparatory seminary for Oxford and Cambridge.

The remains of an ancient castle, built by Hugh Lupus, Earl of Chester, in the reign of Henry II, are still visible upon a rock opposite to the free school, and some pieces of scoria, found on the spot, lead us to suppose arrows were manufactured there. At the back of the friar's school is another hill, and on the top of it are the remains of a British encampment.

The town, within the last twenty years, has been extended to nearly four times its original magnitude, and possesses an appearance of cleanliness particularly gratifying. The London mail passes to and fro every day, as does the Chester and Liverpool; and two daily coaches also start for London, one to Chester and Liverpool, two to Caernarvon, and a mail to Pwllheli. The great lion of Bangor is

THE MENAI BRIDGE.

The principal opening between the supporting pyramids is 560 feet in breadth, through which the vessels pass with all their canvass set, without the least danger of their masts touching the

overhanging bridge. There are four stone arches upon the Anglesea side, and three upon the Carnaervon, which complete the road way, and have each a span of fifty feet. The length of the bridge is 800 feet, and its height is 100 feet above the surface of the Menai at high water. The weight of the bridge and its suspending chains, between the pyramids, is six hundred and thirty-nine tons, nineteen hundred and nine pounds; and that of the iron work from one extremity of the chains to the other is estimated at 2130 tons,1800 consisting of wrought, and three hundred and thirty of cast iron.

The first stone of this astonishing work was laid by W. A. Provis Esq., on the 10th August, 1820; and on the 20th April, 1825, the first main chain was thrown across the strait. This important step being completed, three of the workmen, in the height of their enthusiasm, ventured to walk along the chain from pyramid to pyramid; and a cobbler no less daring and enthusiastic, seated himself in the centre of the curve, and, while suspended at the fearful height, with sky above and the deep water of the strait gliding beneath him, drove the last sparable into one of those convenient comforts called clogs.

The view from the centre of the bridge beggars description. Waving woods, barren precipices, distant mountains, Bangor and Beaumauris, Penrhyn Castle, Paenman Mawr, the Great Orme's Head, the ocean, and the strait, are objects that dazzle and astonish from the exquisite beauty of their natural arrangement.

My task is done. I have taken leave of my phrenological friend ; the steam boat is dropping slowly to Garth point to take in passengers for Liverpool ; and I must now quit this lovely land —never perhaps to see it more. But let me hope the sketches I have given of its various charms will induce others to take the path which I have pursued with so much pleasure. It leads through the most interesting portion of the country. For the artist, there is an inexhaustible store of beauty. The geologist and mineralogist will find the lore they thirst for, in almost every hill and valley, through which they pass. The smoke-dried citizen may have the London *blacks* blown from his garments by the healthful mountain breeze, and drink huge draughts of the pure air until he feels intoxicated with pleasure, while he is enabled to supply himself cheaply with a valuable stock of delightful recollections that will enable him, at any time, to raise a visionary para-

dise around him—to banish painful thoughts; for, in fine, pain must give place to pleasure, gloom to sunshine, blue devils to hilarity, and sickness to invigorating health, in the enchanting principality of North Wales.

APPENDIX.

SNOWDON

First received its name from the Saxons, and signifies a mountain covered with snow. It was held sacred by the Ancient Britons, who believed that those who slept upon it became inspired. The perpendicular height of the mountain is 1190 yards, and, as the state of the atmosphere hindered me from attempting the ascent, I have selected the accounts of the most celebrated tourists for the benefit of those who may be more fortunate than I was.

MR. PENNANT'S ASCENT.

"Ascend above *Cwm Brwynog* a very deep bottom. In the course of our ascent, saw on the left above the Cwm, *Moel y Cynghorion*, or the Hill of Council; pass through *Bwlch Maes-y-cwm*, and skirt the side of Snowdon, till we reach *Bwlch Cwm Brwynog*, where the ascent becomes very difficult on account of its vast steepness; people here usually quit their horses. We began a toilsome march, clambering among the rocks. On the left were the precipices over *Brwynog* with *Llyn Du yr Arddwy* at their foot; on our right, were those over the small lakes *Llyn Glâs*, *Llyn y Naddroed*, and *Llyn Cóch*. The last is the

highest on this side the mountain; and on whose margins, we were told that in fairy days, those diminutive gentry kept their revels.

"This space between precipice and precipice formed a short and no very agreeable isthmus, till we reached a verdant expanse which gave us some respite before we laboured up another series of broken crags; after these is a second smooth tract, which reaches almost to the summit, and by way of pre-eminence is styled *Y Wyddfa*, or The Conspicuous. It rises almost to a point, or at least there is but room for a circular wall of loose stones, within which travellers usually take their repast.

"The view from this exalted situation is unbounded. In a former tour I saw from it the hills of Yorkshire, part of the north of England, Scotland, and Ireland; a plain view of the Isle of Man, and that of Anglesey lay extended like a map beneath me with every rill visible. I took much pains to see this prospect to advantage, sat up at a farm on the west till about twelve, and walked up the whole way. The night was remarkably fine and starry: towards morn, the stars faded away, and left a short interval of darkness, which soon dispersed by the dawning of the day. The body of the sun appeared most distinct with the rotundity of the moon, before it rose high enough to render its beams too brilliant for our sight. The sea which bounded the western part was gilt by its rays, first in slender streaks, at length glowing with redness. The prospect was disclosed like the gradual drawing up of a curtain in a theatre. We saw more and more till the heat became so powerful as to attract the mists from the various lakes, which in a slight degree obscured the prospect. The shadow of the mountain was flung many miles, and shewed its bicapitated form; the *Wyddfa* making one, *Crib y Dysdyll* the other head.

I counted this time between twenty and thirty lakes either in this county, or Merionethshire. The day proved so excessively hot, that my journey cost me the skin of the lower part of my face before I reached the resting place."

At another visit, the same celebrated traveller remarks—"On this day, the sky was obscured very soon after I got up; a vast mist enveloped the whole circuit of the mountain; the prospect down was horrible. It gave an idea of numbers of abysses concealed by a thick smoke, furiously circulating round us. Very often a gust of wind formed an opening in the clouds, which gave a fine and distinct view of lake and valley. Sometimes, they opened only in one place, at others in many at once, exhibiting a most strange and perplexing view of water, fields, rocks or chasms, in fifty different places. They then closed at once, and left us involved in darkness; in a short time, they would separate again, and fly in wild eddies round the middle of the mountains, and expose in parts both tops and bases clear to our view. We descended from this various scene with great reluctance, but before we reached our horses a thunder storm overtook us. Its rolling among the mountains was inexpressibly awful, the rain uncommonly heavy. We remounted our horses, and gained the bottom with great hazard. The little rills which on our ascent trickled along the gullies on the sides of the mountain, were now swelled into torrents, and we and our steeds passed with the utmost risk of being swept away by these sudden waters. At length, we arrived safe, yet sufficiently wet and weary, to our former quarters.

"It is very seldom that the traveller gets a propitious day to ascend Snowdon; for often when it appears clear, it becomes suddenly and unexpectedly enveloped in mist by its

attraction of clouds, which just before seemed remote and at great heights. At times, I have observed them lower to half their heights, and notwithstanding they have been dispersed to the right and to the left, yet they have met from both sides and united to involve the summit in one great obscurity. The quantity of water which flows from the lakes of Snowdonia is very considerable; so much, that I doubt not but collectively they would exceed the waters of the Thames before it meets the conflux of the ocean."

MR. BINGLEY'S ASCENT.

This industrious and persevering traveller observes: "I had made a determination soon after I came into Wales, that I would ascend Snowdon by all the tracks that are usually pointed out to travellers." This gentleman had already accomplished the task in three instances, his routes being first from Dôlbadarn Castle, secondly from Llanberis, and thirdly from Llyn Cwellyn. The fourth, the description of which we are about to borrow, as more descriptive than any of the others, is the route from Bedd-gelert. He says: "The distance from Bedd-gelert to the summit, being reckoned not less than six miles, and a lady being one of our number, it was thought most eligible for her to ride as far as she could without danger, and for the rest to walk the whole of the way. In this manner therefore, we set out, commencing our *mountain* journey by turning to the right, from the Caernarvon road, at the distance of about two miles and a half from the village. We left the horse at a cottage, about half way up, from whence taking a

bottle of milk to mix with some rum that we had brought along with us, we continued our route over a series of pointed and craggy rocks.

" Stopping at different times to rest, we enjoyed to the utmost the prospects that by degrees were opening round us. Caernarvon and the Isle of Anglesey, aided by the brightness of the morning, were seen to great advantage; and Cwellyn below us, shaded by the vast Mynydd Mawr, with Castell Cidwu at its foot, appeared extremely beautiful.

" In ascending the mountains, which from below seemed of immense height, they began now to appear beneath us; the lakes and valleys were more exposed, and all the little rills and mountain streams by degrees became visible to us, like silver lines intersecting the hollows around. Towards the upper part of the mountain, we passed over a tremendous ridge of rock, called *Clawdd Cŏch*, the Red Ridge. This narrow pass, not more than ten or twelve feet across, and two or three hundred yards in length was so steep that the eye reached on each side, down the whole extent of the mountain. And I am persuaded that in some parts of it if a person held a large stone in each hand, and let them both fall at once, each might roll above a quarter of a mile, and thus when they stopped they might be more than half a mile asunder.

" The lady who accompanied us, to my great surprise, passed the ridge without the least apparent signs of fear or trepidation. There is no danger whatever in passing Clawdd Côch in the day-time, but I must confess that I should by no means like to venture along this tract in the night, as many do who have never seen it. If the moon shone very bright, we might, it is true, escape unhurt, but a dark cloud coming suddenly over would certainly expose us to much danger. Many instances have occurred of persons who having passed over it in the

night were so terrified at seeing it by daylight the next morning, that they have not dared to return the same way, but have gone a very circuitous round by Bettws. I was informed that one gentleman had been so much alarmed, that he crawled over it back again on his hands and knees. In the hollow on the left of the ascent are four small pools, called *Llyn Cŏch*, the red pool; *Llyn Glâs*, the blue pool: *Llyn y Nadroedd*, the adder's pool; and *Llyn Ffynnon y Gwâs*, the servant's pool.

"Soon after we had passed Clawdd Côch, we became immersed in light clouds, till we arrived at the summit of the mountain, when a single gleam of sunshine, which lasted but for a moment, presented us with the majestic scenery on the west of our station. It served only, however, to tantalize our hopes; for a smart gust of wind again obscured us in clouds. We now sheltered ourselves from the cold, under some of the projecting rocks near the top, and ate our dinners, watching with anxiety the dark shades in the clouds, in hopes that a separation might take place, and that we should be once more delighted with a sight of the grand objects around us. We did not watch in vain, for the clouds by degrees cleared away, and left us at full liberty to admire the numerous beauties in this expansive scene. The steep rock of *Clogwn y Garnedd*, whose dreadful precipices are some of them above two hundred yards in perpendicular height, and the whole rock, a series of precipices, was an object which first struck one of my companions with terror, and he exclaimed almost involuntarily,

> How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eye so low!
> The crows and choughs that wing the mid-way air
> Scarce shew so gross as beetles.

"We now stood on a point which commanded the whole

dome of the sky. The prospects below, each of which we had before considered separately as a grand scene, were now only miniature parts of the immense landscape. We had around us such a variety of mountains, valleys, lakes, and streams, each receding behind the ether, and bounded only by the far distant horizon, that the eye almost strained itself with looking upon them. These majestic prospects were soon shut from our sight by the gathering clouds, which now began to close in much heavier than they had done before; and it was in vain that we waited near an hour for another opening.

"We were, therefore, at length obliged to descend, in despair of being any more gratified with these sublime prospects. We again passed Clawd Côch, and soon afterwards, turning to the left, descended into the mountain vale, called *Cwm Llan*. We followed the course of a stream, which flows from thence into Llyn y Dinas, in Nant Gwynant. This little rivulet entertained us much in its descent, being in many places thrown over low rocks, forming small but sometimes elegant cascades. After a walk of two hours, we arrived in Nant Hwynan, the vale that I had traversed with so much pleasure a day or two before; and passing by Llyn y Dinas, and Dinas Emrys, soon afterwards reached Bedd-gelert, not a little fatigued with our mountain ramble.

"I observed near a cottage in Cwm Llan, that several children were employed in gathering the berries of the mountain ash. On inquiring of the guide to what purpose this was done, he informed me that the Welsh people brew from them a liquor which they call *Dïod Grïafol*. This, he said, was done by merely crushing the berries, and putting water to them, which, after remaining a fortnight, is drawn off for use. The flavour, as I understood him, was somewhat like that of perry."

ASCENT FROM DOLBADARN.

This account is taken from a small useful publication, entitled "Guide to Bangor, Beaumaris, and Snowdonia," by Mr. John Smith, of Liverpool. The narrative is written by a friend of Mr. Smith, who, the latter informs us, was a companion of the late lamented Belzoni, and the period when the ascent was performed was the summer of 1825.

"It was about half-past twelve when we left our inn at Dôlbadarn, and I think a more lovely morning we could not be favoured with: nature did indeed seem at rest; not a cloud appeared to move, and a bright and nearly full moon, which had passed the meridian, seemed as if waiting to light us on our way. Our party consisted of three of the ladies, (the fourth not having strength for the task) Mr. M., myself, two gentlemen who joined us at Dôlbadarn, our guide, and his faithful dog. The ladies were furnished with a stout pony each, but the gentlemen preferred climbing on foot the steep ascent, and I believe, before they returned, repented heartily having done so. The guide was equipped with a leathern belt, to which was buckled a tin vessel containing water, and a staff which seemed well worn with the hard service in which it was employed.

"We proceeded across a small rivulet a short distance from the inn, and soon entered on a kind of mountain horse-path, composed of loose slate and stones, of which our pedestrians soon began to be weary. After ascending this about a mile, we arrived at a rough fence of turf and stones, where the road wound round the side of a mountain, and entered a kind of defile, through which we had to proceed. Here our guide desired us to look back at the view beneath us, and when we

did so, our feelings and expressions of delight and astonishment were general. Below us, the lake of Llanberis lay stretched like an immense mirror in the shade, with one bright silvery ray resting on its glassy surface, in which part of the steep mountains that surrounded it appeared reflected. To attempt to describe the beautiful and varying tints on those mountains would be as useless a task, as the most vivid colours would be foolishly employed in trying to represent them. In the distance and on our right, Dôlbadarn tower was just visible at the head of the lower lake, and on our left the inn, surrounded with the only trees in the neighbourhood, formed a striking object : we reflected with pleasure, as we looked towards it, that the lady whose health would not allow her to accompany us, was there enjoying a refreshing sleep, and would, when awake, be anxiously waiting for our return, and to hear the various accounts we should give of our expedition.

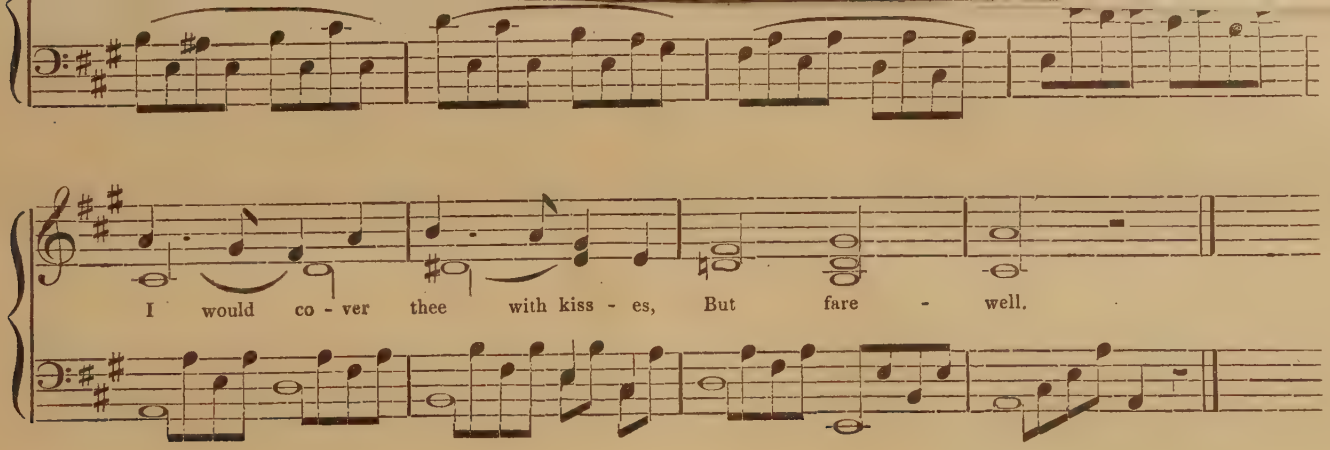
" We again turned our faces towards Snowdon, on the same road I have before mentioned, and the mild, yet awful and magnificent scene before us afforded abundant themes for conversation and remark. In three or four places light fleecy clouds, edged with silver by the moonbeam, and which at first appeared resting on the sides of the mountains, now seemed to be slowly rolling down their steep sides, and generally mixing with the deep gloom of the valleys below us. Though surrounded by nature's grandest works, I fancy some of the party were tired even here, as many inquiries had been made relative to the distance we had still to proceed. However, the guide, suddenly stopping, informed us we were now at the " half-way house ;" but no house was to be seen, and on looking round for it, we could perceive nothing but a small stream which trickled down the steep, and which replenished our guide's water ves-

sel, which had been emptied some time before by the continual demands upon it.

"We had proceeded now about three miles, and left our slate road by passing through a small wicket which opened on the heath, near which the sagacity of one of the ponys surprised us. The poor animal was blind, and on arriving within three feet of the wicket, which was open, it drew up, and would not proceed till led through by the bridle. One would fancy it had almost numbered its paces. It is surprising with what safety and agility these animals walk over the steep paths and stones they have to pass; and the guide assured us that he had been in the habit of going with travellers nearly twenty years, and never knew a single accident occasioned by them.

"The soft heath we were now passing was a relief to our feet, though it was so steep that we were sometimes obliged to wait to regain breath. At this time, we were on the top of a hill, which we fancied was the last we had to mount before the peak of Snowdon, and willingly thought the summit of the bold front before us was to be the end of our journey. Thence the way was over a kind of ridge, perhaps forty yards wide, one side of which was perpendicular for several hundred feet, and the other so steep that no one could stop or steady himself upon it. Daylight now began to appear, to show us more distinctly the steeps we were amongst; and, though we well knew the breadth of the ridge was such that there could be no danger, yet I am sure we all felt that unpleasant sensation which few can approach the edge of a precipice without experiencing in some degree. Tremendous gusts of wind, too, which passed the long heath with a singular whizzing noise, giving warning of their approach, and almost blowing us off our feet as they assailed us, did not make any of us feel easier.

"However, we went boldly on without accident, except a



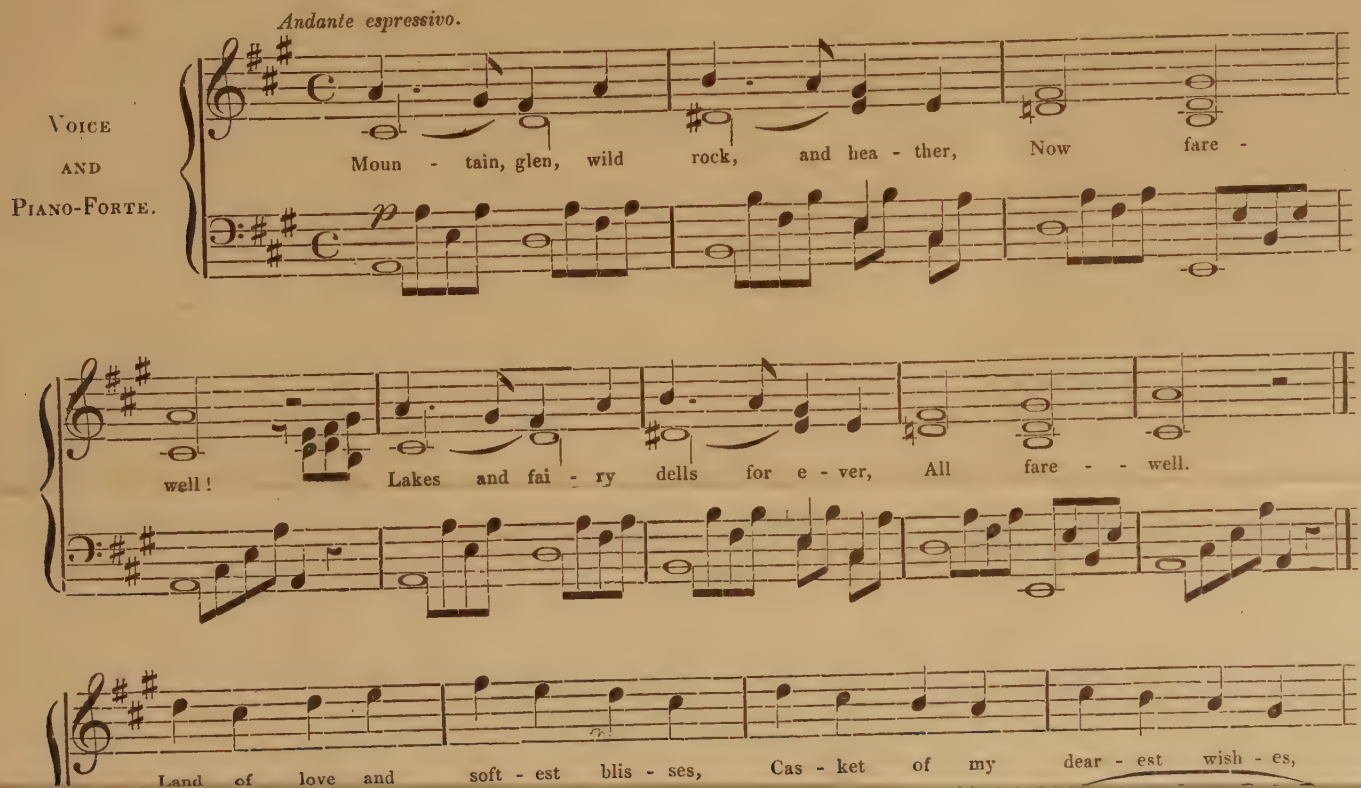
Burning tears proclaim my anguish,
Fare—farewell.
When away from thee I languish,
Fare—farewell.
Friends and kindred when I'm sleeping,
To my beating heart come creeping
Morning brings me woe and weeping,
Fare—farewell.

Land where beauty ever glances,
Fare—farewell.
And where joy for ever dances,
Fare—farewell.
Surly winds are round me blowing,
Wildly are my white locks flowing,
Drear and dark the day is growing,
Fare—farewell.

THE MUSIC PRINTED BY WHITING, BEAUFORT HOUSE.

FAREWELL TO NORTH WALES. (*Air*—"Ar hyd y nos.")

Arranged by W. Forde.


Andante espressivo.
Voice and Piano-Forte.
Moun - tain, glen, wild rock, and hea - ther, Now fare -
well! Lakes and fai - ry dells for e - ver, All fare - - well.
Land of love and soft - est blis - ses, Cas - ket of my dear - est wish - es,

hat and bonnet blowing off, which were fortunately recovered, and nearly reached the top of what we had all taken to be our journey's end, when the guide exclaimed, pointing to a high peak before us, "There is Snowdon top;" and we had the mortification to find that we had still a climbing of three-quarters of a mile before us. This powerfully reminded us of a couplet by Pope:

> 'The increasing prospect tires our wandering eyes,
> Hills peep o'er hills, and alps on alps arise.'

A few minutes more brought us to a small inclosure of stones, where the horses were put up, as they could proceed no further, and now the ladies were obliged to foot it. Here one of the gentlemen gave in, declaring he would proceed no further, and laid down on the moss, saying he would wait our return. Perhaps a little rest was of service to him, for he afterwards joined us on the top of Snowdon. The road here is along the edge of the steep side of the mountain, which is almost perpendicular, and is broken with large fragments of slate, stone, and spar, of various kinds, to the very summit, which to our great joy, we at last attained about half-past four o'clock. Had we waited for months we could not have had a more beautiful time; as the guide expressed himself, 'Snowdon has its days, and this is one of them.' We sat down; in a few minutes the moon, which had so favoured us, declined behind one of the western mountains, and almost at the same instant the red tints on the eastern horizon foretold the approach of the king of day, the effect of whose rising on such a scene as that below and around us, was the most magnificent sight we ever beheld."

The descent is not related by the writer of the above description. I understand, however, it was merrily performed by all the party, whose fatigue in the expedition well qualified

them to feel the luxury of a few hours' repose at Dôlbadarn.

PROSPECT FROM THE SUMMIT.

In the foregoing descriptions by three of our most respectable tourists, sufficient is contained to afford the traveller a tolerably good idea of the nature of the ascent to the top of Snowdon; and we shall only add the subjoined animated description of a view from its summit, by the author of the "Beauties, Harmonies, and Sublimities of Nature."

"After climbing over masses of crags and rocks, we ascended the peak of Snowdon. Arrived at its summit, a scene presented itself, magnificent beyond the powers of language! Indeed, language is indigent and impotent when it would presume to sketch scenes on which the Great Eternal has placed his matchless finger with delight. Faint are thy broad and deep delineations, immortal Salvator Rosa! Powerless and feeble are your inspirations, genius of Thompson, Virgil, and Lucretius!

"From this point are seen five-and-twenty lakes.—Seated on one of the crags, it was long before the eye, unaccustomed to measure such elevations, conld accommodate itself to scenes so admirable:—the whole appearing as if there had been a war of the elements; and as if we were the only inhabitants of the globe permitted to contemplate the ruins of the world. Rocks and mountains, which when observed from below, bear all the evidence of sublimity, when viewed from the summit of Snowdon, are blended with others as dark, as rugged, and as elevated as themselves; the whole resembling the swellings of an agitated ocean.

"The extent of this prospect appears almost unlimited. The

four kingdoms are seen at once : Wales, England, Scotland, and Ireland ! forming the finest panorama the empire can boast. The circle begins with the mountains of Cumberland and Westmorland ; those of Ingleborough and Penygent, in the county of York, and the hills of Lancashire follow ; then are observed the counties of Chester, Flint, Denbigh, and a portion of Montgomeryshire. Nearly the whole of Merioneth succeeds ; and drawing a line with the eye along the diameter of the circle, we take in the regions stretching from the triple crown of Cader Idris to the sterile crags of Carnedds-David and Llewellyn. Snowdon, rising in the centre, appears as if he could touch the south with his right hand, and the north with his left. ' Surely,' thought Colonna, ' Cæsar sat upon these crags when he formed the daring conception of governing the world !'

" From Cader Idris the eye, pursuing the orbit of the bold geographical line, glances over the bay of Cardigan, and reposes for a while on the summit of the Rivals.—After observing the indented shores of Caernarvonshire, it travels over a long line of ocean, till in the extremity of the horizon the blue mountains of Wicklow terminate the perspective. Those mountains gradually sink along the coast till they are lost to the eye; which ranging along the expanse, at length, as weary of the journey, reposes on the Island of Man, and the distant mountains of Scotland. The intermediate space is occupied by the sides and summits of mountains, hollow crags, masses of rocks, the towers of Caernarvon, the fields of Anglesea, with woods, lakes, and glens, scattered in magnificent confusion.

" A scene like this commands our feelings to echo, as it were, in unison to its grandeur and sublimity. The thrill of astonishment, and the transport of imagination seem to contend for the mastery, and nerves are touched that never thrilled before. We seem as if our former existence were annihilated,

and as a new epoch were commenced. Another world opens upon us; and an unlimited orbit appears to display itself as a theatre for our ambition."

Page 266, line 5.

Among other ceremonies performed in the preparations for knighthood, the candidate went into a bath, which was symbolical of the purity of the soul. He was then placed in a bed, which signified the rest he was hereafter to enjoy in Paradise; and when he had slept, the Neophyte was clothed in a shirt, which white dress betokened the purity of his new character.—*See Miles's History of Chivalry.*

Page 367.

"The lady looked—and died."

According to poetical justice she certainly should have died. But the lady recovered, and her good natured lord not only forgave her this slip, but many others of a similar nature, and for her *earthly virtues* had her proclaimed a *heavenly saint*, after she had paid the debt of nature.

INDEX.

Aber, the 'Bulkely Arms,' at, 360; scenery near, 360, 367.
Aber Glas Llynn, bridge at, 237.
Abernodwydd, brook of, 114.
Actor, adventures related by an, 34.
Alphabet, Welsh, power of some letters of the, 5.
Appendix, 385.
Ardudwy, pass of, 187.
Arran Fowddwy mountain, 150.
Arrenig Vawr, hill of, 156, 187.

Bala, scenery near, 145; inn at, 151, 157; Llyn Tegid, 155, 159; the town of, 159; Tommen-y-Bala, *ib.*
Bardsey Island, bards of, 186.
Barmouth, the 'Commercial Inn' at, 81; town of, 183.
Beddgelert, the 'Goat Inn' at, 240; the grave of Llewellyn's hound, Gelert, 241.
Bettwys-y-Coed, iron bridge near, 293.
Birmingham, halt at, 21.
Butler, Lady Elinor, and Miss Ponsonby, their residence described, 97.
Bwlch Tyddiad, romantic scenery of, 207.

Cader Idris, altitude of, 171; traditions of, 172; views of, 179, 209.
Caernarvonshire chain of hills described, 185, 210.
Capel Curig, chapel, etc. at, 286, 291.
Car, jaunting, in Wales, 163.
Cardigan Bay, scenery and rivers of, 219, 233.
Carreg-y-Saeth, 191; its summit visited, 209.
Celylin Point and Bay, 181.
Chirk and the Ceriog river, 57.
—— castle, 68.
Closs, John, story of and monument to, 282.
Conway, the 'Castle Inn' at, 324; venerable buildings at, 325; description of the castle, 326; old customs at, 331; muscle pearl fishery, 333; ford at Dynas Gonway, 334.
——— river, scenery of the, 293, 310, 323, 331.
Corwen, 'the Welsh Harp' and 'Owen Glyndwr' inns, 138; church and monuments, 139; new road, 161.
Crafnant, the residence of Mr. Owen, 190.
Cricaeth Castle and Promontory, 218.
Cwym Bychan, Llyn-y, 191; traditional story, 192.

Dale, Ann, 124.
Dee, vale of the, 86, 96, 121, 129; the river described, 150.
Dinas Bran Castle, Llangollen, 114.
—— Gorten, *see* Gorten.
Dolbadarn Castle, and Llyns Peris and Padarn, 262.
——— legend of, 264, 279.
Dolgelly, vale of, 165, 171, 173; town of, 173; best inns at, 175.
Doluwcheogryd, the residence of Roland Williams Esq. 179.
Dolwyddelan castle, 287.
Drwstynrnt vale, 164, inn of, *ib.*
Dunchurch, the inn at, 20.
Dwyryd, valley of the river, 230.

Edeyrnion, vale of, 149.
Edward I. his wars in Wales, and strongholds built by, 215, 218, 328.
Einion, gallantry of Dafydd-ap Ivan-ap, 215.
——— Howel-ap-, 109, 112.
Eliseg, pillar of, 128.
Ellesmere canal, and aqueduct at Chirk, 58.
Elphin, the Consolation of, a poem, by Taliesin, 323.
Evans, Hugh, story of, 166.

Festiniog, inns of the village of, 231.
Fron Fawr, the mountain of, 126.

Geirionydd, Llyn, antiquities at, 322.
Giant's Nightcap, tradition of the stone so named, 262.
Giraldus, Topography of Wales, 288.
Glan Mawddach, loch at, 180.
Gloddarth, the mansion of Lady Mostyn Champneys, 334.
Glossary, Welsh, 6.
Glyndwr, Owen, his manorial possessions, 129: 'War Tramp of, 131; traditions of, 134, 174, 178; warfare of, 215.
Gôch Owen, his imprisonment, 263; tomb of Griffith Gôch, 293; Howel Coetmore, 319.
Gorten Dinas, encampment on, 186; traditions relative to, 187.
Griffith, Mary, or 'the Deserted,' 59.
Gwarine, Fitz, or the family of Warrenne, 51.
Gwrydd, public-house at, 251; romantic scenery at, 252.
Gwydir castle, estate of Willoughby d'Eresby, 308.
——— chapel, built by the Wynne family, 315.
Gwynant Llyn, and Llyn Dinas described, 247, 248.
Gwynedd, Prince Owain, 290.

Harlech Castle, 214; description of, 215; besieged by the parliament forces, 192, 207; the 'Blue Lion' 283; beauty of the scenery near, 218.
Herbert, Sir Richard, 216.
Hill, Lord, pillar to, 28.
Howel Coetmore, 319.
——— Voel, ode by, 263.
——— ap-Eynion, 109, 112.

Idris, *see* Cader Idris.
——, and Dyn Ddu, giant brethren, the legend of, 256.
Idwal, Llyn, and cleft of Twll Du, 290.

Jones's Edward, Bardic Museum,' 171.
—— Rev. Mr. his escape at Penmaen Mawr, 358.
Jorweth, Llewellyn-ap-, tomb of, 319, 325.

Llyn Tegai parish, 291.
Llanberis church and tombs, 253, 280, 281.
Llanderfell, view from the bridge of, 150.
Llandrillo, village of, 148.
Llandysilio Hall, 132.
Llangollen, vale of, 88; 'Aqueduct Tavern' near, 87; inns at, 93; female club at, 101.
Llanthyn, the estate of Sir W. W. Wynne, 164.
Llanrwst, 'Three Eagles' inn at, 310; plays at the Town Hall, 311; town of, described, 310, 321.
Llewellyn, Prince of Wales, 263, 361.
——— and the captive knight, 362.
Lloyd, Griffith, the rector of Llanrwst, 321.
Llugwy river, 291.

Madoc, port, slate exported from, 232.
Madock, William Alexander, Esq. 232; his mansion, Tan-y-allt, 232, 235.
——— Miss, mansion of, 177.
Maentwrog, village of, 218, 219; the shoemaker of, 220; the 'Oakley arms' at, 221; the Maentwrog inn at, 230.
Mallow, Mick, story of, 102.
Mawddach, river, 173, 178; embouchure of, 183.
Menai strait, the, 361, 368.
Merionethshire mountains, 230, 235.
Minstrel Fay, the 'My Fawny Vychan, 108.
Moel Siabod, view from, 247, 286.
Mortimer, Roger, Earl of Wigmore, 70.
Mostyn Hall, the mansion of the Hon. E. M. L Mostyn, 185, 188.
Myttwn, General, besieges the castle of Harlech, 192, 200.

Nannau park, 171, 178.

Ogo-ap-Shenkin, cave of, 295; adventure of Jordan-ap-Jordan at, 305.
Ogwen, Llyn, and falls of Benclog, 287.
Orme's Head, the Great, the promontory described, 335.
Owain, William, account of, 201, 217.

Pedestrians, fashionable, in Wales, 32.
Pembroke, William Herbert, earl of, 215.
Penmaen Bach, promontory of, 353.
Penmaen Mawr, precipice of, 277; the pass, and modern road, 353; fearful accidents at, 358; ancient British camp near, 359.
Penrhyn Castle, and Port Penrhyn, described, 368.
Peveril family, the, 51.
Phrenologist, adventure of a, 344, 351.
Pistyl-y-Cain, and falls of the river Mawddach, 178.
—— Rhaidadr, waterfalls of, 69; *see* Rhaiadr.
Pont-y-Pair, bridge of the cauldron, 294.
Powell's History of North Wales, 288.
Price, Mr. his estate and mansion of Rhewlas, 151, 155, 158, 160, his plantations, 161.
Pwllhely, town of, 186.

Rhaiadr-y-Wennot, or Spout of the Swallow, 292.
Rhaiadr-y-Parc Mawr, time to view the fall of, 322.
Rhaiadr Du, cataract of, 177, 231.

Scott, Sir Walter, note to his Marmion, 179; quotation from, 352.
Severn, river, Mountford bridge, etc. 31.
Shrewsbury, and vicinity of the town, 29.
Smuggler's daughter, the, 335, 343.
Snowdon and Snowdonia, 172, 286, 172, 240, 251, 360, 286; *see* Appendix.
Songs, etc.:—The Lament, 66; the Rose of Llangollen, 90; the Minstrel's Knell, 115; Lines at Valle Crucis, 123; Farewell to fair Rewlas, 162; Farewell Hugh, handsome Hugh, 170; Witch of Cwm Bychan, 194, 196; dialogue, the Traveller, 227; Lines written at Aber Glas Llyn, 237; Llyn Gwynant, 249; Poem of Llewellyn and the Captive Knight, 362.
Stag, the enchanted, a legend, 71.
Stage-coach, society of a, 15.

Taliesin, the bard's abode, 322; poem extant relative to, 323.
Tan-y-Bwlch, mansion of W. G. Oakley Esq. 230.
Tevi, river, 288.
Traeth Mawr and Traeth bach, arms of the sea, 218, 232, 233.
Trefriw, village of, 323.
Tremadoc, the town of Madoc, 232, 234.
Trifaen, crags of, 289.
Trout fishing in Wales, 14, 145, 156, 222, 231, 252.
Tudor-Trevor, family of, 109.

Valle Crucis, Abbey of, 121.
Vaughan, Margaret, poems by, 320.
——— Sir R. W. Bart. estates of, 171, 178.
Vortigern's Hill, near Beddgelert. 247.

Welshwomen, particulars relative to, 143, 149.
Whiffler, Mr., an amateur traveller, 130.
Wittington, village of, 48; the castle described, 50; church and tombs at, 54.
Wnion, the river, 165, 173.
Wolverhampton, the road to, 22.
Wynne, account of the family of, 293, 309, 315, 316, 320, 325.
Wynnstay, mansion of Sir Watkin W. Wynne, Bart., 85.

END.

LONDON:
SCHULZE AND CO. 13, POLAND STREET.